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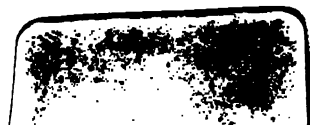
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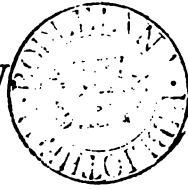




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WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH,  
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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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## PLANTATION:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY F. FENTON.

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### CHAPTER I.

"HERE I am, Sir John! My adieux must be brief adieux, for I would not willingly be late in reaching Plymouth. The wind may change at any moment. I have ridden all night, and I must ride all day."

"Eh! what? Prithee, art in such a hurry that thou canst not wait for a beef-steak and a beaker of ale, Ned!"

"Not if the beaker of ale lose no time in appearing; but I should best have relished a stirrup-cup from Juliet's hand."

"Both shall be yours, my dear Ned. Ha! Dick, some ale! and call Mistress Juliet. There is nothing like being well strengthened before a journey, Champernowne,—you understand me?"

He who spoke looked the advice which he gave. A ruddy, burly gentleman, somewhat past middle age, sandy-haired and sandy-whiskered, his very large nose corresponding with a very large face, and eyes that twinkled with a sort of dull, yet facetious humour. He lounged on a vast chair, his feet spread out on a vast stool, as if to give everyone a good opportunity of inspecting their knitted hose and brodered slippers. It must be perceived that everything about him was vast, except, perhaps——

Well, if he had not a vast intellect, or much of that peculiar trait of intellect which is called *genius*, he had sense enough to manage his estates shrewdly and well, and, like many men of his calibre, no little share of ambition. Sir John Carew had long been educating an inclination which, with his slow constitution, took a long time to mature itself—the inclination to rule. Lancombe was not a wide enough field for his powers of government, and he already had his eye on a wider: Was not his defunct wife a near

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relative of the great Lord Burleigh? and would not the great Lord Burleigh mete out to him some few drops from the well of power of which he held the key? Sir John had thought of following his future son-in-law, Edward Champernowne, son of old Mister Champernowne, of Hartington, to a certain very promising, though rather troublesome part of the world, where, it is true, hard blows or hard work have generally been found to accompany the pleasures of power.

"Edward," said the Knight, "I hope our parting will not be for long. I doubt not but what you will soon see Sir John,—and you know I am visible from a long distance! ha! ha! ha! and when I come I will bring Juliet, and you two shall marry."

"I wish I could have taken Juliet with me, sir," said Master Champernowne, thoughtfully.

"Ay, so do I! foolish wench! Would that I had not yielded to her whim as to waiting yet another year! In smaller matters I ever make her obey me in the twinkling of an eye, but I cannot stand fire when a woman goes down on her knees and begs a boon—I cannot, by my faith, Ned—can you?"

"Well, no woman ever tried the experiment with me. But did Juliet verily go down upon her knees?"

"That did she!" replied Sir John, laughing, in spite of his good nature, at the disconcerted expression of Champernowne's face. "What could I say? Old fool that I am, I scolded and chid, and did as she told me. Ha, Dick! I see the ale, but where is Mistress Juliet?"

"In the kitchen, Sir John," said the old butler. And then, as if seeking to disarm his master's wrath against the delinquent, he added, "She is finishing the cake you told her to make herself, Sir John."

"Ah! but she should have finished it before! Here's Master Champernowne on the point of departure. I am glad thou hast brought two goblets, Dick?—Your health, Edward, and may you kill plenty of enemies and rebels? and a fierce light glittered like the point of a spear from beneath Sir John's shaggy eyebrows.

"My arm is at her Majesty's service," said Master Champernowne, "and my heart at Juliet's; and I am always yours to command, Sir John. But I must hasten away, and without, I suppose, seeing your daughter."

"You had better go seek the obstinate wench in the kitchen," said the Knight. But as Champernowne shrank somewhat from bidding farewell to his betrothed in the presence of all the domestics of Lancombe, Sir John angrily bade Dick "tell the young lady to follow them at once through the garden to take leave of Master Champernowne, under pain of her father's severe displeasure."

Champernowne knew that this stern message would have the desired effect, for Juliet never dared to disobey Sir John when his temper was thoroughly aroused; and taking up his hat, with its long grey feather, he set forth slowly through the gardens with Sir John at his side.

The garden was of the formal, old-fashioned kind, to which box and a peacock are indispensable accessories. Very primly and demurely did the close-clipped borders enclose the few kitchen vegetables then used in England, together with sweet peas and roses. The shrubberies were equally trim—unhappy laurels and bays, looking very unfit to crown heroic or poetic brows, pruned and trained till they formed solid walls of poor little bristling leaves. The whole garden was as neat as the most painstaking gardeners could make it, and the peacock was the only exultant living thing, as he spread his resplendent plumage to the soft rays of the Devonshire sunshine. The green slopes of Lancombe, sliced into fields and crowned with fringes of larch and pine, surrounded these well ordered grounds. They looked damp and verdant after recent showers; and the high hill on the opposite side of the quiet, grey-blue river, shone humbly bright in the reviving beams. Hope, too, revived in Edward Champernowne's heart as he heard female steps behind him on the neat gravel walk; and looking round with a careless air, intending to convey the impression that he was not over eager, he saw two figures in flowing dresses slowly following him. One was that of Juliet Carew; the other belonged to her serving-maid, Rose, a very important person, in her own estimation at least, who carried a large leathern bag, substantially lined, as appeared from its bulk.

"Late, but ever welcome, Juliet!" exclaimed Champernowne, as he held out both hands to grasp hers, which she gave desperately, not attempting to keep them back. Hot, nervous hands they were, yet she did not wear the appearance of a hot or nervous nature. If Champernowne had ever written a poem descriptive of her charms, it should have been given here at full length; but as he would have been sorely puzzled how to perform such a feat, the thought of which never entered his honest head, a brief and prosaic notice must suffice.

However, the first question to be decided—was she remarkable at first sight? This is a most important question, since its answer weighs down the balance on many an occasion in life where other things are equal. Yes, she was remarkable, but not beautiful at first sight. After looking at her for a little while, the idea would begin to arise that she was rather a handsome young woman; and after seeing her often for two or three days, would come the persuasion that she was even beautiful—that her beauty was of no com-

mon order, but full of intellect and power—and her ascendancy began. Champernowne had never himself passed through these stages, for he had known her from infancy, and his love had grown up like a slow-growing, unromantic tree; and there were others, again, who never thought Juliet handsome at all, of whom old Mistress Champernowne was one.

And now for the brief and prosaic description.

Juliet Carew was tall: she was rather plump, a peculiarity derived from her father; she looked like a healthy country girl, accustomed to eat Devonshire cream as a matter of course, and to breathe fresh, unpolluted air. Her face took after the Cecil side; the skin was fair, the hair was flaxen, and dragged up from her forehead like that of Queen Elizabeth; the eyes were blue, and looked at times a little fiery: they could be mild and bewitching, but were in danger of losing their power through want of practice. Her forehead was high and somewhat narrow, and her mouth usually firmly shut.

There she stands, with her foolishly-tight bodice and her high-heeled shoes, and her hands in those of Edward Champernowne.

They were close to the wicket-gate, outside which Edward's horse was held by the stout arm of his servant. This servant was a tall, dark, strong, surly man, of the Devonshire coast breed, the son of a Brixham fisherman. He had spent his boyhood in his father's boat, but subsequently took service with the Champernowne's, and was about to accompany Edward to Ireland. Having somewhere or somehow picked up Puritanism, he held to it with the rough, dogged tenacity of his race, and anticipated with pious pleasure a grand bath in the blood of Irish Papists.

"Let Juliet and me take one turn down the laurel alley," said Champernowne, and Sir John nodded in a way which made Juliet feel that she could not refuse.

"Well, Juliet, art thou sorry that I am going far away?" asked Champernowne, as they passed out of sight together.

"Sorry? sorry?—I am rejoiced that you are going to do your duty in killing the Queen's enemies," said Juliet, laughing.

"And what if I get killed by them, fair Juliet?"

"Why, then, you will die doing your duty."

"He glanced to see if an heroic fire lighted up her eye; but only a rather—let us not say, ill-natured—*smile* twinkled there.

"Somewhat unkind," he muttered. "I wish to ask you a question, Juliet. That odious, tawny-haired Frank Nutcombe, that I saw talking with you under the walnut-tree a month ago—surely he has not stolen away your young heart?"

"My young heart has too much sense to let it be stolen away,"

said Juliet; "it would give itself away if I wished to be rid of it, which I do not, setting on it too high a value for such folly."

"Was ever a man so sorely tried by a wench as I am?" exclaimed poor Ned. "What I mean is—care you for the aforesaid Frank?"

"I should like to say I did, to see what countenance you would put on. But truth is truth, and I care not for Frank much; he is silly, and has sand-coloured hair, and I have known him all my life!"

"Ah, n.e! is that an objection?" cried Champernowne.

"I will not be thus questioned!" cried Juliet, indignantly. "Am I in the Star Chamber? One would think you were mine uncle Burleigh."

"Would I were thine uncle, and one who could not love thee! but I cannot hinder it. When we are married, I will make thee value thy poor Ned. Come, I can wait no longer."

They returned to the wicket-gate. Rose handed the leathern bag to the surly serving-man, who attached it to the saddle of his horse.

"Kind Juliet," said Champernowne, "does that basket contain gifts of thine?"

"The cakes and a few other things my father says are for you," replied Juliet, rather disconsolately. Sir John had ceased to watch her demeanour, and was intent on giving his future son-in-law what he called his parting adieu.

"I know you will uphold the honour of the Devonshire men, Ned; your brother, who is settled in Ulster, or would be if the Irish enemies would let him, upholds it, and all the west country planters uphold it, and you must do the same. You know best how that is to be done; kill, and take possession—you understand, my boy: and then we shall establish her Majesty's rule, and her Majesty will promote you, and perhaps give you a peerage. My brother-in-law will interest himself for you when you are married to Juliet.

"And is your parting advice the same, Juliet?" said Champernowne.

"In all respects," was the reply. "I hope you will not be a coward, Ned. Fare thee well!" and she turned on her high-heeled shoe.

"Stop! stay, Juliet!" cried Sir John. "A kiss and shake of the hand, such as become affianced lovers."

This ceremony concluded, the parting was at last over. Champernowne's horse hoofs, followed by those of Tom Harvey, were heard clattering away down the lane which led from secluded Laucombe into the very rugged high road. And Juliet was rushing



down the garden paths, between the box and hollyhocks, frightening the peacock out of its wits with the whirlwind of her petticoats. It was a wonder that she could run in those shoes ; but she felt a glow of relief which made running indispensable. She ran to the pool, threw bread to the swan, snatched a feather out of the peacock's tail, whisked off the heads of the plaintive-looking sweet peas, and altogether behaved like a child of ten. She did not even acknowledge to herself that all this was in consequence of Ned Champernowne's departure ; indeed, she began rather to pity him now he was gone, and to regret her own severity, in an odd, joyous sort of way.

"Poor Ned! suppose he should be killed! Englishmen are always being killed in Ireland. Should I be grieved because I said no kind word to him before he went. I wish I liked Ned better ; he is good at heart. But then—O so ugly! 'tis better to be good than to be fair ; but why not both? If he'd had a fairer face, and was altogether different—I know not how, but different—I would have gone out with him as Mistress Champernowne. I believe he would give me up if I could say I loved Frank ; but I do not quite love Frank ; he has not enough brains in his head. There is Frank! I will be angry with him to-day, to make up for having been angry with Ned."

Frank Nutcombe was a good-looking young man, with yellow hair, and rather dandified in his appearance. He was sheepish, nevertheless, and had fallen a victim to the peculiar charms of ill-tempered Juliet Carew. She was never so ill-tempered to him as to Champernowne ; but still she exercised her sharp tongue on him now and then as they danced together at country *fêtes*.

Poor Juliet! she might have been a less formidable person if gentle Lady Carew had lived to educate her daughter. But Sir John always thought the quickest and least troublesome mode of making himself obeyed was to speak harshly and imperiously ; and not considering it worth while to study his child's character, or find out what manner of treatment best suited to it, he let her grow up in a perpetual smouldering state of opposition. So she reached womanhood with a somewhat sharp temper, a good and really honest heart, which longed for the kindness she met with only from Champernowne, from whom she did not value it, hazy notions of religion, with more Puritanism in them than anything else, and a proud, rather off-hand manner. Beneath all which there perhaps lay caves of unexplored riches, sealed and silent, and awaiting only the open sesame, which had never been spoken to yield up their treasures. But as nothing was known of those caves, and perhaps they did not exist after all, we will not expatiate on them.

On this occasion she compensated for her late unkindness to

poor Ned, by being very contemptuous to his rival. As Frank knew that she was really affianced to Champernowne, he of course did not make any open profession, and though Juliet had rather a fancy for him, she considered a conversation with him somewhat tedious after half-an-hour, and sent him off from beneath the walnut tree, where they were standing, in a manner worthy of Queen Elizabeth herself.

"Juliet, I am displeased with thee!" was the Knight's greeting when she was obliged to face him at dinner. Sir John's dinner, like all else about him, was on a mighty scale; magnificent pieces of venison, beef, salmon from the river,—which then yielded salmon, though now those pleasant denizens have been expelled by the water from the mines halfway up its course,—flanked by fricassees and other less substantial delicacies. Juliet found that her scolding would not be a long one, as the beef and venison were sure to prove her infallible auxiliaries.

"Juliet, I am displeased with thee! to take leave of so honest a fellow as Ned Champernowne, your husband that will be, so coldly—nay, unkindly. What should I have said had your mother treated me thus? (Dick, the cider to-night.) And I tell thee, mistress, I will not have that young Nutcombe here with his flounced gewgaws, and his ruff and yellow curls! I will not, I say!"

"As it pleases you, father," said Juliet, submissively, and awaiting the moments of peace when Sir John should be engrossed in his dinner.

"Fool I was to give you the year's delay," muttered her father; "but I'll take you to Ireland with me, Mistress Juliet, and you shall marry Ned, and trouble me thus no longer."

"Oh, father! don't take me to Ireland! the voyage I fear, and the crew and wild country I fear. Let me stay in England," pleaded Juliet.

"As it pleases me?" said Sir John, holding up a great warning finger; and Juliet held her peace.

## CHAPTER II.

THE ship which was to convey Edward Champernowne to Ireland also transported a party of troops under Colonel Grey, nearly related to the well-known Lord Grey de Wilton, who were bound to the same part of the island as the young Devonshire planter. Champernowne had a grant of land in Munster, close to Nenagh, and in a somewhat precarious situation. It lay almost under the shadow of the hills of Ara, where a very intractable

branch of the intractable princes of Thomond held sovereign sway. Seenaght was, however, so fair and fertile that Champernowne gladly accepted the risk of a few hard blows for the sake of retaining that lovely spot; and he was to take possession under favourable circumstances. The septs of O'Brien and O'Molloy, and others in their near neighbourhood, had lately been giving so much trouble, not only by levying black-mail, but by instituting a regular system of warfare against all the English settlers within their reach, that it was determined to form a camp at Seenaght, under the command of Colonel Grey. This would form an effectual protection to Champernowne during his first essay at planting, and would enable him to run up houses for the tenants who followed him from Devonshire, together with a mill, and to make some attempts at ploughing and cultivation; unless, indeed, a pitched battle should take place, resulting in the defeat of the Saxon camp. This casualty, however, hardly entered the mind of either the Colonel or Champernowne.

Colonel Grey was just the sort of man usually sent to do that kind of business in the Emerald Isle. Tall and powerful in frame, with a pale, stern countenance, eyebrows so much depressed as to be hardly visible, and a voice of deep and loud command. Irishmen and noxious animals went together in his estimation, and extermination was his simple motto. Let no one be particularly shocked at Colonel Grey; his views were the views of more than half the Englishmen at his time; and though it is certain that numbers are no excuse, yet cruelty was the traditional remedy for the troubles they met with in the very partially-conquered sister Island. Times have changed; hatred of race, and the statutes of Kilkenny, have as completely disappeared as the saffron tunic and the long lance, and the feelings of Colonel Grey need only be looked upon as historical curiosities.

The vessel was detained for some time at Plymouth, owing to contrary winds, and both then and during the voyage Champernowne had good opportunities of forming a close acquaintance with the Colonel. His perpetual repetition of the word "extermination" made even Champernowne quail, though Champernowne, like most others of his kind at that period, never thought of conciliation with regard to the native Irish. He shared in the unsettled religious feelings then so common in England, where a vague and rather blind, though excessively sturdy and uncompromising attachment to Protestantism, formed the religious principles of a very large part of the nation. Furthermore, he liked land, and disliked those who disputed it with him; yet his nature somewhat revolted against the excesses of Colonel Grey's severity.

"Are my instructions, then, to kill every Irishman, woman or

child who comes in my way?" asked Champernowne, one day during the voyage.

"I do not presume to give you instructions, Mr. Champernowne," said the Colonel. "You are not under my command, though, of course, in a military point of view, you will be so when you bear arms as a volunteer under me, as you will do while my camp is at Seenaght. But when you have been a short time in Ireland, you will need no instructions as to how to deal with the Irish."

"The more I can kill in battle, no doubt, the better; but it does appear to me somewhat unworthy of an Englishman to kill a woman or a child," observed Champernowne, a little reluctantly.

"Not when the woman is herself a ferocious enemy, ready to tear us with her teeth, as she will if she can, and the child will grow up a most furious rebel if allowed to live—what better can be done than to rid the earth of such beings?"

Champernowne thought it would be very well that the earth should be rid of them if some one but himself would undertake the business; for the rest, he was very willing to whet his maiden sword on any Irishman who should dare to take up arms against Her Majesty's liege subjects.

After a tardy voyage the troops landed at Cork, and Champernowne set his foot on the green soil of Erin. Even after breathing the soft air of his own native county, he could feel the peculiar, damp, delicious warmth of that western climate as something different from what he had ever experienced before. But climate made little difference to so hardy a rustic as Edward Champernowne, and his great desire was to settle himself and his fourteen Devonshire men on the rich meadows of Seenaght. As they passed up the country, he began to see the practical results of the theories which Colonel Grey advocated. Wherever the English power was sufficiently strong to make itself felt, the native was a helot—a Popish helot; and wherever that power was successfully resisted, he was an Irish enemy, one ready to fall upon his Saxon foe, and subject himself, if vanquished, to the most terrible reprisals. Here and there to leave the trees on their route, adorned with the fluttering rags and long glibs of all the unhappy kernes whom it was possible to bring to "justice," seemed to be so much a matter of course that Champernowne resigned himself to the sight. Indeed, it must not be imagined that these proceedings gave him particular pain, for he was by no means a philanthropist for the sake of human nature; and if he had been, he was a good enough Protestant to consider that Popery removed many of the most sacred rights of humanity; only there was in his heart, new as yet to the

modes of procedure in Ireland, and clinging still to traditional English honour and mercy, a chord which responded to the soft touch of pity.

He turned in horror from the sight of a murdered infant, though he soon was able to regard with complacency, the treatment which the older and stronger rebels met with at the hands of the invaders, and to laugh, rather than shudder, at the relish with which Colonel Grey ordered an execution.

The Colonel kept up his self-chosen character so well, that he was nick-named Black Henry before he had been a month in the country, and by the time he had reached Seenaght, the sable wings of fame had preceded him into the regions peopled by the O'Brien's and O'Molloy's. They did not, however, come from their mountains to oppose him; afraid, the Colonel said, though an officer, who was better acquainted with Ireland than he, declared that they little knew the rash fiery courage of an Irish clan who attributed the present tranquillity to fear. No doubt some internal policy, discussed among those silent mountain peaks, kept the clans of the neighbourhood from molesting Grey's troops; and as there was reason to believe that these O'Brien's were among the Munster septs which had an understanding with O'Neill, Hibernice, Prince of Ulster, and Anglice, Earl of Tyrone, whose warlike operations were just at this time temporarily suspended, the cause was not one to be sought far off.

"Wait," said the officer, "and wait in arms. I know the inhabitants of Munster are not so chronically turbulent as the northern clans; but these are fiercely Popish mountaineers, their chief is young and fiery, and harbours plenty of priests. Be not too careless whilst you wait to see whether they are cravens or no. I but hope that the event will justify your opinion."

Seenaght was so fair a spot that Champernowne, when its emerald beauty bursts upon its view, could not help thinking how even Juliet Carew might be contented with a home in such a spot. A brisk stream, just emerging out of the torrent stage in which it had been poured from the hills and down the gorges of Ara, hurried past the meadows which he hoped to keep for his own, to embellish some for Juliet, and utilise all for himself and his tenants. Alders and luxuriant ferns fringed the glinting, rapid, rippling stream, and from the charms of the spot in autumn, when a few dragon-flies yet dreamed on the sheeny water, and curious insects, with bright turquoise rings around their slim bodies, hung on the rushes, and flowers yet peeped forth from among the moist, rich herbage of the meadows, Champernowne could well imagine the infinite beauty of the scenery in summer. Here and there tall trees tufted these fields, and overhung the stream, and Champernowne had soon fixed

on the vicinity of one of these natural harbours as the spot where his future house should arise. For the present he contented himself with a wooden lodge, swiftly erected by his followers, similar to the dwelling places they made for themselves and their wives—for they were mostly married—and there he set up his temporary establishment with Tom Harvey, under the protection of Colonel Grey's encampment, and occupied his time in superintending the throwing up of a mill, and the beginnings of his plantation.

Beautiful as was the place, he could not divest himself of an idea that it would not be a very pleasant one when the protection of the military was withdrawn. Its very beauty was the cause of the danger; for those hills which presented against the sky every tender and lovely tint, were the fortress of the Saxon's inveterate foes, who looked on Champernowne's crown grant as their own property, and no more his to take than it was Queen's Elizabeth's to give. Bordering the rich meadow land was a region of boulders and stunted copse, affording the most excellent lurking place for unseen enemies, and giving constant anxiety to Colonel Grey, who sent a party to search the outskirts from time to time. At last he declared he would put an end to his disquietude by at once making a bold expedition into the heart of the enemy's country, pushing up into Ara, and crushing the mountain cat in its own lair. This plan received the approbation of most of those under his command, and Champernowne was as eager for its accomplishment as was his somewhat bloodthirsty dependant, Tom Harvey. He felt how greatly his anxiety would be relieved by striking up, once for all, the sword which seemed now to be perpetually hanging over his head. He never knew at present, and never would know after he was left defenceless, when the terrible war-cry would ring in his ears, or the gleam of the lances shimmer in the wood. Far better to make a bold dash, and determine the matter once for all. Not a doubt but that the Saxon must destroy the Gael.

The only person who opposed Colonel Grey's resolution was the officer who knew Ireland. With great eloquence he reminded the Colonel of the expedition of his own cousin, Lord Grey de Wilton, into Glenmalure, when he was disastrously driven back by the O'Byrnes, the O'Tooles, and the Eustaces of Battinglass, and counselled him to think twice before he ventured into the unknown glens of Ara, in the dim depths of which the brood of Gaelic mountain-cats would spring at his throat before he knew of their presence. The Colonel, who was never known to change his mind, even for the most politic considerations, where extermination was the point in question, declared that he had thought more than twice of the matter—had always viewed it in the same light, and did so still. So he sent a small party one day to reconnoitre, and to find out the

best route by which to push up into the fortresses where the O'Briens of Ara, the most fiery of Brian's descendants, dwelt, as they thought, secure.

The reconnoitring party very shortly returned in haste, with the tidings that the enemies had been even quicker in making up their minds than Colonel Grey. They were at that very moment pouring from their hills to fall upon, and, as they believed, to surprise, the Saxon camp. Their lines of glittering spears had been seen winding down the gorges, and the Colonel would soon have an opportunity of judging how they could use them.

The Colonel, rejoicing that he had sent out these scouts at so apt a moment, and determined to wait for the enemy on his own ground, which was level, and gave his troops a better chance of conquering than they would have if they met the advancing Gaels among the hills and ravines. The Gaels, of course, little imagined themselves to have been observed; and from the camp nothing could be seen of them. Colonel Grey had every facility for putting his troops in order to receive them, and Tom Harvey's delight was so great that he showed it. The Colonel moved about giving orders; he felt sure of victory, yet a dark shade lay on his brow, and his gloom, probably the result of anxiety, rather astonished those who were looking out for the foe with jubilant exultation.

### CHAPTER III.

THE afternoon drew on, a warm, soft November afternoon; the slight morning mist had rolled away over mountain and moor, climbing up the steep sides of the purple glens, and gradually leaving the clear azure outline of the hills against a pale and silvery sky. Colonel Grey's men were ready armed, and all on the *qui vive* for a deep drink of Celtic blood, for there was every reason to believe that the scouts' information had been correct, and that the O'Briens, whose country comprised the adjacent glens and mountains, were leading a band of desperate rebels towards the Nenagh, with the intention of falling on Grey's troops. The latter had formed all his plans; laying a bridge over the Nenagh to form a way of retreat for his men in case they should be overcome—no uncommon occurrence—he hid a large body of soldiers in a dense little wood, to the east of the flat fields where his huts were erected, arranging the main force in actual readiness for combat, though they apparently sat lolling about on the grass, so as to deceive the enemy into thinking them unprepared.

Champernowne lay just within the door of his little wooden house, which was removed not above twenty yards from the confined

wilderness of boulders and low trees fringing the northern side of the encampment. His head just protruded outside, and his glasses were at his eyes, intently watching the direction whence the assault would come if it took place at all. His servant, Thomas, stood behind him, his heavy powerful Devonshire figure dressing its broad shoulders, as if in slow preparation for the coming conflict. He was loading his pistols, which were his favourite weapons, and hoping they would do good service, and rid the world of many an Irish Papist.

As the sun sloped towards the hills, Grey's troops became somewhat dispirited, and less alert than earlier in the afternoon. It was whispered about that the Colonel had been deceived, and that no attack was meditated. Champernowne himself was beginning to get tired of straining his eyes through the glasses, and Tom was grumbling in that dogged way which his master never ventured to stop, for he somewhat dreaded Tom, though he generally made a point of not letting him have his own way in essentials, when a sudden gleam in the wood set all his pulses bounding. It was the gleam of a lance—such a lance as the Gaelic warriors bore. Champernowne knew well that there was a path through all that confusion of rock and copsewood, which the spirited horses of the mountaineers, accustomed to rough ways, could easily descend; and he thought it probable that not only foot kernes, but cavalry, were about to pour forth on the meadow.

"Hist! Tom!" whispered Edward Champernowne. "Hasten out by the back way, so as not to be seen from their position, and tell what we have discovered to Colonel Grey. You know where to find him! Quick!"

Usually it was a vain order to bid Tom Harvey be quick; but when it was a question of Irish Papists, he could shake off his habitual sluggishness, and he was soon at Colonel Grey's side with his information. The Colonel at once held up his stick, which was the signal agreed upon, and the men, without appearing to do so, at once made themselves ready.

Every eye was fixed on the spot, which all the morning had been suspected by Colonel Grey to swarm with armed galloglasses. And, indeed, it seemed to some that here a rowan, and there the branches of a dwarf oak, swayed suddenly, although no breath disturbed the balmy stillness of the afternoon; and quick angry glances passed from one to the other among the soldiers, showing how the fires of hatred, national and religious, burnt within them, and set them aflame for the encounter.

Edward Champernowne, determined not to lose his share of the sport, had withdrawn into the low room which served as his kitchen and bedchamber, girded on his sword, and taken up his musket.



"Tom," he said, "if any of these rebels should shoot me, think not thou of me, but repay him first, and then carry me in here."

"I'll not spare those accursed Irish Papists," returned Tom, as if he considered his master's injunctions almost an insult to his good sense. "The fewer of them in the world the better, and it's a fine thing that my Lord Grey has set in good earnest about exterminating them, 'root and branch.'"

"Well, my man, but thou didst never kill woman or child?" whispered Champernowne, fixing a searching eye on the tall, large fellow, to whose smouldering savagry he was well accustomed.

"No, master, that did I never," returned Tom. "Brown has bid me do it many a time, but I could not, much as I hate these creatures, bide the sight of a babe on Brown's spear. I thought of Nan at home, though she is none such as these little dark-haired wenches."

The two men placed themselves at the door of the house, fully prepared, and Champernowne moved a step or two in front of his companion and follower. Scarcely had he done so when a wild, ringing shout, now familiar to his ears, pealed from rock to rock, and, caught up by a thousand echoes, was prolonged in the startled air as far as the cliffs of Camalltea, where the birds wheeled into the air in sudden alarm. At the same moment, every boulder, every mountain-ash near the English encampment, seemed to start into life, and become a saffron-clad galloglasse, brandishing his skian, or shouldering his musket, and rushing in a well-ordered stream upon the Saxon foes; while from the bridle path, which Champernowne well knew to exist, dashed forward a line of horsemen, riding their strongly-built steeds with a firm, wild grace, and poising their long lances, in Oriental fashion, above their heads.

In an instant the English soldiers were in position, the front rank kneeling, the next bending, the mass behind on their feet. Colonel Grey saw at once that his troops out-numbered the Gaels, and that the force in the wood to the last only awaited the further advance of the enemy into the plain to dash out of their covering and separate them from their pastures, where he thought to demolish them easily, placed as they would be between two fires.

"Lamh laidir an nathair!" shouted the Irish, as they fell headlong into the encampment, dealing around them carnage exceeding the expectations of Colonel Grey, who rode up towards Champernowne's house, in order to witness the forward rush of the men concealed in the wood. Champernowne and Thomas had meanwhile run out of the sheltering doorway, and, supported by a company who had been stationed near the house, strove to stem the emit of the Gaul, not very successfully, however. With the force of one of their own mountain torrents, the rebels broke through every obstacle,

and the conflict raged hand to hand in the meadows, when suddenly he English dashed in a bending posture out of their cover, and hurried to divide the enemy from the place of refuge. This manœuvre was, however, quickly perceived by a young Celt mounted on a splendid bay horse, who appeared to be the chieftain of the assailing clan, and who instantly rallied his men to oppose this new force and keep open their way back to the hills. To his deep mortification, the Colonel saw the Irish form into well-ordered lines; and whilst a small portion of them still kept the English in the meadow occupied, the remainder advanced at double-quick pace to meet the Saxon troops marching at the same pace. The collision was tremendous. The fiery energy of the Celts seemed at first to compensate for their inferior numbers, and the wild cry of "*Lamh laidir*," rising ever and anon above the din of the battle, infused into them a martial fury which for the time of its duration seemed irresistible.

Meanwhile, there was a constant effort made to gain the spot where Colonel Grey, known to the Irish as Black Henry on account of the cruelties he had committed, sat on horseback with his small staff; but the post was valiantly defended by Champernowne, his servant, and the soldiers who surrounded them. At last, however, the Colonel's impatience burst all restraint as he thought he saw his own men losing ground; and ordering those in front of him to make way, he rode fiercely forward, wielding his powerful sabre, and determined to show all who were yeilding a tremendous example of daring and of courage. At the same moment the young chieftain on the bay steed rode near, forcing his steed through the battle with grace and power, and advanced within a few yards of Champernowne's house, and within about twenty feet of Colonel Grey. The Celtic prince's long dark hair streamed on the wind, as he glanced into sight like an arrow; with his left hand he guided in his horse, and with the right he poised above his head the long eastern lance of a Gaelic cavalier. The deadly, unerring aim, the strong and steady hand, sent the lance like a flash of light through the hissing air; and in a moment from the time when it had left the grasp of the Irish chieftain, it struck Colonel Grey exactly in the middle of the forehead, and threw him a corpse straight off his horse into the arms of the officer at his side.

A shout of rage burst from the English ranks, whilst at the same instant a double report was heard distinctly by all who were close to Champernowne's house, and Thomas Harvey lodged the contents of both pistols in the chest of the Irish prince. He reeled slightly, and was seen immediately afterwards to fall off his horse on the meadow, an answering shriek of horror and wrath going up from every Gaelic throat as the rebels saw their chief go down. Frantic efforts were made to reach him and carry him off, alive or

dead; but by this time the English had gathered up all their strength, and rushing in force between the Irish and Champernowne's house, and pouring upon them volley after volley, they succeeded, not, indeed, in cutting off their retreat, but in forcing them into it, and baffling their wild endeavours to carry away their chieftain, if not the other wounded. After a desperate stand, during which they lost many of their numbers, they gave way inch by inch, and at last, with a sudden impulse, yielded altogether, and sped away among the thickets and boulders, pursued by a large portion of the English troops; whilst the rest, among whom to his great disappointment was Edward Champernowne, were ordered by the now superior officer, Major Harrison, to remain and guard the encampment. Wiping their brows, which streamed with their great exertions, the soldiers rested on their arms, some refreshing themselves with spirits, others with the water of the brook; all listening with the wildest eagerness, and, despite their fatigue, with envy, to the tumult of the pursuit growing fainter among the hills, which yet re-echoed to shouts and the noise of fire-arms.

Champernowne, laying aside his musket, now had time to advance to the spot where the Irish chieftain lay upon the ground. His saffron tunic was deeply stained, and blood foamed from his lips, yet Edward saw immediately that he was not dead. He was about two or three and twenty years old, and very handsome, tall, and slight, and with a face of truly Irish beauty. The upper lip was short, the mouth and chin expressive of great decision and resolution; the brow showed intellect, though now contracted with agony; yet those beside him looked on him only as a savage idolator, though Edward felt some pity, such as he might entertain for a wounded animal. He knelt down and laid his head on his lap.

"My shot was well aimed," said Thomas Harvey with a grin; "shall I finish the work, master? A knock on the head would do it, and rid the earth of him."

"My faith, Tom, it's not what an Englishman should do, to kill a wounded man," observed Edward Champernowne.

"He is but an Irish Papist," growled Tom.

"Well, I say it would be cowardly to kill him now," said Champernowne, gazing down on the deadly pale face of the chieftain. Neither spoke for a little while, till Edward said, "Yet I suppose he must die if we leave him here on the ground; indeed, I think he is already nigh gone."

"Aye, master, and the sooner the better; you would not think of tending a wretched rebel. Let him go off to the purgatory he has been looking forward to all his life."

Harvey, a dogged man of Devon, and one of the Puritan cast, looked on any act of mercy towards an Irish Catholic as not only

foolish but profane. His opposition, however, confirmed Edward in his resolution to be merciful, both for mercy's sake, and for that of possibly exchanging prisoners; and, lifting the young Celt in his arms, he carried him into the house, laid him on the bed, and dressed his wound. This unprincipled act quite ruined him in the opinion of Tom, who, however, knew his master too well to think that he could now turn him from his own way of going on; so he solaced himself after his hard work with a draught out of the mug of cider, his native beverage.

Champernowne, meanwhile, kept on the look-out for any summons to duty, whilst at the same time, as the evening darkened the meadows, he lighted the fir-wood torch, and watched his Gaelic prisoner. Violent fever had set in, and he raved, not loud, but ceaselessly, in his honoured native tongue. Champernowne, not thinking a Gael worth much anxiety or trouble, kept stepping out of doors during the night to observe the hills, where flashes of light appeared every now and then, and where his adventurous spirit longed to be. As morning dawned all seemed quiet; and he stretched himself out in his cloak before the fire, at which Tom already snored heartily.

Champernowne was very indifferent as to whether his prisoner lived or died; only some natural manly feeling made him unwilling to show cruelty towards so helpless a foe. And when he awoke himself, he went across the kitchen to look at the young chieftain. The fever had abated, and gradually he became conscious, opening his large grey eyes, and inspecting all around. His quick mind instantly took in his position. He was a prisoner in the hands of Saxon heretics; and his proud instinct at once taught him not to let these Saxon heretics see what they had caused him to suffer. So he lay for hours nearly, still frowning, and with his arms folded across his wounded chest, as if to conceal the pain which it gave him. But at last anguish and deadly sickness overcame his pride; he tried to rise on his elbow, and gave way to an uncontrollable fit of coughing, which let loose waves of blood, mingled with a great part of the small shot that had penetrated his lungs. Champernowne, moved with pity, came near and held up his captive's head till, covered with the young captain's blood, he called forth Tom's surly censures.

"Surely that cough must have done for the rebel," he observed; "and the sooner the better. What do you want, master, with these wretched savages, and why will you treat them tenderly?"

"That cough may save his life," said Champernowne. "It must have relieved his lungs, but he is so terribly exhausted that I fear he cannot recover."

"So much the better," growled Tom Harvey. "What's the

use of giving them wounds, if you are to cure them?—Hark, master! the bugle's call."

Champernowne laid the Irishman's head gently on the pillow, and at once ran from the house, leaving his captive gasping for life and breath. He found that the bugle-call was yet sounding through the meadows, and met Major Harrison a little way beyond the door.

"Champernowne, you and a party of men are to run for the hills; the rebels have made a stand there, and our soldiers want help. Go up by yonder blue gap," and he pointed to a conspicuous opening in the distant mountains. "By all means we must break into their fastnesses, if possible, and *then we will avenge Grey!*" His eye glowed with the fire of smouldering anger and desire of vengeance; he felt his own talents as an officer to be unsuited for the kind of warfare, and was highly vexed at the circumstance which had placed him in his present position, where he hardly knew how to act.

"The soldiers will be marching in five minutes," he said; "at the second bugle call you must join them, for you know the locality better than any of us who are left here. Will you prepare yourself at once?"

Champernowne returned to his house, and at once began to put on his accoutrements, whilst he explained to Tom Harvey that he was ordered to the hills, and bade him look after his property in his absence.

"And I would fain have some breakfast before I go: have you got the soup ready?"

Tom had, for a wonder; and whilst eating his soup, Champernowne returned to the bedside of the young Irishman. He was still gasping and catching his breath unevenly, and his face was deadly pale; but though in a state of utter prostration, it was evident that he was much relieved, and that his pain was less severe.

"Tom," said Champernowne, "you can look after this poor fellow till I come back; you had better give him some broth, and a drink of the cordial which Mistress Juliet gave me; there's nothing like that when one is wounded or in a fever, and doubtless it would cool his blood and do him good."

"Pity to waste it on an Irish idolator," muttered Tom; "my shot was so well aimed, and now your honour must spoil the sport."

So Champernowne, recollecting that Tom might very probably give his prisoner nothing to eat or drink all day, himself fed him with broth in spoonfuls. He asked faintly for water, and Edward, who understood a few words of Irish, took, rather reluctantly it must be admitted, a flask of that cordial which had been part of the

stores contained in the bag Juliet had so unwillingly given him on his departure for Ireland. He well remembered her sulky face as Rose placed the basket full of flasks in Tom's hands. Yet he looked with pleasure on the cordial, fresh and fragrant of the Devonshire herb-garden which had supplied its virtues, and flavoured it with mint plucked by Juliet's own hand. The dim and heavy eyes of the young Celt sparkled as he drank deeply of the refreshing beverage; then, in a hardly audible voice, and very broken English he thanked Champernowne for his kindness.

"Well, do you feel better?" said Edward, a little roughly, himself slightly ashamed of what he considered womanish soft-heartedness. The chieftain tried to say that there was not much the matter, but his voice failed him; and Champernowne, hearing the first notes of the bugle-call, hastened away to give Tom his last instructions.

"As to my prisoner, Tom," he finished up, "mind thou art kind to him, or at least not unkind, for I can hope for nothing more. He is scorched with thirst, give him some cordial from time to time. Remember, man, a wounded foe is no fit subject for revenge; although he killed Colonel Grey, 'twas in fair fight."

"And a splendid aim it was, master!" said Harvey, whose admiration for a "good aim" was his weak point. "I never saw a better, nor a steadier hand. But mine was just as good! A safe return to you, master, and plenty of rebels to your sword!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE troop chose as their road into the hills the bridle path down which the Celtic cavalry had streamed on the previous day. It was a difficult way for men unaccustomed to march in such rough country, especially as only three at most could walk abreast, and their progress was but slow. In about an hour, however, they debouched into a glen of witching beauty, even at that time of the year, where they found less difficulty in advancing. A foaming mountain torrent brawled at the bottom of the valley, overhung by the moist boughs of hazel, birch, and oak, and fringed with luxuriant ferns. A tint of yellowish-green yet pervaded the trees, which retained their leaves late in that moist and sheltered glen; the wood was carpetted with moss, here richly sombre, there softly brilliant, and heavy boulders, half clothed in vegetation, were scattered through the valley. Champernowne had seen such spots in the mountainous parts of his native Devonshire, and he almost longed to sit down by the brook and indulge his recollections, when a sound of firing

among the hills, at the head of the glen, aroused and fixed the attention of the whole troop. Through the trees those hills were not discernible, though all knew their exact situation, and the men pushed forward with redoubled vigour towards the spot where the renewed conflict was going on between their comrades and the Gaelic foe. At last the glen narrowed, whilst at the same time the trees became more sparse, and the troop suddenly found themselves within a few hundred yards of the very scene of the battle, which was waged on the slopes of the hills and in the valley itself, both being fiercely defended by the Irish. The cheering shout of Champernowne's companions turned into one of rage and mortification as they saw that they had arrived too late, and that the conflict was already going against their comrades. The love of home, and wife, and child, and a desire to avert the horrors which might happen to their dear ones, in case of their own defeat, gave a fury to the resistance of the Gaels, which, added to their advantageous position on the heights and their knowledge of the locality, baffled the onslaught of their enemies. On a jutting point which projected out of the hillside stood a woman of perhaps fifty years of age, whose presence and example seemed to arouse and sustain the fierce courage of the rebels. She was surrounded by her maidens, among whom she seemed to tower alone, a wild, yet stately figure. Her long, dark hair, surrounded by a shining circlet, flowed down over the blue robe which draped her majestic figure; her right arm, wearing a golden armet, embraced a long lance such as that which the day before had taken the life of Colonel Grey. While Champernowne and his companions gazed in astonishment, almost in dread, at this strange form, which seemed that of a Druidess arisen from the grave, the Irish lady threw down her lance, and with the help of her maidens lifting large stones from the mountain side she hurled them fiercely down upon the Saxons. All around her followed her example, and it soon became perfectly necessary to sound the retreat, as many of the men had already been crushed by the falling rocks that thundered down the slopes.

Champernowne and the troop whom he accompanied could only aid their comrades by opposing the pursuit of the Gaels in the mouth of the narrow gorge through which the English must make good their retreat. This duty was performed admirably, though with some loss to the newly-arrived succours, but, as being fresh and not fatigued like their comrades in a day's fighting in the mountains, they plainly recognised their obligation to cover the retreat of those who were already worn-out by the conflict. As the troops went down the glen a stray shot occasionally whistled among them, and close reconnoitering was necessary; but it was known to the Gael that at this time a large reinforcement had arrived at the camp

below, and they were tolerably unmolested when they reached the bridle path by which Champernowne had ascended to meet them in the morning.

Dark night had fallen once more when the men, dispirited and exhausted by fatigue, arrived in their encampment. The news of their defeat increased the bitter desire for more blood and more conflict with the natives, which seemed to be their ruling passion; and these feelings were augmented by the gloomy ceremony of Colonel Grey's interment. This took place after dusk had fallen; and that stern man and bitter enemy of the Irish race, but valiant officer, was laid in Irish soil amid the regrets and vows of vengeance of his men. At the same time they were a little cheered by the large augmentation of their force. Lord Sands, an Anglo-Irish nobleman, arrived, bringing with him several regiments, and it was hoped that good service would be done by the reinforced army towards putting down "rebellion."

Edward Champernowne was thoroughly tired as he turned towards his house, at the door of which Tom Harvey was tying up bundles of fire-wood. A gleam of pleasure passed over Tom's sulky countenance as he saw his master return safe and sound, and he greeted him with a hearty "Glad to see you back, master!"

"And I to come back, Tom," said Champernowne, as he grasped the hand of his really faithful though rugged follower, who had rowed him out on the Dart as a little child when bent on catching fish with a bit of bread on a crooked splinter of wood. An affection hidden, yet true, existed between master and man, though each was always secretly afraid of the other having his own way.

"Now, Tom, let us have supper; I am hungry enough with hill air. By the way, how is my prisoner? Is he still alive?"

"Yes, master, he is still alive, so much the worse; but nothing more than just alive," replied Tom Harvey.

"Have you given him any more cordial?" asked Champernowne, half amused at Tom's discontent that his shot had not an effect more rapidly fatal on the Irish rebel.

"Yes," said Tom; "he was too proud to ask for drink, so I gave him some to baulk his pride. I had almost to force it down his throat."

"Thou art a rough nurse, Tom," said Champernowne, smiling. "I hope when thou art wounded thou wilt have a kinder. 'Twill be a wonder if he recovers through our tending of him."

The Celtic prince appeared to be asleep, and Tom opined that he was in a swoon, for he had swooned many times that day; but a slight frown contracted his black eyebrows, and caused Champernowne to think that he was conscious of pain. There was a heroic patience about him—a sort of pride which impelled him to conceal



his sufferings, great as they must be, from the enemies of his race and religion ; and with such feelings Champernowne could not but sympathise. He began to think that the Irish were not so despicable as some had told him ; and though their noble qualities rendered them the more dangerous, still he felt some admiration for a nation whose very women would expose themselves to the most imminent danger for the sake of defending their homes and their soil.

The young chieftain looked up while Champernowne stood beside him. His eyes glared, his lips were dark, so that Harvey thought death must be near ; but Champernowne knew that these were the result of burning, feverish, insatiable thirst. The humane chord of Edward's heart was touched, for he was as yet so unaccustomed to the sight of wounds and anguish that he naturally tried to alleviate suffering when it came in his way. So he gave his captive another deep draught, which revived him so much that he was able to express his gratitude, though the very manner of doing so showed what kind of treatment he had expected.

"Saxon, you are kind, though I am in your power ; how is this ?" he said in peculiar, soft, plaintive tones, which made Champernowne feel towards him yet more kindly.

"It is that nature bids me pity your helpless condition ; and, moreover, the English are a generous people, nor will harm a defenceless foe."

"Is it indeed so ?" said the Irishman, speaking with difficulty. "Why, then, have they hung babes in their mother's hair, and tossed them on their spears ?" He smiled a bitter smile, which played strangely on that ghastly face, while Champernowne felt that his own countenance was overspread by a deep blush. He had never thought these cruelties disgraceful, though they were somewhat opposed to his instinct ; but having them brought home to him in the faint accents of the sick Gael, he could not but think of them with shame.

"You see, notwithstanding, that there are merciful Saxons," he said.

"Were they but all like you," replied the O'Brien, "we should not so hate the Saxons." He shivered with cold as he spoke ; and Champernowne spread more clothes over him, raised his head, and in a rough, masculine way, contrived to make him as comfortable as a wounded man can be, before going to his own supper with Tom Harvey, which they usually ate in the wide part of the house. The Celt again expressed his gratitude.

"I love you, Saxon," he said, "and will pray for you, and ask for you the worthier prayers of the angels and saints, whom you honour not, and yet they surely love you for the sake of your kind heart." He closed his eyes drowsily, lulled by the warmth.

"Was there ever such a Papist known, master?" said Tom, as they ate their supper of game, brown bread, milk, and butter, with a torch in a metal stand to light them, and themselves accoutred for action if need should be. "See! this wicked and accursed thing was attached to his belt!"

He held up a beautifully worked silver rosary, the property of the wounded chieftain, with an expression of such pious horror on his countenance that Champernowne, though he thought the thing an abomination, laughed heartily, and greatly enjoyed the disgust of his Puritan attendant.

No further attack was made on the English encampment. The O'Briens, isolated from their allies, and deprived of their young and fiery leader, whom, as he had fallen into the hands of the English, they believed to be dead, knew that an onslaught on the large force now at Crenaght would be hopeless; and Lord Sands, who had taken the command of the troops, much to the relief of Major Harrison, seeing that it was equally hopeless to attempt to root this tribe out of their fastnesses, intended soon to break up the camp. Champernowne had thoughts of giving up any idea of settling at Crenaght, where he would be perpetually liable to destruction by the mountain clans; and he had, moreover, another very potent reason for abandoning this fertile spot. Tidings were brought to him that Sir John Carew had accepted the governorship of Limerick and a part of Tipperary, fixing his residence at Killina, and would shortly arrive at Cork with his daughter. The knight would not, of course, permit Juliet to reside in so unsafe a locality as he now understood Crenaght to be, and had secured for Edward Champernowne a grant of land near Kilnaglin, so that Juliet, when married, would be in his own immediate vicinity.

The winter was a soft and warm one, and it was seldom that a thin coating of ice formed on the Nenagh whilst the troops lay encamped on its banks. Meanwhile Champernowne's captive began to recover, contrary to all expectations. The Devonshire settler had become more and more kindly disposed towards the young Irishman, who possessed something of that fascination which is often found among his countrymen, and who was grateful for being allowed to lie quietly protected from the hostility of other and less humane Saxons. Champernowne was but a rough nurse, yet he bestowed on O'Brien enough attention to restore one of his naturally vigorous health. His native mountain air was conducive to elasticity of frame, and not having been weakened by previous illness, he gradually overcame wounds and fever, and the yet more dangerous exhaustion which ensued. As he began to resume his strength Champernowne resolved to send him back to the hills, but

Lord Sands, a very bitter foe to the Irish race, and who knew all about the whole matter, had a different plan in his head.

"I believe you took prisoner the Irish enemy or rebel, as it is the fashion to call them now, who shot Colonel Grey," said he one day, on meeting Champernowne in the meadow. "Is he alive or dead."

Champernowne thought there was an ominous scowl on the dark brow of Lord Sands.

"He is alive. I would fain send him back to the mountains, with your lordship's permission," he said, submissively.

"Not so, Master Champernowne! This is not the plan laid down by those who know Ireland well. It would but be an encouragement to all to rebel against their Queen. We will cut off his head, or, at least, send him to be tried and executed in Dublin, unless he will swear allegiance to Her Majesty, or turn Protestant, or, at least, let us into his stronghold—for I believe he is the chief of the obstinate sept of Ara, and a most dangerous rebel."

"I am sure he would prefer to lose his head than do any of those three things," said Champernowne, "for he is the most determined fellow I ever saw."

He did not like to urge Lord Sands to mercy, knowing how useless would be such a waste of breath, and not wishing to be thought a disloyal subject, or too great a sympathiser with the native race. Yet he felt somewhat disconcerted at the thought of having nursed the young chieftain through a dangerous illness only to bring him to the block, and at knowing that all the kindness which he had shown towards O'Brien must appear in the light of cruel and cold-hearted treachery.

"Aye, he must lose his head," repeated Lord Sands.

"But, my lord, as an Englishman, surely you would forbear to behead one in his condition; for he is yet very sick and out of health, having been, as you know, badly wounded."

"And you have taken the trouble to recover him of his wounds Master Champernowne?" said Lord Sands. "Truly, you have a most gentle heart—too gentle for a settler who must learn to treat these Gaels as they are born to be treated. Let me make you to understand that mercy is wasted on them, and that our business is to gain the rule of the island for Her Majesty by the quickest means which we can use, and had it not been for my Lord Ormond's foolish leniency, the North had been quiet ere now."

"Quite true, my lord; but policy may at times favour the exercise of a little mercy. Thus, knowing that my captive was of very high rank among them, I reflected that we might make a good exchange if he recovered, which would be quite a reason for keeping him alive, if possible. Now they have taken prisoners Sir

Peter Browne and Captain Segrave, and we may get them back in return for him."

"True, I will consider that," said Sands, moving off.

Soon afterwards he sent a couple of messengers, bearing a white flag, up the glen, where he met the outposts of the Irish, and explained their errand. They were detained in the glen until the Tanist and a few other great men of the tribe of Ara came there to treat with them. These magnates joyfully agreed to exchange their prisoners for the young prince, whom they were enraptured at knowing to be yet alive; and the messenger returned with good news for all.

On the appointed day, a large party of the O'Briens, terribly mistrustful of their foes, conducted their English prisoners to the vicinity of the camp. They stood on and among the boulders, not intending to give up their hostages until their chief was restored, to them safe and sound; whilst the poor English officers, on their part shook hands with each other in joy at once more seeing their countrymen. Then the young chieftain took leave of Champernowne in the porch of the house. Drawing a costly emerald ring from his finger, he placed it on that of Champernowne, praying him to keep it as a pledge of the gratitude of O'Brien, of Ara.

The anticipated breath of his own mountain air seemed already to tinge with health his hollow cheek, as he mounted, not so lightly as of yore, the horse brought forward for him by a saffron-vested kerne. Then, bending from the saddle, he kissed Champernowne on the forehead, and, turning his horse's head, was soon among his own people.

The English officers were then restored to their comrades, and there was, for once, rejoicing both in the halls of Ara and in the Saxon camp.

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## GEMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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## KISSES :

(BY CATULLUS.)

## I.

(Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.)

FOR us, my Lesbia, life is love,  
 And love, of course, means kisses ;  
 We care no straw for fogies old,  
 Or ancient spinster-misses.

When life is o'er, and death—the bore—  
 Shall end our earthly blisses,  
 'Twill put a stop to all our love,  
 And, ergo, all our kisses.

So give me, love, a thousand first,  
 And next a hundred kisses ;  
 Then recommence the series, till  
 We lose all reckoning, and fill  
 With envy the old misses.

## II.

(Quæris quot mihi basiationes  
 Tuæ, Lesbia sint satis.)

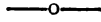
You ask how many kisses would  
 Content me. It would be a bore,  
 But try your sweet arithmetic,  
 My Lesbia, on the sand-strewn shore.

Or, when the silent night has spread  
 Her hosts across the glittering sky,  
 Amid those bright profundities  
 To count the starry splendour try.

I grant you then, but only then,  
 May Lesbia solve the problem hard,  
 How many of her kisses sweet  
 Could satisfy her lover-bard.

MAURICE DAVIES.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON MILTON AND HIS WORKS.



MILTON, after Shakespeare, our greatest poet, lived in stirring, eventful times. His country's life is so bound up with his works that in speaking of them we must allude to some features of the mighty struggle which agitated England during the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Milton's writings are a faithful reflex of his mind : his face was a beautiful portraiture of his soul.

Milton's sunny days of youth—pure, happy, and pleasant—are enshrined in the graceful, tender, sometimes fanciful, songs he sang out of the fulness of his heart, as he pursued the even tenor of his way, surrounded by loving and beloved friends, drawn to him by ties of affection and sympathy. His character, gentle, noble, generous, and sympathetic, with all its lofty aspirations and Christian spirit of self-dedication, breathed forth in the poems of his golden prime ; while the unyielding purpose, the strict conscientiousness, the sublimity of conception, developed in later years, were even then latent in some of his inspirations. True lark ! that at Heaven's gate was to sing, he early began to wing his flight upwards : ere long he was to echo down to remote ages the song of seraphim and cherubim. His efforts as a youthful poet, evince careful thought and a certain degree of elaboration. A good classical education, association with men of refined tastes, sweet home influences, travels in sunny Italy, and communion with great minds, all combined to make his productions attain to a degree of perfection seldom equalled. To him we owe the true English sonnet, and of it he has given us many graceful examples ; while his stately verse is often a prelude to the grand utterances of his old age.

We have said that the reflex of Milton's nature is to be discovered in his early poems. Is it not so ? When a boy of seventeen, he comforts his sister by a tender poem on the death of her babe. Later on, he consoles the friends of the young wife and mother snatched away in her bloom, by an epitaph mourning her untimely fate. His friend dies, and Milton grieves for him in a pathetic dirge, calling on nymphs and shepherds to unite in the lament, and ending, as in all these elegies, with the expression of a Christian hope. His devotional spirit breaks out in a beautiful

"Ode on the Nativity;" and his innate reverence for holy things is shown in his feeling himself incompetent to proceed with his commenced "Hymn on the Passion of our Saviour." Is not his silence more eloquent than words?

From "Penseroso" we gather what were the young poet's thoughts and occupations when in a tranquil, subdued mood. His sober pensiveness, accompanied by peace, temperance, and quiet, is quite adverse to "loathed melancholy." In the retirement of Horton, he doubtless enjoyed many hours of reflection: when wandering alone, he may have mused on the future, on the dedication of his genius to God's service, on the poem whereby he was one day, with all humility and modesty, to endeavour to justify his Maker's ways to man. We can imagine Milton listening to the plaint of the nightingale, or scanning the starry heavens, or soothed by the music of which he so often speaks, and to whose harmony his soul is always attuned. He has evidently felt the ecstasy of sweet sadness, and would, he says, fain pass his last days retired from the busy hum of men, and, looking from afar off on the world, perhaps attain to a prophetic strain. May not his solitary old age be here foreshadowed?

His "Allegro" teaches us how that Milton's joy would produce no reaction or depression, being the content pervading a cheerful, calm spirit, rejoicing in all good, and finding subject for happy feelings in nature's varied aspect. The lark's lay thrills him with joy: country sounds, country sights, and country pleasures, add to the delight he feels. His mirth is the fruit of liberty, not licence; the merriment of a mind at peace with itself; a child's laughter springing up from a deep well, breaking out, it hardly knows why. And here, again, music, the great enchantress, crowns with her sweet sounds the festivities of a summer's day of sunshine and gladness.

Milton turns a masque into a pure and holy thing, for he gives us "Comus," showing the triumph of purity over vice, and making the "Lady" an impersonation of white-robed chastity and angelic dignity. Thus does Milton's mind transmute all to crystal.

In his journey to Italy, he makes the acquaintance of Tasso's friend, of the imprisoned Galileo, and of other learned men. Among his Latin writings we find two poems, one dedicated to the Marquis Manso, another, an epitaph on Charles Diodati, both worthy of mention.

The second period of Milton's life belongs to England. He hears of the struggle between King and people, between freedom of thought and absolutism; he leaves his Italian friends for his native land, feeling his place is beside those who are fighting for what he holds most dear—freedom, in the highest sense of the word.

The graceful poet becomes the zealous controversialist. His enthusiastic love of truth, overwhelming sense of duty, and deep religious feeling, are developed by the eventful scenes he witnesses, and the "Lady of Christ's"<sup>1</sup> stands revealed a stern, firm defender of liberty.

Puritan England is rousing herself in the face of manifold oppression. She has, Milton steadfastly believes, God and truth on her side, and, nothing doubting, he becomes her dauntless champion! He turns his pen into a weapon of defence for his country. Henceforth he serves her, not the Muses: his writings gain in force what they lose in grace, and his controversies are a powerful, sometimes "rugged mass of eloquence."

His country's independence of thought and action is menaced. The Episcopal Church has been perverted to an instrument of tyranny and superstition: its head, the King, has become an encroacher on the rights of his people, rather than a defender of their constitution and liberties. Strafford has assaulted these, and intended to bring England to subjection by a "thorough" absolutism. Justice is set at naught; Roman Catholicism lifts its head; the people identify Prelacy with Papacy, in consequence of the innovations and ceremonies countenanced by Laud and his followers, which strongly savoured of Rome. With an arbitrary King (on whose promise none could rely), a despotic priesthood, a subservient council, a stern resolution on the part of the Monarch's adviser to annihilate liberty and to subvert the ancient fundamental laws, Puritan England called her sons around her; they responded nobly, and amongst their bravest were the Independents, and all to a man resolved to defend liberty, true liberty of action, thought, and opinion. Milton was among the foremost, and he had many friends: the "gentle Vane," the "philosophic Falkland," the brave Fairfax, and the, to him, noblest man of all, Oliver Cromwell.

While the Protector ruled, Milton was Latin Secretary, and served his country as well in peace as during the strife. In Cromwell he saw liberty embodied, justice ruling. Never since the Reformation had there been so little religious persecution. The Episcopalians were allowed to celebrate worship, and the Jews, for the first time, had a synagogue. The great man made the name of England respected and feared. Abroad he obliged the Pope to exhort princes to be tolerant. He stopped the persecution of the Waldenses. He was the bulwark of England, and Milton ably seconded his endeavours for the maintenance of order and peace. During the twenty years which elapsed between Milton's return to England and the Restoration, many prose writings proceeded from his pen.

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<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the name given him when at college.



He it was who defended the people of England to the world after the death of the ill-fated Charles I. He wrote a treatise on Civil Power; an apology for Smectynnus. Before that he had published a treatise of Ecclesiastical Reformation. His "*Areopagatica*" is a written eloquent speech in favour of the liberty of the press. He also remembered the young when, as he fondly dreamed, the golden days of England had appeared, and so published his beautiful Utopian ideas on education. Most of Milton's sonnets are dedicated to his friends, and his is the earnest, pathetic appeal for the trodden-down Waldenses, whose Protestantism had preceded the Reformation. Even when the mighty Protector died Milton undauntedly published "*A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth.*" If we turn to the poet's domestic life during these days, we find that he married not long after his return to England; that he taught the young both before and after his marriage; that he befriended his first wife's relations, after having received her home from a lengthened visit to her friends; that, later on, he married a lady who was a kind mother to his little daughters, and that he became afflicted with blindness, but still continued to work indefatigably. At one time, seeing his first wife was reluctant to return to him, he published two books on divorce, wherein he seems, like himself, to have taken a spiritual view of marriage, but which his best friends could hardly defend. As Latin Secretary to Cromwell his agency was considered of great consequence at home and abroad. And now we come to the third and greatest period of Milton's life.

The Restoration is accomplished; Milton is allowed to retire into obscurity, and alone, poor and blind, realises the dream of his youth, and gives to the world the most sublime epic poem ever written. The twenty years' pamphleteering have not been thrown away; his style has gained in nervousness and energy, although it has, at the same time recovered its grace and beauty. All has served to the accomplishment of his great wish. The experience he has acquired, the knowledge of men's hearts, the habits of close thinking which have grown upon him, his rest from poetical fancies, even his affliction,—all these things, unknown, perhaps, to him, have been bringing him step by step nearer to the goal of his desire. God's ways are not as our ways; but of this we may rest assured, that He who has given great gifts will, in the path of duty, give us opportunities of using them. Nothing is lost by the one who nobly does the work that lies to his hand. Milton had kept intact his purity of mind and life, and so his epic poem has all the graceful ideas, the fresh spring of feeling, the pathetic imagery, belonging to one who has retained youth in his heart. We have here the pure sweetness of the spring-time of life united to the fiery energy of manhood and the calm wisdom of old age. The poet and

all concerning him are suited to his blessed theme—to his awful undertaking—namely, the justification of God's ways to man. Alone with God as it were, his very blindness prevents the commerce of the vain, busy world from dulling the edge of his glorious thoughts.

There is nothing in English literature like the sublime, celestial song, with its stately march of harmonious words, its unrivalled descriptions, pure theology, and elevated conception of Divine justice, coupled with mercy and love. In "*Paradise Lost*," Satan, the Prince of Darkness, is depicted with a terrible pen. Whether we see him standing amongst flames, grasping his tall spear, shadowed by his ponderous shield, indomitable, or lying couchant on the fiery wave, stretching his grand length on a glowing element, prone but rebellious; or contrasted with the pure cherub, horror sitting on his crest, his form dilating to the sky, ready to do battle, fearing none, save God, and Him against his will; or watching, tiger-like, the innocence he envies and plots against; or crouching at Eve's ear, the image of poisonous malice; or as a vulture brooding over chaos; or as the wise, guileful, beautiful serpent; or disguised as an angel of light—he is the impersonation of Protean Evil, of a terrible, deadly, subtle and horrible evil, yet bright with a fearful beauty; and, above all, the emblem, and, as far as we may say it, of a spirit, the *incarnation* of pride—the king of darkness.

He is Lucifer, son of the morning, fallen from the highest heavens. He suffers most among his fellow fiends, for he has been capable of most good.

Milton seems to grasp the truth that nothing is wholly bad, for in describing this wreck of nobleness, the marred and seared angel, he says:

“ For the general safety he despised his own ;  
For neither do the spirits damued lose all their virtue.”

The very remembrance of what he has been adds a sting to the torments Satan suffers; but for all that, he has no wish to return humbled to heaven. No! rather reign in Hell than be second in Heaven. Better torture and revenge than the annihilation for which a more ignoble spirit craves. His vengeance, like all his deeds, is a masterpiece of malice; thereby he bruises the heel of the Messiah, whom he hates with a deadly hatred; but, bad as he is, the other leaders of the hellish hosts appear more ignoble than he.

The fallen angel hails hell, and arrogates to himself the supreme command. His be the danger, so long as his be the revenge, the supreme power.

Down into the depths are we taken, where, after falling, falling,

falling, the rebellious hosts writhe in agony on a sea of molten lava. Roused by winged words of scorn, they come, and still they come—like autumn leaves rustling, like swarming bees, like dreaded locusts.

Behold your gods, ye ancients ! All vices are here before us, showing what demons the misguided worship. As we read the fearful list, the thought strikes us ; the fatal, cruel oracles, the whispering, delusive voices, the false apparitions—may they not have come from fallen spirits, ministers of evil, powers of darkness ? How the story of these demon-gods is summed up in serried, forcible words ! A few strokes of the great master's pen draw for us striking pictures. The mighty array ranges itself, and we seem to hear the clashing of spears, the martial music, and to see the close ranks. They build, and we behold the gorgeous Pandemonium rise and lift its Babel front, impious, to the very roof of hell. They separate, and we seem from afar off to trace the dusky groups ; some listening to strains of harmony that told their own past deeds of heroism, sad music for the irretrievably lost ; some bent on the discovery of new regions ; some tilting with hellish weapons ; some reasoning futilely, and lending to their sophism self-deception. Milton thus realised spiritualities and spiritualised realities. His spirits are, as it were, embodied. How we shudder at grisly death, and almost feel the impalpable horror when it shakes its direful dart !

From the deepest shades of chaos, night and evil, we are taken to Heaven, where in presence of the Highest, amidst the white-robed angelic throng, listening to their tuneful praises, we adore, and are filled with awe and happiness. The glorious plan of Redemption is unfolded, in which "Mercy and Justice meet together:" "Peace and Righteousness kiss each other." What a contrast to the malice and darkness left behind us is the benignity and light visible in Heaven ! How the roaring and evil sounds die away, and we, entranced, linger on the sacred threshold, dreaming solely of a vision of purity and divine harmony !

In the description of Eden, the poet seems to have given full play to his sweetest of sweet fancies, and from the stores of imagination, history, and knowledge, are culled the treasures with which he adorns Paradise—the garden "able to drive out all sadness but despair."

As we have said, none of Milton's early promise has been lost ; the bud has developed into a wondrous flower. His thoughts, and the words with which he clothes them, are altogether lovely, and the spirit of adoration which breathes throughout gives a heavenly life to this story—to this pastoral of innocence and loveliness. Birds lend their tuneful voices, the firmament its light, earth her sweetest products, to make the scene an Eden ; but yet the interest is centred on humanity, fair, fresh, and unsullied, a sight for

angels to delight in. And the hymns of Adam and Eve,—how they enshrine their gratitude and love to the great Creator! Words fail us to point out the hallowed eloquence therein contained.

Then comes the contrast—the fall; foreshadowed by a dream, forewarned by an angel; then the utter wretchedness and misery,—misery a thousandfold increased by the knowledge of future suffering for the posterity of unhappy man, but mitigated by the promise of a Redeemer. We have a touching picture of human love; and, lastly, comes the departure from Eden. We see the two, led by the Angel of Hope, passing out; “the world before them where to choose,” the bright abode of bliss behind, guarded by a flaming sword.

In “*Paradise Lost*,” Milton has personated the power of truth to reveal error: he shows God’s overruling Providence combined with man’s free will. Justification by faith is set forth, and the spirit of obedience is made manifest as acceptable in God’s sight. He here, too, lets fly many arrows against wrong. We may cite, among other instances, his description of deluded Papists wandering through the depths of chaos, his mention of the wolves of superstition, and of the persecutions arising for true worshippers.

In “*Paradise Regained*,” we have the temptation of our Saviour depicted with a reverent pen. This work is evidently the result of much thought, but was it necessary? In “*Paradise Lost*,” the plan of the Redemption had been fully revealed, and God’s ways justified to man. Milton again shrinks from attempting to describe the passion, the suffering of the Messiah. Before this awful scene the poet veils his face. Angel-like, he fears to rush in on sacred ground, and stands afar off with bated breath and awe-struck feeling.

Let us now see what were the events which brought into existence “*Samson Agonistes*.”

Soon the hopes called forth by the restoration of a prince who had received lessons in adversity were destroyed. Too quickly were his promises forgotten or eluded, and Milton saw England rapidly falling back into a state of thralldom. The Parliament gave up their right of defence: more care was taken to guard against rebellion than against the encroachments of despotism. Prelacy was re-established and Nonconformists heavily punished. The clergy were obliged to resign their livings, or to sign articles drawn up by command of the King and Parliament. Freedom of thought and opinion seemed gone; the name of Puritan had become a bye-word. England’s honour was set at naught abroad, and the King himself was at heart a Papist; while Roman Catholicism seemed creeping into England, soon to rear her head triumphant; so doubtless

thought many earnest-minded fellow-countrymen of the blind defender of liberty. Charles the Second's reign was a time of profligacy and corruption. Innocence was ridiculed, religious feeling scorned, and freedom trampled under foot by the false monarch and his wicked crew.

Viewing from afar this saturnalia of evil, well might Miltons' thoughts turn to Samson, the champion of fallen Israel! In the blind hero, agonizing in misery, but retaining a remnant of his mighty strength, Milton sees a "double impersonation." Samson is England, writhing in chains; while the lords make merry over the sufferings of both people and champion. Again, Samson is Milton; blind, suffering, defenceless, groaning under the oppression of his friends, but retaining the power and the will to utter in burning words his thoughts, and to set forth (though in an allegory) the image of the state of his beloved country and her fallen children—*blind* indeed; for liberty, the light of the eyes, has been taken from them, and they grope in darkness. Behold the mighty man prostrate! Where are his high aspirations? the deed of deliverance he was, God-like, to complete? All fallen, and through himself. Where were England's high hopes? fondly cherished and deemed secure. Where were the truths for which she has fought? Set at naught, and through herself. It is said that wise men, reading the future by the light of the past, can in a measure foresee coming events. Even so Milton, with prophetic vision, and an implicit trust in God, sees that the struggle for liberty shall not have been in vain—that out of evil good shall spring, and so is content to leave the future in God's hands. As Samson, in his last agony, destroyed the Philistines, so shall England trample under foot prejudice, superstition, and error, and, shaking off her chains, rise up as glorious and free as the untrammelled spirit in its flight from the trodden-down body.

Milton's life and works combined remind us of a long, wondrous piece of music. First, calm and sweet pastoral melodies, with bright, happy fancies playing here and there; a joyous Allegro, followed by a dulcet Penseroso, varied by sweet chants of adoration, with now and then a chord struck, which presages something deeper and more glorious. Happy melodies entrance us as they float on golden wing, culminating in a jubilate of youth and hope. Then gradually come the noise and din of conflict; the attack, the defence, the praise of liberty, the serried chords marching battalion-wise follow in quick succession. And then a lull—a pause. Afterwards breaks on our ears a wave of celestial harmony. We seem to stand within the very gate of Heaven, and to hear the song of "Holy, holy, holy," of the angelic host. But ever and anon, to remind us that we are still in the midst of the strife, comes the awful

lament of lost souls. At the last, as fitting close to a pure life, we hear the *Te Deum Laudamus*, to which all tends, and which thrills us with love, reverence, and awe, of the One to whose sublime service the poet's best, noblest, loftiest, inspirations were dedicated.

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### MOONSHINE.

FAINTLY the dim moon shimmers,  
Cloud wreathings round her curled ;  
Somewhere is unknown glory  
Veiled for the wrongs of the world.

Down drops the moon mist, raining  
Murmurs to sin-sad ears,  
Somewhere Divine compassion  
Weeps sacrificial tears.

Spent are the sacred mist tears,  
Softly the moon looks thro' space  
Shines on a world woe-weary,  
Somewhere a smile-lit Face.

J. E. HARRISON.

## THE PEASANTS' REVOLT.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

THE peasants' revolt has still somewhat of the freshness of a surprise. Let it be noticed, in the outset, that the movement was spontaneous in its origin. There was no wire-pulling, no paid agitation, no organised demagoguery. What Cobbett did for the farmers in the dark days succeeding the Peace of Paris and the Holy Alliance, has been done by the labourers for themselves in the quickening period succeeding to household suffrage. The active organisers have all been labouring men, and mostly local preachers, in which Mr. Arch does not stand alone. No novel economic doctrines have supplied the motive-power. Gospel ethics, and not the fallacies of France, have moved the English labourers. The single Scripture sentence, "The labourer is worthy of his hire," has been more potent than all the philosophy since brought forward to justify and embellish their proceedings. The country and the town labourer are, in this respect, opposed. There is no revolutionary tinge to the faith of the former. The workman trusts to political changes for his amelioration, and this is the only belief in miracle that survives amidst his corroding secularism. The peasant attacks the conditions environing him, leaving larger issues to work out their own development.

To get the clear historic view of the revolt we must go back beyond 1834—a date fixed because it is notable for the beginning and abrupt termination of agricultural unionism. Six labourers were transported, afterwards to be pardoned, less for unionism than for unlawful oaths, but it is significant that peasant loyalty did not again transgress. Not until unionism was legalised, did Warwickshire rise. To understand 1872 we must refer to 1381, when there was a real peasants' revolt, not due, as Hallam has stated, to the poll-tax, but to the diminished supply of labour, arising from the devastations of the Black Death, and its effect upon current customs. The farm labourer was bound to the soil and his master. He had his little plot of ground, for which a small money payment and a series of labour payments were made. When labour was cheap his feudal lord preferred commutation into a money payment, and this had begun to prevail through all the grades of feudal life, from baron to labourer. But when labour was dear, scarce, and greatly in demand, the landlord fell back upon his ancient right, and demanded labour in place of a money payment. This change, wrought out by the plague, and a certain mild communism

taught by the Lollards, induced the revolt, for which funds were subscribed as for a modern strike. The peasants declared, as Froissart tells us, "There shall be no more serfs; if we work for the lords it shall be for pay." The victory was ultimately theirs. They gained their freedom, but their divorcement from the soil began, in part as the price of it, and it has steadily continued unto the present day. The baron and knight commuted a service into a money payment to the state; the modern farmer arose as a middleman, paying a distinct money rental; and the labourer either became a freeholder, or a farmer, or he remained on his plot, with his common-rights, and received weekly wages, partly in money, and partly in kind. Subsequent enclosures destroyed his common rights, and frequently drove him from his holding to make room for sheep. To-day he finds himself with a number of so-called privileges and perquisites, representing older rights and customs, but sharing in the historical obscurity that has wrapped the transformation of the feudal into the commercial system. Now, as then, unless the Census of 1871 should show different results to that of 1851, there is a diminished supply of labour, notwithstanding all we hear to the contrary, and the addition of over eight millions of acres to our cultivated soil during the present century.

What is the nature of the peasants' demand to-day? It is substantially that of 1381, allowance being made for changed conditions. They would give the preference to a money payment, to commercial rights. Common rights, where they remain, are clung to; but wood, cider, beer, seed-corn, and potatoe seed, and similar privileges, are to be commuted. But two things must be kept separate here—money payment and an increase of wages. The labourer desires both, and sometimes lumps them. Where he has refused a money payment, as in many cases continually being cited by opponents, it is because he has not been offered either an equivalent, or an increase. In some remote farms, perhaps, he may be reluctant to surrender privileges at all, not as a matter of principle, but of convenience. Where wages are lowest, old customs prevail, and these counties will be last to feel the principle of commutation. These demands will render divorcement from the soil more complete. Mr. Cobden would be astonished, and yet, on a closer examination, he might discover a necessary continuation of the very commercial transformation, already completed in the farming class above. The yeoman was the result of the earlier process, and he is becoming extinct; the leaseholder is the later development, and he multiplies. No depreciation of coinage, no rise in the price of wheat, no juggle of a manorial court can do anything for the English labourer. He is not like the Irish one, a fixed tenant, deprived, by imperfect legislation, of what would centuries ago have made him a proprietor, through a manorial



system never transferred to Ireland. He has lost his primitive character, and cannot regain it by legislative enactments. His only chance of proprietorship is by hard saving, and he cannot save until he receives money instead of doles and favours.

Behind all the excuses made for part payment in food and drink we detect the old notion of barter, and the non-necessity of a circulating medium. Pay a labourer in food, and he is not affected by market prices; pay him in hard cash, and he is the victim of the markets, at the mercy, perhaps, of wind-bound corn-vessels. Coleridge preferred the plan of supplying workmen with "the necessaries of life at a fixed price," as recalling the times when men paid "an actual value for an actual value."<sup>1</sup> He had not considered that a money payment comes to the same thing as barter though the process of exchange consists of two operations instead of one. Food payments represent an old servitude, without hope without an independent family life. The labourer's work should be worth more than his food and his clothes, and he wants to marry to be free, to dispose of his own destinies. The farmer often sells an inferior article, makes a profit, and conceals his selfishness under a pseudo-generosity. The labourer must buy what he requires in an open, honourable manner, even if he buy it of the farmer. It could have been wished that we had heard more from the labourers themselves upon enclosures. Mr. Arch has stated that rough land let out at a small rental to labourers had speedily been rendered productive and remunerative. The same process might advantageously be applied to many open lands, downs, moors, and the like. The modern cottier, unless appearances are deceptive, has ceased to believe that a cow is a fortune. He takes more kindly to the spade.

The war of 1381 was followed by an increase of wages, and a fall of 12 per cent. in the price of wheat, which had previously been stationary at something less than 6s. per quarter. Land, previously rented at 3½d. per acre rose to 4d., but fell to 3d. in 1400 and scarcely varied for a century. The fall of wheat can hardly be expected now; but wages will rise, either by voluntary concession or by combination. The old theory was, that combination might anticipate a rise in the market, but could not possibly increase wages. Mr. Thornton must be credited with the best part of its refutation, and Mr. Mill has readily admitted that "this doctrine is deprived of its scientific foundation, and must be thrown aside." The notion of a national wage-fund, as Mr. Thornton has also shown, is a fallacy. No such fund exists. The farmer or the manufacturer requires a certain amount of labour, and he must pay for it, even to the diminution of his own income. There is no

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<sup>1</sup> *Essays on his own Time*, vol. ii. p. 449, n. Moxon.

fixed correspondence between circulating capital and wages. Combination amongst the masters, conscious or unconscious, "not indeed absolutely, without regard to the relations between supply and demand, but without any uniformity of correspondence with those relations," determines the price of labour until the men combine. The imaginary fund may increase without any higher price being paid for labour; it may decrease, and yet the same amount of labour may be required at higher wages, in which case the capitalist must live on less, or draw upon his reserve. These explanations are necessary, because there are special reasons why combination should benefit agricultural labourers. The quantity of land being limited, competition can neither minimise wages nor cheapen commodities. New improvements reduce the price of manufactured goods, by expediting production and economising time and labour, but agricultural prices cannot be affected in this way.

Corn requires a certain amount of sustained heat to ripen it, and we can neither increase nor concentrate it. If we could ripen barley in ninety days, as in Egypt, production would be stimulated, and land susceptible of more cropping. Similarly, an ox and a sheep cannot be forced, except within very rigid limits. Machinery may reduce labour, but will not reduce wages. The amount of land that can be enclosed is not great, and enclosure would necessitate more labour, without reducing agricultural prices. If we grow more corn, it will not pay to send it to us, because price must fall accordingly. Agricultural unions will keep up the wage-rate, lower the poor-rate, and, possibly rentals, whilst increasing leaseholding on better terms. Their effect upon cultivation is more difficult to determine. Cattle breeding has diminished of late years, but whether the price of meat and the price of labour will stimulate it, time will show.

As already briefly indicated, the revolt is not political. The persons who talk politics are not the labourers. As Mr. Arch observed, in a gritty speech, the labourers "did not want to know anything about politics, and if they did, one might as well try to learn a pig geometry." Parliaments can do nothing for us, said a similar representative man, in another county. "We understand our own grievances, and combination has done more for our class in six months than all the Parliaments assembled in Westminster have done for the last century." But the movement may become political by irresistible growth. No arbitrary limits can be assigned to it, even by the agents themselves, much less by outsiders, whether friends or foes. Public life, according to the Greek idea, is indispensable, even to the right development of the intellect; and the labourer is only just beginning to grow. Professor

Robinson found a plant in a coal mine, and it seemed a new species. Planted in his garden, amidst free air and sunlight, the blanched leaves dropped off, and the new plant turned out to be his old friend, the tansey. The same transformation is possible for the poor peasant. For the present, however, he is modest, and extremely practical. The plough-tail is a fine place for poetic musing, but it does not breed visions like a noisome workshop. It is the industrial labourer who regards property as robbery, and division as a State necessity—not the rustic. The latter believes in ranks and orders, and his whole life is a study of differences, visible, innate, and acquired, in animals, birds, and soils. The attrition of the two may benefit both.

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### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

“MY own, I love thee but too well,  
Else had not come this last farewell.  
My darling, hear my parting vow :  
I'll love thee ever ; do but thou,  
Sweetheart, forget-me-not !”

And then she robbed me of a flower,  
A record of that last fond hour.  
She said “ While this sweet flower is blue  
I will to thee the while be true—  
This poor forget-me-not.”

So after many days I fain  
Would see the tiny flower again ;  
The flow'ret still was bright and blue ;  
I said, “ My darling, thou art true,  
Sweet, sweet forget-me-not !”

GORDON CAMPBELL.

## THREE MEETINGS IN A LIFE.

(TAKEN FROM AN OLD MS.)

## CHAPTER I.

I AM, by no means, an old man, but I have gone through that which has early blanched the dark curls, of which I was once so proud, and written suffering on my brow, and a life-long endurance on my weary frame. It is strange to sit here in the very prime of life, and to feel that life itself is over; that its passions, its excitements, its very griefs and joys, move you no longer. To have gone through the best and worst of all things, with nothing more to brighten or to sadden.

Sometimes I look back through the long vista of years, and wonder vaguely how so much strength was given me to endure. I can now also trace more clearly the mercy of the "veiled hand," without which I should have shrunk back faint-hearted from life's up-treading. I can see how I have been led by paths that were not my own, and how much consolation there is mingled with my sorrow.

But this is not an evening for such self-recollections. It is May—bright, trembling, coy; the bride of the year, ere summer displaces her in the fulness and richness of assured wifedom. May—all the brighter for her uncertain step, her chequered smiles, her variable sunshine. May, sweet May!—to me she will ever be the queen of all the months, for it was then that I first met Lucy.

I was Gerald Combermere, Captain of King's Horse, serving under Louis XIV. of France—Louis the Magnificent. I had entered his service as a soldier of fortune. My old courtly name and lineage, my sword and my honour, these were all the possessions that were left to me; but what could a man desire of brighter heritage? I wore, however, an inner jewel of the heart, enshrined deep amongst my most sacred treasures, the name of a fair English girl,—even Lucy Graham, the priest's daughter. Lucy Graham! How tumultuously my heart throbs, and how freely my blood thrills, as I speak once more to myself that long-loved, long-wept name! Like her, I was English; but whilst she and her father lived peaceably under the reign of one Charles, the Courtly, the second Charles of that time, I had left my country to gain promotion in foreign service. England was no home for me! In those

days young spirits, who, like myself, had their fortunes to make in the world, were sure of promotion at court—at least, such as came of gentle lineage, and did not disdain to lend themselves to the pleasures of the King and his courtiers. But such an existence would have been bondage to me. One kiss of my Lucy's hair was worth a whole courtfull of fine ladies: one smile from her lips the approbation of the whole world. So young, so fair, so guileless! To speak of her long, light, golden tresses, her deep, wistful, blue eyes, her small white fingers, the voice so low, and yet so sweet—so tender, and yet so true. Ah! these are but as the outward lines which the painter throws upon the canvas, and which never can speak to the heart of all the inexpressible charm of the face.

And she was mine—mine only—in those days! A vision comes before me, even as I speak, of the Priest's garden, the walk by the river, with the trees weighed down by their foliage, and the church showing itself at a little distance through the leafy screen, lifting its spire to heaven like a calm, solemn, ennobling thought yearning upward from the flowing river of life, that glided at our feet, so restless, swift, and dark, ever hurrying, with its light and shade, towards the eternal ocean!

Lucy's father knew of our attachment, and sanctioned it. I was not one to come as a thief in the night, and steal from him the heart of his only child. I should not, I think, have loved my Lucy so well could she have returned my attachment without his sanction. It was her pure-heartedness that won me to her, her innocence and truthfulness—but, alas! that I linger on these old sad memories! It had long been agreed that I should enter the service of the King of France, and my appointment had come at last. All was ready now for my departure, and it only remained for me to spend my last evening at the Priest's cottage.

A little space we sauntered in the garden; the red evening light was on the sky and flowers. I drew her gently on till we reached the old walk by the river side, and there, as she sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, I knelt beside her, and told her, for the thousandth time, how much I loved her. The light came into her face, and the flush upon her brow, as her gently-spoken, "Trust me, Gerald," sighed out sweet, yet solemn, into the evening air.

We broke a ring between us, and spoke much of happy confidence and future hopes; but I know not how it was, there was a gloom upon my heart. Some mocking demon of the air seemed as though laughing my words to scorn, and denying all my assertions of faith and trust. The shadows, too, crept upon the river, and a keen, cold air went glittering over its surface, till my darling shuddered, and drew nearer to me.

"And you will not forget me," I said, "Lucy?"

"Oh, Gerald, how could I?" and the sweet eyes looked up at me reproachfully.

She had scarcely spoken when the night-owl screamed from the neighbouring tree, and the moon, rising cold and solemn over the face of the stream, showed the waters, so pitchy black beneath us, that I audibly whispered, "What sad omen!" The next moment, ashamed of my emotion, I drew once more her arm within mine, and led her onward. Not to her father's house, though the light shone cheerily out from the windows, inviting our return, but on by that cold, dark river, till we entered the sleeping churchyard, and Lucy looked at me astonished, as I paused amidst the long, waving grasses, and the moonlit graves.

"It is here that I would have you swear to me of your love," I said. "Here, by the silent resting-places of the dead, and by the holy cross that shadows them: here, where we may both lie another day, that you are, and ever will be mine, that, come life or death, nothing shall ever sever you from me, but I may return to find you as true and pure as I now leave you."

"Oh, Gerald," she answered, "is there any one in the whole world that I love like you, or any created thing that could sever us?"

Alas! alas! poor fool that I am, to linger yet so long over these records of weakness!

## CHAPTER II.

I WAS now a captain! Time had passed swiftly since my last meeting with Lucy in the priest's garden, but it had wrought no change in me. They said I was handsome—tall and strong, with a ready smile, and a bold, frank face. There was nothing in the world that I feared, nothing that I would not have dared. I was secure in my Lucy's love, and that gave me confidence in everything. Now that I was absent, and relieved from the nervous superstition which had so assailed me at our last sad *rendezvous*, I held it sacrilege to have ever doubted her, even for a moment. It is true that I did not often hear from her; but the post was tardy, and the recent troubles in the land had made the transmission of letters uncertain. Such of mine as reached her were, to that simple household, sufficient to spread an interest over many months. The promotion to my troop had long been the one object of my desire, for on it depended my return to England. Now that this was accomplished, I lost no time in craving permission of his Majesty for the usual leave of absence. Already had I planned by my tardy return to give her a delightful surprise, when an event occurred which turned every pulse of my heart to flame, and made my whole being.

tremble with repressed agony! Those that live after me will know far better than I can tell them in writing (for things are made plain after men's deaths, which pomp and power obscure in our living times) how great was the degeneracy and profligacy at this time of Charles's Court. The fame of it had spread to the capital of France, and names that should have been great in history were branded with infamy, or covered with the coarsest ribaldry. I had reason every day to congratulate myself on not having entered the English Court, still more did I thank Providence who had set the pearl of my heart in a station so secluded as to preserve her from its hateful snares, and from temptations which it made me sick to think of. But in thus dreaming I had forgotten Lucy's godmother, who held the important post of waiting-woman to the Queen, and who was in the habit every year of paying a visit to the old priest's house, to recruit her spirits, exhausted by dissipation, and see what effect the fresh country air would work on her faded looks. A perfect harridan I used to consider her, as contrasted with my blooming Lucy; with her thin lips, painted cheeks, and wasted frame. I had not patience to see the endearments she bestowed on her. She always seemed to me like a beautiful serpent creeping round some lovely plant, whose very breath might cause it to wither. But for some courtly reason this obnoxious dame had omitted her last yearly visit to the priest's retreat, and never having had occasion to mention her name, and Lucy herself not having referred to it in any of her letters, I was astonished, horrified, and bewildered, when one day, as I was waiting in the ante-chamber of the King's new palace at Versailles, I heard it whispered among the wits who sunned themselves daily in the royal smile, how that at the English Court a new beauty had arisen, "La belle Lucy Graham," daughter of an old priest, and that already Charles and his courtiers vied in their devotedness to this new and lovely star. Alas! this fatal news was confirmed to me next day by a letter from Lucy herself. Her godmother, having paid them an unexpected visit, had succeeded in persuading her father to allow Lucy to return with her to Court; as much by an expressed desire of the Queen to this effect, as that he himself had been concerned by her delicate health and the lowness of spirits she had been suffering from. There was a word said of the Court itself; indeed the letter had been written the day after her arrival in London, though, owing to delay on the road, it had been thus long in reaching me. I looked again at the date—good Heavens! Already must my precious Lucy have been exposed for better than three weeks to the baneful influence of the most degenerate Court in Europe! So young, so fair, so unsuspecting of evil, so open to all assaults, and so without protection! for, alas! my heart misgave me of the hollowness of her godmother's professions, and the insecurity of her friendship.

What could her father have been thinking about? Where was she to find refuge, my poor dove, from the false protestations that would be offered to her? the pretended friendship? the seducing flatteries? Who in all that Court would open to her brave, honest arms, and bid the poor trembling child avoid the flowers, in dread of the poison they would be steeped in to the brim? Who should speak to her of evil—she, who knew no guile? Would her mere innocence guard her, or would it not all the more surely be used against her? But why stand deliberating longer; she might be lost while I lingered. Thank Heaven that I had already sent in my papers, and I might expect my leave sometime within the next week. Oh, what an age of suspense for me, though, before I could see her! It was suspense, indeed! One *contretemps* succeeded another, till I thought I never should get out of France. I had written to Lucy as soon as I received her letter, with the intention of warning her against the Court; and had filled my paper instead with assurances of my deep affection, and how already, on the wings of love, I was flying to meet her, never, as I hoped, to be again parted on earth. I could not bring myself to write to her of evil: of those things of impurity and shame, the knowledge of which is the first stain on the heart's purity. I determined rather to hope that her innocence would be her safeguard; that, pure as not knowing evil, it would never be revealed to her, and that she would be restored to my longing heart as guileless as when I left her.

Well, it will not do to think of these things now. If the young have not faith, where seek for it? It is enough to lose it when the world's falsehood shail have driven all trust from the heart. Yet I had trial of faith too. It was a sore test, both to my love and forbearance, during the few short days that I remained on in Paris, to hear my Lucy's name a common subject of talk with the Court newsmongers. It was now some *fête* given by King Charles where her beauty reigned conspicuous; now some banquet where she had been toasted; and, again, a hawking party, where she rode at the King's right hand with the Earl of Rochester in attendance. Every one was speaking of this priest's daughter, so wonderfully beautiful.

Well may suspense be compared to a vulture gnawing at a man's heart. I hardly knew what I had suffered till I found myself on the road to England, but I arrived too late in London to visit my Lucy that day. That day of all days! It was the anniversary on which I had met Lucy in the Priest's garden, and the whole scene kept rising and forcing itself upon my brain, as I found myself in a dull hostelry, whose comfortless apartments bespoke it out of the fashion with the gayer world, and whose gloom, dust, and dreariness, weighed heavily on my spirits. I can hardly tell



now the motive that made me enter it. Perhaps a desire to be in a place where I was not known, to shun the comrades whom I might have met in the gayer hostelrys, to reserve the evening sacred to thoughts of Lucy and our last meeting. I think also, though I would not own it to myself, that I entertained a sort of nervous dread of hearing her name mentioned in any way before me, either as the Court's beauty, or the Court's favourite. The same feeling deterred me from even looking at the broad sheets. I would only remember her as I had left her—the fairest of women, the truest of her kind.

All was of no avail. The old vague horrors that had beset me the year before appeared again to steal in upon me—dread of I knew not what, a mocking echo, as it were, in my own mind, that made discordant harmony to the images I would fain have filled it with. I grew nervous, disquieted, superstitious; the shadows in the house fell around me heavier and heavier, and at last remembering that here, at least, I was unknown, I sallied forth, and entered the nearest coffee-house. A party of gay young revellers were assembled around the fire. Not willing to disturb them I took up one of the broad sheets, which never looking at, I yet held carelessly in my hand.

Amidst my dull thoughts and clouded memories I yet caught, from time to time, fragments of their conversation. It was all of the Court, its beauties, its intrigues, its different *engouements*. I listened feverishly to hear if my Lucy's name should drop from them, but no names were mentioned in the allusions they made. "The last affair," as it was called, of some lordly person, seemed most to interest them. I heard sentences such as these. "Yes, Seymour lost his bet—he was sure to do so: what woman's virtue ever exceeded the month in our Court." "She must have been very cunning under all that quietness to have held him on so long." "Ah, well, I do not know, I think she was very bold. What woman ever yet thought of waging war of hearts with R——."

I did not stop to hear any more. To think that my Lucy was still breathing the air of this vitiated Court, still subject to the coarse and ribald wit of the dandies of the day, drove me nearly wild. I beat a hasty retreat, and returned again to my comfortless lodgings. All night I lay tossing about, and still in my feverish dreams I saw my Lucy, as I had left her, till, stooping to embrace her, she changed in my arms, and turned at once into the form of that harridan, her godmother.

It was still too early in the day for fashion, when I visited Whitehall next morning, and sent in my name, seeking admission to the apartments of Lucy's godmother. I was answered that her ladyship was engaged, and would be unable to see me, but that she

would write to me at my hostelry. I went back anticipating evil. I had not asked to see Lucy, for I knew I could only obtain admission to her through her godmother, and I could not bear to pronounce publicly that much-loved name.

Slowly and dejectedly I paced along the now fast-filling streets, when suddenly I found myself before the grand front entrance of the Earl of Rochester's state palace. The monarch himself had not a more lordly abode, and the Earl's state carriage, with his numerous retinue of servants and attendants, was already drawn up at the door, expecting him. As I tried to make my way through the crowds of menials, I heard them whispering among themselves—"Let us wait. Perhaps we shall see her when she comes out." "What, Lord Rochester's new lady? Oh, I hear this one is handsomer than the last. Such lovely golden tresses, with beautiful dark blue eyes, and quite sad and gentle-looking, for all she is so wicked." What struck to my heart? Why did I feel as though branded with a red-hot iron? Dizzy, stupefied, furious, I struck right and left at the bewildered crowd, and made myself a passage through them. Up the great staircase and along the vaulted corridor: all I seemed to hear was the clanging of my sword on the marble pavement. The whole world could not have stopped me then. Through all my blindness, and rage, and fury, I was aware of a woman's form advancing. Clothed in the daintiest satins and richest laces, with golden hair hanging like a veil about her person, and deep, wistful eyes, cast, as if in shame, down to the earth. Oh! I knew her—knew her from afar! I had come from over the sea to scent out *her* shame, and *my* agony, and it was well that we should so meet. Suddenly I stopped, for I found that I stood straight before her, and then, for the first time, she saw me. She shrieked, turned, and covered her face with her hands, but I did not curse her. Oh, no! I did not curse her. I only stood there, looking at the thing that had once been loved by a true man, and then I turned and left her, and that gilded hell for ever.

Have I been rambling in my writing? You will think that I and the Earl met and closed in mortal combat over my lost honour? Not so—the poor soldier of fortune was far too low beneath the notice of so *honourable* a man. It was something to laugh, and mock, and scoff at in his feasts, this hot hero of the sword, who sought to measure arms with a noble lord, and to take up the defence of a woman who was now under his protection.

The poor soldier was above the Earl in one thing: he was no murderer of either soul or body. So, with my hair turned white by the agony of that one day, with a withered heart, and a broken frame, I, Gerald Combermere, went out from that second meeting

with Lucy Graham an altered man, knowing, not even yet, that it was reserved to me by the avenging angel, that even in this world I should meet her once again.

### CHAPTER III.

YES; I had sought for my own, and I had found her thus! Why was life still reserved for me? Would it ever be blackness and darkness? Was I destined, for the sins of my forefathers, to bear about with me to old age the curse of a blighted and withered heart? Where should I go? How occupy myself? Her face, I knew it, would rise before me in all the night watches, and pursue me like an avenging phantom, amidst the sunshine of the day. Her presence would be now doubly mine. Grief was useless; anger only painful and humiliating; and sorrow—why should I sorrow for one who would not even take pity upon herself? I retired into the fastnesses of the country; I led the life of a hermit; I tried to hide myself, as it were, from myself. Alas! in vain. Her shame was mingled with my every thought, till it became as though it were my portion to drink of burning grief, rage, and jealousy; through all of which there lived a secret, and unsubdued love, that preyed like a thousand demons on the strings of my tortured heart. All at once I determined to go and visit her father: to lay his daughter's shame at his door; to charge him with her ruin, and my despair. I found my way to the Priest's cottage. The garden was all deserted; the shutters closed. A look of complete neglect and utter hopelessness of life reigned round the whole. I walked sullenly down to the dark river; and on past the gloomy trees—they looked doubly gloomy now—into the little churchyard. A storm was brewing in the heavens. The tombstones, among the neglected grass, looked mouldy and earthy. I started to find I was standing on the very spot where I had made Lucy swear to love me, me only, for life, for death, and for ever! Could it be the same heavens above me now?—the same earth below? The ground was freshly turned; at my feet, rough and uneven. It was evident that a new grave had been made here only lately. I glanced down upon the slab stone and read the simple record of the Priest's death, with these few words added—"Died of grief for the loss of his daughter." Yes! she was indeed lost—to him, to me; worst—worst of all, my poor Lucy, lost to thyself. I staggered back again to the Priest's house, and went, like a ghost, through all the haunts of my lost happiness. This great grief, then, had crippled the old man; but, as for me, I still lived on. "For that," I said bitterly to myself, "am I then reserved, that I can-

not die?" The next morning I went back again to my own home. Season after season passed over, but she never left me. Morning, noon, and night, she stood before me; now with the loving eyes and holy brow of old, and again with the conscious shame, the drooping lids, the flushed features, as when last I saw her. I had visions, sometimes, of her, coming in her sullied robes, and with tear-stained face, imploring me to take her to my heart and to love her as of old. I used to think then that I would receive her sternly, yet kindly; that I should tell her love was over for us; but that, for the sake of the past, I would receive her, and guard her as jealously as if I had married her. I used to say to myself, I could never love her again; and yet, all the time, my truant heart would beat quick and fast with my own thought, and I believe, if, indeed, she had come back to me, I should have taken her to my bosom and loved her, perhaps with more compassion, but oh! loved her as passionately as ever. Still time went, as three years had now passed; and since the day I parted from Lucy I had never even heard her mentioned. Suddenly a desire possessed me to go to town. I put it into force next day. Altered so that no one could know me, at least I should know whether on this wide earth she still existed. Mechanically I made my way towards Whitehall. Things had not altered for the better since I was last in London. The Court had run riot in her rage for new pleasures; vice, and bravery of spirit were still considered synonymous terms. Even poor Lucy's god-mother retained still her post as waiting-woman to the Queen. I did not crave an audience of her this time. I thrust it upon her; pushing aside the menials, who would have denied her to me; and standing forth boldly in her presence, she shrank and trembled before me, as I called upon her to give an account of her charge, and what had become of my Lucy. "She had returned to her," she said; "she was always so fond of the dear child, though she was so unfortunate and imprudent; she was sure that she loved her as her own." I saw that the woman equivocated. Where, then, was she now? I desired that she should be restored to me. I had power over her of which she knew not. Then she equivocated again; seemed agitated, troubled, confounded. At last she assured me, in a piteous tone, that, "Alas! poor Lucy had been dead for a year."

Dead. Passed from me! Gone for ever! It was all over for me, then, in this world. I did not answer her one word. I walked stupidly out of the room, and along the streets, and so on into the country; and so for many days I kept wandering on, on—till at last I found myself, by some strange prevision of the mind, entering again the deserted homestead of the old priest by the dull dark river.

It was early morning, and I lay down on the river's bank and

slept—slept on that dull, heavy, soulless sleep of the miserable—slept on, in a sort of heavy stupor, till I woke to find the red light of evening flooding all the ground before me, and to remember in a dim sort of consciousness, that this was the anniversary on which, five years before, I sat with my Lucy under these trees, and we vowed to love each other with undying fidelity. And now she was dead, and passed from the world before me! Faithless, even in death, no ray of her spirit had flashed back on mine, giving me warning in the flesh of that which was befalling me. Dead! and I should never see her again! What a cold, glittering, bright river! What pleasure to plunge within its waters, and lose at once this life of earth, with all its earthly consciousness! I rose once more from the greensward. I stood gazing into the river, as though making to it a last solemn appeal. A shadow seemed to fall across me. Was it a reflection or a figure? I looked up hastily and troubled. On the opposite bank, and against the evening sky, there appeared the slight waving figure of a woman. I could see, even at that distance, that she rocked herself to and fro wearily, and as if in distress, and could discern some ragged light-looking hair, that seemed as if it had escaped from her hat. Is it ghost or demon that thus haunts me? Must the dead return to us in the shape of every miserable woman of woe-begone figure that crosses my path? I will move hence. I rise and walk on by the river's side, till I come to the remains of the same old tree whereon I had seated her I loved so many years before. There I stand again erect, and gaze into the still dark waters. The same figure had followed on the other side. As I stopped, she stopped. Now she suddenly rises like myself, and gazes too, for one long troublous moment, upon the face of the stream; then, with a cry, the wail of which still sounds fearfully in my ears, she stretches forth both her arms across the water, as though urging me to come to her; and, with one wild shriek, precipitates herself into its depths.

There was a closing over her of the dark waters—a few bubbles on the surface—and then all was very still. But for a moment, and then I had thrown myself into the abyss below me, and was fighting with all the energies of life and death, to reach the spot where I saw her sink. I succeeded at length. Diving down to the bottom, I caught hold of the dark form, that lay already so passive amongst the rushes, and with supernatural strength dragged it to the bank. Only then did my eyes fall upon the face. Upon no unfamiliar object; though grief, shame, and misery, all the signs of a broken heart, were written there, alas, too plainly. Yet still in death, if not in life, she was mine at last, for it was even Lucy Graham that I held in my arms. Yes! we had met again. In the still dark river, in the cold black stream. The river of

death to her, whose vow was thus made true, in that she returned to me.

I buried her in the old churchyard, beside her father's grave. No stone above her head, no epitaph of hollow words. Only the cross, that she, too, like many a sinner, might be within its shadow; and a pale white rose that I water with my tears, and beneath whose perfumed shade I love to watch.

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### A LITTLE CLOUD.

A LITTLE cloud ! a little cloud !

That scarce might omen storms to be ;  
Blue happy skies that, laughing, bowed  
Across a quiet summer sea.

A little cloud ! a tiny form !

But winds came up along the main,  
And all the waves were ridged with storm,  
And all the land was dark with rain.

A little word ! a little word !

And joy in two young hearts dropt dead,  
Alas, that it was ever heard,  
Alas, that it was ever said !

A little word ! The sun went down,  
Then fell the ruin and the rain ;  
Love's happy fields were bare and brown,  
And life was never bright again.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

## A PORTRAIT AT THE ACADEMY.

## THE MODEL'S LETTER.

It's over at last, dear. They have hung it on the line. You will find it in Gallery IV., between an Eastern Slave Market and Rizzio and Mary Stuart, in a capital light, the newspapers say, and surrounded by a gorgeous frame, with my initials worked at the top. I send you the catalogue. Doesn't it look well: "Morton (Francis Christian), Portrait of Miss Isabel R——"

"That fawn-skin dappled hair of hers,  
And her blue eye,  
Deep and dewy;  
And that infantine fresh air of hers!"

Papa was so proud of the painting, he would insist on the verses being added. I am astonished Browning ever wrote anything so nice and appropriate to a little goose who can't understand him. Well, I am always walking about before that portrait in Gallery IV, and hear such remarks, dear! I know there's no pretending to consider oneself absolutely hideous between dear friends like you and me; but, really, I think the paper would blush and the ink grow hot if I were to tell you all the ridiculous compliments and exaggerated enthusiasm lavished on the portrait of Miss Isabel R——. But, of course, it's quite possible the people are only thinking of the artist. It's such a contrast, dear, when they stop before poor Amy's portrait. "What a daub! How could they admit it!" "A bad reflection of oils in an indifferent water colour." That is the kind of criticism one hears. One man—a critic, Papa said—remarked quite loud: "What a capital lesson in osteology for the painter!"—which, it seems, is very funny when you know what it means, particularly as poor Amy's "salt-cellars" are really getting worse than ever; all her rubies can't hide them now. I wouldn't have you tell her all this for worlds; it's so cruel of people to laugh at her portrait, especially when it is hung so high that one must be positively ferocious to discover it at all.

As for me, I was obliged to sacrifice my pearl fillet; those painters of Maclise's school are so severe—"sober" they say themselves, which sounds disgusting. I am *décolleté*, with a flower on each shoulder. As for the dress, it is silk, of course, and of that exquisite tint that made Merton fall into ecstatic contemplation the first time we met him, that day on the pier at Dieppe. Don't you remember—we had finished our stroll and were going home,

you looking so sweet, dear—your face rather flushed by the walk, and your eyes so sparkling—that I must have been rather improved, too! Ah! what an awful autumn we were spending!—rain, rain everywhere, and not the smallest Russian prince or French attaché worth putting on a new bonnet for. What had come to Dieppe? Do you remember how the Etablissement was crowded with paterfamilias—how all the men we met were bald, and wore tweed, wideawakes, or spectacles, and how frightfully strict Papa was when he had *two* girls to chaperon! You know he thinks we are all prone to run away, on the slightest provocation, with tenors with blond moustaches. But, for a wonder, the rain had stopped on that morning, and the sun was nearly as nice as at Paris. I was in a good humour, and you, resolved to conquer any one who presented himself—even an American tourist. And yet, you know, Merton only looked at me, or at my dress, as he declared afterwards in a paroxysm of timidity. It was worth looking at—chocolate colour, covered with buttons, and cords and fringes, and braid, and innumerable little dangling things in Russian leather—quite an innovation, then. It was short, with a wonderful panier, and remarkably becoming, I know: but all this isn't enough to fascinate a man into a stupor, even though he be of Maclise's school. Papa, who contradicts me as though he was performing a sacred duty to society, of course maintained that the "vagaries of modern fashion are quite enough to strike any one dumb with astonishment;" but you know Papa. You insisted that Merton had fallen in love on the spot—madly in love—*à l'ier*, as they say at the French theatres. And I laughed, and wouldn't believe one word. Ah, dear, you will recollect that in spite of all evidence I never would allow that you were right. And if I give in now, it's because I can doubt no longer, and must talk to you about it—it makes me so miserable. Yes, dear; he *had* fallen in love; everything tells me so now. I ought to have guessed the truth when Papa asked him to paint my portrait, and he refused, again and again, so obstinately that he was almost rude—the best way in the world, of course, of making me persist. Otherwise I daresay I shouldn't have cared about the thing a day—I, who have only got my complexion to boast of—to be painted by a man who's always talking about the Greek line, and dreaming of Minerva, I suppose, as if her helmet wasn't as hideous as a policeman's. But I couldn't give in then, naturally—it was a triumph to convert him, to make him copy my ridiculous little nose, force his "Greek" pencil to reproduce my eccentric "tip-tilted" chin (that's the only thing they have for *retroussé*, and I love Tennyson for inventing it). It was glorious to conquer his antediluvian prejudices, and make him study for once the very features that



rebelled the most against his classic rules, and his worship of the ideal and the "pure line."

Papa was a capital ally. He met Merton constantly; talked about pictures (Papa's always at Christie and Manson's and the exhibitions, and brings home the dirtiest canvasses he can find), and insisted the more that Merton really seemed to like him immensely. Well, of course, he capitulated at last. How could he help it? We pestered him with invitations; Papa called on him constantly—he couldn't resist—well, papa, though I think the sudden friendship, sprung up between them, suggested the possibility of a closer relationship. Those painters go so little into society! You assisted at the first *séances* we had—wasn't it amusing?—he was quite amiable, though still awfully classic—with the ideas of 1830 about taste—vehement against chignons, and wonderfully struck by the unique colour of my hair. At first I was always afraid he would discover that I powdered it red, like you—who doesn't powder her hair a little now? But no; he remained convinced that nature had plagiarised the Venetians of Paul Veronese in my person, at least in the respect of hair. But my complexion seemed less natural—probably because I *do* leave that alone—and he had the audacity to tell me so, indirectly;—and I was amiable enough to keep my temper. As for the *posé*—there were terrible difficulties about that. I wanted to be taken three quarters, and also the back of the head—for I always had those little frizzling curls at the neck that are so fashionable now. He laughed at me; saying I was like a man who wanted, as a background to his portrait, his house, back and front windows, lit on one side by the setting sun, and on the other by the rising moon. At last we adopted the stratagem of the looking-glass—used by Ingris, it appears, and so quite permissible for a purist of the most Grecian propensities, and my frizzly curls were saved. Then came another series of discussions and embarrassments. I couldn't *posé*—never having cultivated anything but lazy attitudes—they suit *blondes* best—and here prim rigidity was absolutely necessary. The poor fellow was continually scolding me; but he couldn't touch my arm, to set it right, or arrange a fold of my dress, without blushing scarlet, like a schoolboy. And it seemed as though he were angry with himself for his weakness; for he looked positively savage at times. You left us, and remained alone with an unfinished portrait, and, to my astonishment, didn't feel at all bored. Merton worked rapidly and rather gloomily, as though he were eager to have done, or afraid we should be separated before the completion of the picture; for Papa was incessantly talking of leaving Dieppe—and, indeed, we did leave too soon—the portrait was not finished. "We will make an appointment in London," I said to Merton.

"No, no;" he answered, with an expression of weariness and discouragement that I shall never forget, "I can't possibly continue; it's quite beyond me." Don't you admire his stoicism? wasn't it grand? One would almost think those painters had learnt, from all their old books and statues, the ancient virtues all the Roman people had, the respect of hospitality, of women, of rank, a delicate humility all our dancing guardsmen would raise their eyebrows at. I wanted to recompense him for his magnanimous self-abnegation by making him abandon it; but it wasn't easy, I assure you. When papa knocked at the door of his studio—some-where near Fitzroy Square—an awful place!—he was met by the most formal refusal, backed by the stupidest reasons a man could invent. My painter had seen that I didn't like the sketch: he found it impossible to reconcile the present fashions with the exigencies of art; he had given me a bad *posé*—he should have to begin everything over again; and it happened that this winter he was overburdened with orders from Lord heaven knows whom. His resistance was insurmountable, and I didn't much care about passing five or six hours a week in a smoky Bloomsbury Street, just when balls and visits were beginning again. And then I had conscientious scruples; I felt sorry, in spite of myself, for the poor, silly fellow—and—and—Captain Fitzcharles came rather often then—and I was altogether awfully busy. Perhaps I shouldn't have thought of the portrait again—only somebody died; we were obliged to go into mourning; parties were prohibited, and I felt frightfully dull. Papa and I called upon him—he must have got over his folly, I thought. I was just then engaged to Captain Fitzcharles, you know, and looked five years younger and gayer. The Dieppe sketch wasn't a bit like me—it looked more like a fashion plate of fifteen years ago. The most elementary and legitimate vanity wouldn't allow such an antiquated caricature to remain as it was before the eyes of an ex-admirer. Rather stiffly and unwillingly Merton consented to "touch it up," as they say in the studio. What fun! I was going to penetrate into the sanctuary he scarcely ever opens to anyone; have a peep at a real artist's den. You know how we imagined such a place—Turkish pipes, trophies of Indian weapons, and tomahawks, and boomerangs, old oak cheffoniers, magnificent uncomfortable chairs, piles of rainbow-coloured stuffs strewn about everywhere, a lot of sketches of contadine and sultanas, two or three canvasses, signed by R.A.s—Tintoretto, Greuse, and the rest of them—a lot of eccentric young men in red caps and turbans, lost in a cloud of Turkish tobacco smoke, and some model striking an absurd attitude on a small platform. Every picture and novel says this is the kind of thing to be seen; well, dear, they tell frightful stories, I warn you. Merton doesn't

even wear a loose coat of violet velvet; he's only got hard old Roman heads on the walls, lay figures, hideous pictures of people skinned, showing their veins, skeletons that startle one dreadfully, a lot of engravings—the Rape of the Sabines, the Vow of Louis XIII., the Triumph of Homer, Melencolia, and amusing things like these; a large stove, that makes the room so hot that I looked like one mass of chilblains in five minutes, seats one can't sit upon without being bruised at the shoulders, dusty easels, and the whole surrounded by chocolate-coloured walls, and presided over by that one-armed Venus of Milo I never could bear. Not the least bit of Bohemianism in the place; on the contrary, an air of asceticism, dull, uncomfortable—*sancta simplicitas*—there, you see, one can't help talking in Latin when one describes it all. I couldn't discover anything in the room that suggested a lively thought or a pleasant word. And if you find me rather wild when we meet, you must remember that I have been looking for six months at a fat old Jupiter-Silenus having his beard pulled, without paying the slightest attention, by a Thetis who looks old enough to know better. And the Jupiter is not at all unlike Merton. He, too, tries to look formal and cold; but I can guess his thoughts by his long, sombre contemplations, and moody silence—they express his infatuation with a savage violence which is quite terrifying at times. Poor fellow, he forgets—or doesn't know—how easily a girl, who's been out two years, can translate that kind of symptom. How odd he must be when he doesn't feel between himself and *her* that awful barrier of position and fortune—which he really exaggerates unnecessarily. Papa would object:—"Are you sure that he is as madly in love as all that?" Of course I am. Listen! *you'll* understand: he has managed to give me a Greek nose—fancy me, with that preposterous little *retroussé*, you know! He has respected my strawberry and vanilla complexion, he who is always saying rude things against *colours*, and delights in painting seraphim almost pea-green! There, you can see in that, I should think, the blindness and cowardice of real passion. The portrait is a complete apostacy—a public recantation—and I have made him commit it. He couldn't make up his mind to see me no more—that explains his slowness—which at first seemed inexplicable, even when we took into account all the interruptions of the season. I was rather slow at times, too; I had just finished a horrible novel, and the moral was—don't play with fire; so I was just a little afraid of destroying his shyness by some involuntary piece of coquetry, and then—what *would* have happened! There would have been an explosion—he might have proposed—and Fitz-Charles! His saturnine reserve seemed to indicate that he would be terrible when roused. I tremble to think of the possibility. So often I sent him a little note—kind, but not encouraging—putting

off the sittings from time to time. But when I heard Amy's portrait was to be at the Academy—why, I was so jealous that I forgot all about the danger,—and that's how I am at Gallery IV. But oh, Lucy, at what a terrible cost! A shattered life, a—heaven knows what. I shall never console myself for having broken his poor, proud heart—so loyal, so affectionate, set upon the accomplishment of duty before everything—one of those horrid hearts that bleed silently for ever and ever. But the mischief is done—what can I undertake to repair it—say? I have just had a violent quarrel with Fitz-Charles—so you mustn't mind if I'm dull to-day.

#### THE ARTIST'S LETTER.

Ah!—I've finished—I'm off! Her friends are going mad about the wretched chaos of pink, yellow, and white, I am heartily ashamed of signing. I can't stand their idiotic adjectives, proclaiming the daub a proof of my "versatility," "the *souplesse*," the "eclecticism of my genius," and so forth. Get the studio ready. I long to get down to our own quiet little village, and rest my eyes on something green, after all the skirts with butterflies, castles, walls, in chintz patterns, the cold-creamed shoulders, the Rabagas hats, the brick-dust powdered hair, the monstrous crosses between Greek peplums and Dolly Vardens that have been passing before them like a nightmare for the last six months. Perhaps an indifferent observer might have been amused by the delirious efforts of the dressmaker, and the extravagant affectations of the dress-wearer. The last costume—the one decided upon, was of a tint called *Bis-mark en colère*, I am informed, with fawn-coloured roses! Perhaps, too, I might have made the work a little less tedious, had I a taste for snub noses, and eyes that try by every known means to look as big as a mouth. I tried for a moment—don't scold, dear, the illumination was too splendid. I know you'll repeat—Why did I give in?—oh—you don't know the force of polite obsession—the omnipotence of a man who praises your pictures, the awfulness of that kind of coaxing that considers itself irresistible—and becomes so because one can't decently undeceive it. Then I really liked the governor—the price was good—and, you know, we had Robinson's bill to meet. So I couldn't help it; but still, if ever they catch me again painting the portrait of a modern young lady—!

I shall be down to-morrow, 9.40 train. How's baby

JOAQUIN MILLER'S POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

THE poetry of a country will necessarily suffer from the destruction of subject-matter by use. As the years grow old, and the poets increase in number, there remains less to sing about. A scene ten times described is not apt to interest on its tenth repetition. A sentiment spoken for the hundredth time becomes tiresome. An old situation arranged so as to do duty for a new one, fails to stir us to the proper pitch of excitement. The English poetry of to-day suffers particularly from a lack of subject-matter, not only because of the stores of verse bequeathed to us, but by reason of the artificial matter-of-fact life which the condition of modern society imposes. We are, as Tennyson observes, ground in a social mill, wherein we merge

"The picturesque of man and man."

Evidently, then, the English-speaking poet, who introduces us to new fields of observation, is worthy of an attentive hearing. And if the scenes to which he introduces us possess, in addition to the charms of novelty, those of magnificence and beauty, he will have claimed universal notice. All this has been done by Joaquin Miller in the two books bearing his name. His first volume—"Songs of the Sierras"—startled many, pleased more, but attracted all lovers of poetry. The second, just published, will be sure of a favourable reception.

In the first of these volumes were chiefly noticeable four things :—A splendid power of description, a facility for stirring narrative, a great amount of genuine passion. All these gifts were intensified, rather than diminished, by a certain ruggedness of style and disregard for some of the ordinary rules of verse. In the second volume we find the descriptive power still strong, the passion present but more subdued, and less evidence of the faculty of narrative. But there is an evident advance in the mere mechanical part of the art. The poet has allowed himself a more extended choice of metre, and is more careful in his use of those chosen.

On this point we have a word to say, which will place us at variance with the majority of critics. We put it in this way,—that in the case of a poet like the present, we should regard any over-anxiety to achieve perfection of workmanship as likely to interfere with vigour, and, consequently, as a circumstance to

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<sup>1</sup> "Songs of The Sierras." By Joaquin Miller. London : 1871. "Songs of The Sun-Lands." By Joaquin Miller. London : 1873.

deplore, and not to rejoice over. You can manufacture verse-writers by the dozen. Joaquin Miller's works appear but seldom. We dwell upon this point because we fancy that we can detect in the second book, the effect on the poet's mind of the criticism challenged by the first. A faulty metre, or a false note in an orchestra will fall harshly upon the ear of a press critic, as a false rhyme will strike upon the ear of a conductor. We observe, now and then, in "Songs of The Sun-Lands," the expression of a desire to be free from these trammels—a fierce impatience at the iteration of these canons of criticism. At one time he sneers at a

"Nature all girdled and bridled by art."

But in another mood he seems to deplore a supposed deficiency—as, when standing amid the tombs of the poets in Westminster Abbey, he says—

"I go ! but shall I not return again  
When Art has taught me gentler, kindlier skill,  
And Time has given me force and strength of strain ?"

Mr. Miller has sufficient Art—let him trust Nature. Study may enable him to spin an ode to the mighty dead reposing in the Poet's Corner, but that very study would lessen the power which gave us a "Kit Carson's Ride," or a "Tale of the Tall Alcalde." Again, there is the danger of imitation, which might possibly arise from an attempt to emulate contemporary poets. If Mr. Miller is to retain his hold on the public, it will be by going on in his own way.

And now let us see what manner of singer is this who is being coaxed into prosody, as if he were about to compete for a chancellor's prize. Among what strange scenes has he moved? From whence does he snatch his colours? What are the characters that enact his dramas?

He has borrowed his colours from a tropical sun—his shadows from mountain sides and the depths of awful forests. He sings of the warm love of Indian women—and shows us that in the Far West to-day chivalry and romance mean exactly what they meant when knights in armour fought and loved. We are hurried through the thick of savage battle, our eyes are dazzled with the lurid glare of a burning prairie—our ears filled with the roar of the buffalo, or, again, with the gentle ripple of the lake, or, again, with the wash of the lonely, illimitable sea. We penetrate to recesses

" — Where no man comes  
Or hath come since the making of the world."

The characters we meet live lives that from the *Pall-Mall* point of view would be judged lawless. But, in reality, they are

subjects to the higher law—though innocent of jurisprudence.  
Among these

“ ---- Wild  
Free children of the wildest wood”

honour and virtue are instinctive—nor is domestic felicity unknown ; and often where the sun is hottest, and passion most uncontrolled, we hear merry laughter, and catch sight of the beautiful dimpled face of a child, or feel its two brown hands thrust into ours. These descriptions are no tourist-songs—no essays of an excursionist. They are written with all the fire and energy of one who has lived and loved them. This is the secret of their charm. The Elizabethan play-wrights wrote great dramas, because they lived dramas. The life they led was wild, strange, and varied. There was frequent adventure—frequent disaster. Always there was great license. They drew human nature well, because human nature wore no habitual vicer. Motive was easily detected. Action followed quickly on design. The conditions of society have become changed,—and another school of writers like that is an impossibility. We mean to institute no comparison between those writers and any modern poet whomsoever. What we do say is this—that the secret of the truth and vigour of their delineations of human character is the secret of Joaquin Miller's power in depicting inanimate nature.

But let the reader judge. Here is an extract from “The Tale of the Tall Alcalde,” which we quote for two reasons—to illustrate the author's power in depicting scenery—and to illustrate (by its concluding lines)—a certain gift of indicating character by a sudden and unexpected touch :—

“ There in the sun's decline I stood,  
By God's form wrought in pink and pearl,  
My peerless, dark-eyed Indian girl ;  
And gazed out from a fringe of wood,  
With full-fed soul and feasting eyes  
Upon an earthly paradise.  
Inclining to the south it lay  
And long leagues southward rolled away,  
Until the sable-feathered pines,  
And tangled boughs, and amorous vines,  
Closed like besiegers on the scene,  
The while the stream that intertwined  
Had barely room to flow between.  
It was unlike all other streams,  
Save those seen in sweet summer's dreams ;  
For sleeping in its bed of snow,  
Nor rock, nor stone, was ever known ;  
But only shining, shifting sands,  
For ever sifted by unseen hands.

It moved, it bent, like Indian bow,  
And like an arrow darted through,  
Yet uttered not a sound or breath,  
Nor broke a ripple from the start ;  
It was so swift, as still as death,  
Yet was so clear, so pure, so sweet,  
It wound its way into your heart,  
And through the grasses at your feet.  
' Once through the tall, entangled grass,  
I saw two black bears careless pass,  
And in the twilight turn to play ;  
I caught my rifle to my face,  
She chid me with a quiet grace,  
And said, ' Not so, for us the day,  
The night belongs to such as they.' "

In the same poem there is a very spirited description of a fray between " the White man and the Red." It concludes with another of those touches which, more than any elaborate effort, betray the genius of a poet—

" From pine and poplar, here and there,  
A cloud, a flash, a crash, a thud,  
A warrior's garments rolled in blood,  
A yell that rent the mountain air,  
Of fierce defiance and despair,  
Did tell who fell, and when and where.  
Then tighter drew the coils around,  
And closer grew the battle ground ;  
And fewer feathered arrows fell,  
And fainter grew the battle yell,  
Until upon the hill was heard,  
The short, sharp whistle of the bird."

The manner in which the gradual cessation of hostilities is here indicated is beyond all praise. We see the warriors shot down—we witness the strength of the contest spent—the smoke clearing off—the silence asserting itself—and that which was unheard during those fierce moments of yell and crash, now forcing itself strangely upon the ear. The poems are, almost without exception, narrative, and there is a wild freedom about them which ought to be thoroughly refreshing to those loving matter-of-fact lives, through dreary days, in " Happy England."

But it is with Mr. Miller's new work—"Songs of the Sun-Lands"—that we are particularly concerned just at present. In this volume we find that not only has the poet paid a greater attention to the structure of his verse—but he has also widened his field of observation. In a series entitled "Olive Leaves," for instance, we have the evident result of Oriental travel. In one of this series there is a description of the woman taken in adultery—in which runs the following very beautiful thought—



" All crush'd and stone-cast in behaviour,  
 She stood, as a marble would stand ;  
 Then the Saviour bent down, and the Saviour  
 In silence wrote on in the sand.

What wrote He ? How fondly one lingers,  
 And questions what holy command  
 Fell down from the beautiful fingers  
 Of Jesus, like gems in the sand.

O better the Scian uncherished,  
 Had died, ere a note or device  
 Of battle was fashioned, than perished  
 This only line written by Christ.

Ay, better that every one pliant,  
 And cunning with harp or with tongue ;  
 Yea, better were Hilton, the giant,  
 Who sang as the tempests have sung,

To celebrate battles in glory,  
 Where never were battles forgot,—  
 Than that this little line, with its story  
 Of peace and compassion, were not."

The influence most observable in this series, and in other of the shorter poems in the volume, is that of Mr. Swinburne.

The most considerable and satisfactory poem in the book is that entitled "Isles of the Amazons." We have here all the fire, richness of colouring, wealth of scenery, and freedom of treatment, which characterise the "Songs of the Sierras." The poet pictures himself near the scene of his story, which is told him by a "quaint old crone,"

" Who sits on the rim of an island alone."

The story which she tells him is to this effect : Sick apparently of strife and bloodshed, a fair young knight from Spain seeks the Amazon shore,

" Where the curses of men they are heard no more,  
 And kisses alone shall embrace the mouth."

But the fates are unkindly. Dangers, horrible and innumerable, beset him on his way to this desired haven. His sword broken and his steed dead, he at last toils to the margin of the great river.

" It was dark and dreadful ? Wide like an ocean,  
 Much like a river, but more like a sea ;  
 Save that there was naught of the turbulent motion  
 Of tides, or of winds, blown back or a-le.

Yea, strangely strong was the wave and slow,  
 And half-way hid in the dark deep tide—  
 Great turtles they paddled there to and fro,  
 And away to the isles on the opposite side.

The rude black boar through abundant grass,  
Stole down to the water, and buried his nose,  
And crushed white teeth till the bubbles arose,  
As white and as bright as the globes of glass."

Yea, steadily moved it mile upon mile,  
Above and below and as still as the air ;  
The bank made slippery here and there,  
By the slashing slide of the crocodile.

Utterly worn out, the youthful knight determines to sing one song by the grand old river, and, singing, die. He snatches a reed, and, like the great god Pan, fashions it into a flute. He blows on his reed—and with as much effect as Orpheus on the lyre of Apollo:—

"The quick leaves quiver'd, and the sunlight danced,  
As the boy sang sweet, and the birds said "Sweet ;"  
And the tiger crept close and lay low at his feet,  
And he sheath'd his claws in the sun, entranced.

The serpent that hung from the sycamore bough,  
And sway'd his head in a crescent above,  
Had folded his neck to the white limb now,  
And fondled it close like a great black love.

But the hands grew weary, the heart waxed faint,  
The loud notes fell to a far-off plaint,  
The sweet birds echo'd no more "O Sweet,"  
The tiger arose and unsheath'd his claws,  
The serpent extended his iron jaws,  
The frail reed shiver'd and fell at his feet."

At this juncture the Amazons appear in a "swamping crescent of sudden causes." The Queen is thus described:—

"With a face as brown as the boatman's oar,  
Or the brave brown hand of a harvester ;  
And girdled in gold, and crowned in hair,  
In a storm of night, all studded with rare  
Rich stones that fretted the full of a noon,  
The Queen on a prow stood splendid and tall,  
As petulant waters would lift and fall,  
And beat and bubble a watery rune."

The Queen and her attendant warriors suppose the wounded knight to be a woman. They lift him from the earth, and place him in the royal boat—

"And they pillow'd his head as only the hand  
Of woman can pillow, and push'd from the land,  
And the queen she sat threading the gold of his hair."

And so the youth becomes a denizen of the sun-lit isles—mixing freely with the fair nation. But he keeps his secret—despising

himself for the same. All these delightful experiences and sweet confidences he has obtained on a false pretence. At last he sings to them of love—

“Then the Amazons lifted with glad surprise,  
 Stood splendid at first and look'd far and fair,  
 Set forward afoot and shook back the hair,  
 Like clouds push'd back from the sunlit skies.”

The gradual effect of the sweet new strain is admirably pictured. The eventual triumph of love over the Queen is delicately indicated; and nothing could well be finer than the climax. Male invaders swarm upon the shore. The Amazons attempt to rally their leader, but

“Too deep, too deep, of the waters of love,  
 The beautiful woman had drunk in the wood.”

Her armour is brought to her. She attempts, with all her might, to be strong and majestic again:—

“She bared then her arms, and her ample brown breast,  
 They lifted her armour, they strove to invest  
 Her form in her armour, but they strove in vain;  
 It closed no more, but clanged on the ground.”

And the song of love sung by the blue-eyed youth rings in the ears of all—and the invaders press forward towards where they stand, trailing their swords in hush'd surprise. But music and love conquer. The invader is abashed:—

“The strong men lean'd and their shields let fall,  
 And slowly they moved with their trailing spears,  
 And heads bow'd down as if bent with years,  
 And an air of gentleness over them all.

The men grew glad as the song ascended,  
 They lean'd their lances against the palms,  
 They reach'd their arms as to reach for alms,  
 And the Amazons came—and their reign was ended.

They reach'd their arms, to the arms extended,  
 Put by their swords, and no more seem'd sad;  
 But moved as the men moved—tall and splendid—  
 Mingled together and were all made glad.”

The rest is soon told. The queen seeks the blue-eyed singer who had wrought the wondrous change:—

“She led him forth, and she bade him sing:  
 Then bade him cease; and the gold of his hair  
 She touched with her hands; she embraced him there,  
 Then lifted her voice and proclaim'd him king.”

And so the Isles of the sun become

Sacred to peace and to passionate love.

Before parting with this poem we will quote one of those beautiful pictures in which it abounds. Mr. Miller ought to be a mine of wealth to painters, from whom we sometimes hear complaints of a difficulty in obtaining subjects. Not that every article could realise for us the scene we have chosen. There was but one brush that might have done it, and that was Etty's.

"The Amazons press'd to the girdle of reeds,  
Two and by two they advanced to the wave,  
They challenged each other and bade be brave,  
And banter'd and vaulted of valorous deeds.

They push'd and they parted the curtains of green,  
All timid at first : then look'd at the wave  
And laugh'd ; retreated, then came up brave,  
To the brink of the water led on by their Queen.

Again they retreated, again advanced,  
And parted the boughs in a proud disdain,  
Then bent their heads to the waters and glanced  
Below, then blush'd, and then laugh'd again.

A bird awaken'd them—all dismay'd,  
They shrank to the leaves and the sombre shade,  
With a womanly sense of a beautiful shame,  
That strife and changes had left the same.

At last press'd forward a beautiful pair,  
And bent to the wave, and bending they blush'd,  
As rich as the wines when the waters rush'd  
To the dimpled limbs, and laugh'd in their hair.

The fair troop follow'd with shouts and cheers,  
They cleft the wave and their friendly ferns  
Came down in curtains, and curves, and turns,  
And a brave palm lifted a thousand spears.

From under the ferns and away from the land,  
And out on the wave until lost below,  
There lay, as white as a bank of snow,  
A long and a beautiful border of sand.

Here clothed again in their clouds of hair,  
And curtain'd about by palm and fern,  
And made as their Maker had made them, fair,  
And splendid of natural grace and turn.

Untrammell'd by art and untroubled by man,  
They tested their strength, or tried their speed ;  
And here they wrestled, and there they ran,  
As supple and lithe as the watery reed.

The great trees shadow'd the bow-tipped tide,  
And nodded their plumes from the opposite side  
As if to whisper 'Take care ! take care !'  
But the meddlesome sunshine, here and there,

Kept pointing a finger right under the trees,  
Kept shifting the branches and wagging a hand  
At the round brown limbs on the border of sand,  
And seem'd to whisper, 'Ho, what are these?'

We regret that we have not space in which to notice the other poems contained in this volume. Our deliberate opinion, after a perusal of all that is contained in both books is this—that Joaquin Miller is the most remarkable poet that America has yet produced. To maintain that position he will do well, we think, not to yield too much to the modern influences on poetry. Let him be true to the beautiful wild scenes and traditions of his native land, and he will be sure of a delightful audience—for he possesses the one gift without which all others are to the poet valueless—genius.



## STONEHENGE.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL COPINGER.

THIS most ancient monument of antiquity that is to be found in Great Britain, not so much for the appearance it presents, as for the mystery which its history is involved in, was always a subject which, from the time I can recollect anything, commended itself to my interest. What volumes have been written about it, from the time of King Stephen to the days of Dr. Stukely and Sir Richard Hoare, and lastly, Mr. Duke; but is there one satisfactory theory set forth in the pages of all the writers who have descanted upon it, bearing upon the two questions as to the purpose for which the erections—for we cannot call them buildings—were reared, and the people who built them on Salisbury Plain? Now, one striking general principle regarding the wondrous fabrics in Egypt, which undoubtedly are much more ancient than these, is so very evident, that there are writers who assert that it is easy to ascertain the history, mode of life, customs, government, and even manners of the ancient Egyptians, from what they have left behind them in their tombs. I do not now advert to the wonderful hieroglyphics which some pretend to decypher, and of which, however, as yet no perfectly satisfactory solution seems to have been supplied. But I speak of the figures grouped so systematically, in costumes so characteristic, the implements of whose trades are so distinctly shewn, and, greatest phenomenon of all, the colouring employed, as vivid and as fresh as though it were laid on a few days ago. There, in the tombs which have been excavated from the solid mountain, is indubitably set forth the history of the sort of inhabitants who dwelt in the neighbourhood of

“Those Titanic fabrics which on Egypt's plains,  
Do point to times which have no further second.”

Like the pictures which the ancient Mexicans are described as having used on the arrival of the Spaniards, these primitive historians carved out of the rock and painted afterwards the records which exhibit the ineffaceable testimony of their daily life, and, imperishable as they are, have survived the papyrus, the parchment, or any other means which have been used by men in any bye-gone times to transmit their deeds to posterity. When we come to consider that 3300 years have passed over them, does not the antiquity of Stonehenge seem comparatively nothing to speak of? “Let us try,” as a writer says, “to form a correct notion of the Jews, the Greeks, the Carthaginians as they were in their best days,

or in any age, and we shall find ourselves without an image, and without a guide. Nay, to come nearer home, and nearer our own age, is it not admitted that we have lost, beyond recovery, the impression of what life in England was under the Norman kings? In every division of mundane belief the oldest race of whom history can speak is an exception to the rule of oblivion. Crusaders may have perished for ever. The sons of Romulus and of Celrops may have become dreams and fables. But some of them who saw Babel, and the first generations who thence inherited the Coptic tongue, are living yet in the tableaux of Egypt." The grand deduction, then, which we draw from these wonderful paintings, is, that by a bond more stringent than any government in any times, ancient or modern, had in force to subjugate the minds of men, the absolute power of the monarch was administered, and the universal system of labour enforced. That the energies of the million, like those of their hapless successors under Mohammed Ali, were wholly subject, by a strange combination, to him who held the office of a Pharaoh, and their monuments, which now supersede all other chronicles, show that the succession of these Pharaohs was hereditary. There is nothing more undeniably proved than the fact of these grand works having been effected under the agency of a most complete despotism; and I think it would be difficult to imagine the possibility of any very extensive undertaking of this sort in a savage country being carried into execution except under the agency of despotism. The instances which occur to us of mighty works having been finished in semi-barbarous times, and amongst a nearly savage community, such as the Caves of Ellora or Argenta in India, although not executed by men who were under the rule of a despot, still were the handiwork of the priest-ridden followers of Buddha, a sacerdotal influence, which held, and still continues, in many Asiatic countries, to hold its votaries in a most complete thralldom. I do not here, of course, advert to the giant cities of Bashan, as they were the works of a despot. Nor do I take into consideration the buildings at Baalbec and Palmyra, much less those of Greece and Rome, as we all know they were erected during a civilisation as complete as any in the present day, however immoral might have been the principles of the rulers of those countries. Indeed, the extreme excellence which had been attained by all of them, both in architecture and in sculpture, argue a proficiency in taste which has not been arrived at by any European nation in modern times. Then we thus come to the conviction of the truth, that it requires either that a nation should be under the subjection of despotism, or bonded together by some powerful impulse, whether of priestcraft or civilised policy, to enable them to accomplish such specimens of

workmanship; and we look in vain for any proof of the Ancient Britons having been, prior to the invasion of Cæsar, under the condition of servants to one mighty ruler. We are, indeed, told that they were the idolatrous followers of a priesthood, which had a very extensive dominion; but however abject the fanaticism attached to its rites of worship, we have no account of any universal movement having been carried on under the personal rule of the Druids. In the abstract, these priests were extremely like the most holy amongst the Brahmins in India, and we must needs recollect that there are Brahmins and Brahmins, for it is only the most *élite* of the order who officiate in the temples, but even these must take no active part, either in warfare or in government. And however sacred the person, or revered the rites of worship of this Brahmin, his active interference in any secular movement is never looked for. So also, from what we learn of the Druids, their initiating any grand work which involved the united labour of thousands, is not what we have any account of. But, notwithstanding this, we cannot but conclude that it was by the Ancient Britons, and prior to the invasion of Cæsar, that Stonehenge was erected; not, according to Inigo Jones, by the Britons, in memory of those of their number who fell in the conflict between them and the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa. The conquerors, who ruled with a rod of iron, would never have permitted their vanquished foes to rear such a colossal memorial, although the ancient chroniclers—as far back as the eighth century, Geoffry of Monmouth in the twelfth, and Giraldus Cambrenses—all assert that it was so, and one of them details how it was by the advice of Merlin the enchanter. The vast labour which is incurred by looking over old black-letter books, or manuscripts, and decyphering their uncouth phraseology, is scarcely repaid by the acquisition of much knowledge. The clouds of superstition, credulity, and ignorance which mystify these sort of writings are quite laughable, and remind you of the reasons described in the Merchant of Venice: “They are as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff: you shall search long for them before you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.” Nor is it at all likely, according to Polydore Virgil, that they were erected in memory of Aurelius Ambrosius. If it were for no other reason, the number of barrows, all evidently indicating separate tombs, forbid you to suppose that the grand erection was made to the memory of one individual. I think Dr. Stukely strains the little data we possess very closely to his own purpose when he asserts that the tenets of Druidical belief were the same as those held by the Chaldeans whom the patriarch Abraham represents. Again, although he refers the grand building to the worship of the sun, he directs your attention to the site of the



Cursus, which no doubt are still to be traced on an eminence a little distance from Stonehenge, as being indicative of the games held by the ancients in memory of the dead who were respected by them, of which we all know so much mention is made in Homer, and after him in Virgil. But neither Achilles nor Æneas, who are described as presiding at these games, could have been sun worshippers, nor was their worship similar to that of the Chaldeans. However, his descriptions of the exhuming the contents of some of the barrows are much more satisfactory than his theories, and these prove indubitably that the ground all around the temple must have been used either as a burial place or a place of sepulture for bodies that had been burned, either in sacrifice to some deity or after death; the remains found being bones or skeletons of men and women, horses and dogs, some of the bones whole and some burned. 'Tis true that these very sort of bones might also be found by any diligent excavator who digs round the tombs near Troy, and the fact of their being found gives little light on the subject of the origin of the building. I cannot but accept as true what Sir R. Hoare says:—"The building without doubt is neither Roman, Saxon, or Danish. Our earliest inhabitants were Celts, and they naturally introducing their own buildings, customs, rites, and observances, to them I attribute the building of Stonehenge. However, with regard to its being Druidical, that is the name which superficial writers universally use to account for what in antiquarian research is wholly mysterious." We have no authority to say that the Druids enjoined their followers to pursue such a mighty task as bringing these gigantic stones to the centre of this plain, or mortising them in trilithons. From the situation, wholly unshaded and remote from any plantation or habitation for miles, far apart from any river or stream; on a gentle elevation in the midst of one of the largest plains which is to be found in Europe—a spot of all others adapted for the assemblage of thousands—the mind is irresistibly forced to the conclusion that the selection of the site must have been the work of some master-mind. But by whom, I still say, is a wonder and a mystery. It is so much easier to decide by whom it was not built than by whom it was. The chalky nature of the soil, and the circumstance of the ground around the stones never being flooded or becoming marshy, or suffering from either rain or snow, may account, in some measure, for the stability of fixture which has kept the stones in their places, and we are by no means certain that those which are prostrate have been laid low by natural causes. During the lapse of savage or mediæval ages it is very probable that many attempts at dislocation, mutilation, and destruction may have taken place.

Then let us come to the writings of Mr. Duke, which are so

much more recent. To begin with what he says about the Druids: "They were not the sanguinary wretches described by Roman historians, such as Suetonius, Diodorus Siculus, and Cæsar, monsters who perpetrated the atrocious cruelties of human sacrifices, where the hecatombs of victims were immolated in the wholesale way in which we were informed in history." He even disputes the fact of their habitations being near oak trees. He insists that the derivation of the word is not from the Greek *δρυς drus*, which we all know means an oak tree, but from an Hebrew word *driss*, which means priest. It certainly appears to me that it is very doubtful if a word or letter of Greek was known to the Britons, and also that it seems unlikely that Cæsar should have given them a Greek name. He says, "It is certain that none of the temples or altars to the Druids in the British isles are in the neighbourhood of ground formerly planted by oaks or other trees, but in a level country, such as that round Stonehenge or the island of Anglesey." He disbelieves the stories of cutting the mistletoes from the oak trees. When we come to examine the stories told by ancient writers such, as Livy and Suetonius, or Diodorus Siculus, or when we read the fabulous recitals which Herodotus relates as specimens of historic facts, we may well be chary in our belief of the Roman writers with regard to the Ancient Britons. They, at best, must have had their information second-hand. We can neither be sure of their wish to tell the truth or of their having found it possible to ascertain it. But Mr. Duke insists: "The Druids were peaceable priests, Pythagoreans; the temple of Stonehenge was erected by some of the most early heathen Sabæans. It was a temple dedicated to the worship of Saturn and the sun." He then proceeds through a series of astronomical details relative to the positions of the stones, which may be satisfactory in carrying conviction to his own mind, but through which it is difficult to follow him. He insists upon the fact that the Druids were superior beings, and well instructed in several arts, as astronomical calculation and moral government. That the circles of stones were raised by the Druids, and probably as a temple, seems in every way the most likely mode of accounting for the building of Stonehenge. I am forcibly reminded of Homer's description of the Seniors, who were, like the conscript fathers of the Romans, invariably judges and lawgivers to any primitive community, when he says—

"οἳ δὲ γέροντες

Εἶτα ἐπὶ ζεσῶσι λίθοις ἱερωῖ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ."

Such sacred circles must have been similar to those which we now see at Stonehenge; and, further, it is wonderful what hints are afforded in Homer's writings as to the mode of life, manners, and

government of ancient nations. But I cannot altogether agree with Mr. Duke in his assertion that the Druids were wholly a harmless, philosophical body, or that the tales of their deeds of horror were altogether myths. They were, indeed, probably not so black as they were painted by Suetonius and others; but, still, I insist that they—savage as their breeding and education must have been—had no tutors or school to learn the high qualifications which Mr. Duke gives them credit for. If, to recur again to the East for examples, you take the Brahmins of India as priests of a similar order, do you not also find that they, in their enforcing the horrid rites of Suttee, which to this day are prevalent in native states, are, notwithstanding their attainments in their own Sanscrit literature, as atrocious in cruelty as the Druids are said to have been at the time of Cæsar's invasion in Britain. So that a high order of intellectual eminence appears even in the present day not to be incompatible with a savage degree of cruelty; and the men whom we shudder to think of when we read "Norma," or other narratives typical of their acts, might have been in their day, also, the most accomplished of their kind, though, as is abundantly evident, they had no means of improving themselves by enjoying any intercourse with other nations.

In the year 1808 an account was published of the different opinions which at various times had been advanced relative to the origin and the history of Stonehenge, and a condensed statement of the writings upon the subject by antiquarians of different times. One of the grand facts that is elicited by the excavators is, that though brass, tin, amber, and beads have frequently been dug up in the various barrows, yet no iron instrument or utensil has ever been found. It is remarked by one of the writers that many of the large stones have been squared and hewn by art. The stones have also been damaged in various ways, and the jackdaws who come there for the sake of the lichen upon them are said to be greater and more dangerous enemies to Stonehenge than Time itself. In a volume published in London in 1847, called "A Voice from Stonehenge," a somewhat far-fetched and fanciful theory is advanced at great length, and in very elaborate diction, to the effect that a settlement from Egypt emigrated to the British isles, and that it was either they or their descendants that built Stonehenge. Setting aside the circumstance of the wonderful art and immense artificial labour which is so ubiquitously noticeable in the buildings of Egypt, he insists that the objects of worship were the same as the erectors of Stonehenge had in view, the Chaldean worship of Baal. The author whom the writer builds most of his theory upon is Diodorus Siculus. He also thinks that the Druids, in place of living in groves, had taken up their residence in Old

Sarum, which was, he says, the habitation of those lordly priests. I cannot but think that the latest writer with regard to this place, as also with reference to all other celebrated places, whether at home or in far-distant lands, is most worthy of attention. I find that "*Chambers' Encyclopædia*," dated 1867, has the following additional remarks, treating about Stonehenge: "The outer circle of the rude temple is evidently of a much later date than the rest, and seems to belong to a period when iron tools were in use. Stonehenge may possibly have been used for the religious rites of various successive races and breeds, as also for a court of justice, or as a battle ring for judicial combats. The reference to such circles, and the existence of such in very many parts of the world, must be well known to every reader." He says also: "Large rude, unhewn blocks of stone, artificially raised to an erect position at some remote period, have been found in almost every part of the world where man has fixed his habitation."

The great doubt and mystery which prevails, however difficult it may render the solution of this subject, rather contributes to enhance the curiosity which one feels to visit the scene; and when I was living near Ryde I took the first leisure time at my disposal for the purpose of my visit. From Ryde to Stokes Bay, and on the railway to Salisbury, is a very easy journey; and as my object was to reach Stonehenge as soon as possible, I could scarcely complain of not having an opportunity of seeing any of the intermediate places, but was obliged to feel reconciled to being hurried along without even recollecting the names of the places we stopped at until we got to Salisbury. Here I was told the distance to Stonehenge was nine miles, although, in many of the gazetteers and topographical works it is stated to be seven. Such as it was, I set off to walk it, but found, after I left Salisbury, the country so very level and uninviting for a pedestrian on a very warm day in August, that I resolved to give myself more time to the visit, and take the first conveyance I should meet with, by which to reach Stonehenge. Accordingly, about five miles from Stonehenge, where the road branched off to Wilton, I met a farmer driving a tax cart, and agreed with him, after some conversation, to take me in it; and as he knew all the localities, I found his guidance useful in pointing out to me the barrows, the ditches, the avenue from the far East, the outer mound, and the whole aspect of the ground. Covered as these objects are with turf, in the way that requires a prior knowledge of the form that they are laid in, to enable you to make out the traces of each, the assistance of such a guide is absolutely necessary. I said to myself, "When I look at the pictures given us of Stonehenge as it stood originally, and then at the half-fallen and primitive temple, consisting of huge grey, weather-beaten stones,

from thirteen to twenty feet high, amongst which it is even difficult to trace the two circles, the central court, the altar and the entrance, I am forcibly reminded of the model of the Parthenon at the British Museum, as contrasted with the wreck and the ruin of the Parthenon, as, at Athens, I saw it some time ago, and the spoliation of the finest building which was ever erected by man has been much more completely effected by the hands of men than the fall of the barbaric temple has been by the force of the elements, or the lapse of time, or barbaric usage. Yet the comparison between the perfect work and the ruin holds good in each of them. The first idea which strikes you, after traversing the vast undulating plain between the Druids' oaks and Stonehenge, is disappointment at the diminutive appearance which the scene presents; but when you come to consider the situation, and afterwards to measure the enormous size of the stones, you learn that it is the circumstance of the isolation of these stone circles which make them appear so small. There are, in all the two separate circles, and the centre, the oval, which contains the altar, as well as the huge stones at the entrance, according to my computation, ninety-one stones.

The largest stones, by far, are those in the central oval, they being from 16 to 22 feet in height, standing in pairs and with the imposts over them, in the form which in some countries has the name of Druids' altars, and in others cromlechs, and which we may call trilothons. It is very evident that all the stones in the different circles did stand in this form; but in the smaller circle, where the remaining stones are 19, of which only 11 are standing, you see no trilothons; and in the outer circle, where the stones are from 13 to 20 feet in height, and which is about eight feet distant from the inner one, you see five complete trilothons and 17 of the large upright stones erect, as well as seven of the upright stones and eight of the upper stones lying prostrate. These stones, it is almost universally agreed, must have come from Marlboro' Downs; but when you consider the distance and the primitive means of conveyance which the Ancient Britons could alone have used, you are brought to the conviction that many thousand hands must have been employed upon this work, but by what contrivance they raised the imposts and mortised them firmly in the uprights, so as to form the trilothons, is still an enigma. The outer circle is 108 feet in diameter; you can trace that this outer circle is enclosed by a double mound or ditch, circular in form, and that there is an avenue leading from the north-east bounded by a small mound or ditch. But covered as these are by turf, which has apparently not been either turned over by the plough or touched by any implement for a long period of time, you might pass the place, and never observe their traces unless you

had been told of them. The measurements given of the outer mound are 15 feet high, ditch 30 feet broad, the whole 1009 feet in circumference; and the avenue is 594 yards in length. On a very fine day, what with the purity of the atmosphere, the intense feeling of solitariness which you experience when you look around you and see nothing in the horizon except this ancient fane, the scene is one that you love to linger on. There is a firmness and an elasticity in the turf that allows of your walking round and round the different stones without feeling the least wearied. Next to the sea air, that which you inhale on such an extensive down as this, where the sweets of the wild-flowers also are so prevalent, makes the scene most enjoyable. Then, when you come to consider the lapse of centuries that must have passed over this wondrous pile, whose permanence has been so well provided for by the nature of the ground it is situated on, your mind is filled with reflections upon the deeds and the events which it has been witness to. No doubt many a tale of horror has had its culmination within these precincts. No doubt many a hideous sacrifice has been perpetrated here—whether it had been dedicated to Baal or Ashteroth, or the barbaric rites, equally cruel, of the Druids have been enacted here by those hoary priests of whom history has given us such a hazy narrative.

If you look, again, at the temple in Egypt called Dendyra, which is known to have been dedicated to Ashteroth, you are struck with wonder when you contrast the matchless symmetry of its different halls—the extreme beauty of the figures which are carved in its columns—the wondrous regularity of the different stone roofs, and the perfection of workmanship with which its different halls are finished, with the crude and primitive pile that stands on Salisbury Plain; but, as far as one can learn of the history of each, they were both the halls of worship akin to Moloch, the trysting-places of ruthless bloodshed. One could watch the place for hours, and fall into a reverie in contemplating its extraordinary arrangement, and conjecturing upon its history. But as the afternoon began, I saw that many carriages were coming with visitors from Salisbury, Amesbury, Wilton, and other places, and the groups, on arriving, all took up their positions on different parts in the vicinity of the place. One remarkable hollow, which is on the east side, was fixed upon by several different parties as appropriate for their picnic, and the signs of preparation for feasting and jollity showed me that this place was to be no exception to any such locality, as being sure to have good cheer added to its other attractions when visited by English people. I was surprised, when I considered Stonehenge being so often visited, to find that there was really

nothing like a road or approach to it all round for a distance of two or three miles. Although the turf was such that any wheeled carriage could cross it, still I thought that there would have been a regular carriage road; and such, formed of the chalk with which the whole face of the country around is covered, would have been very easy to construct. The usual mode of travellers visiting the place is to hire a carriage from Salisbury, and in fine weather, even setting aside the interest which attaches to the place, the excursion is a very pleasant one. The fact of there being no regular approach by any line of road would warrant the hope that the locality may be sequestered, at least for a time, from the invasion of builders, with their bricks and mortar, the inundation of guides, the cockneyisms of cities, and the rush of the *ignobile vulgus* of sightseers. But soon after the last carriageful of ladies and gentlemen had arrived, and spread their collation upon the turf, I sought again the vehicle of my bucolical friend, and got him to drive me back to Salisbury.

Setting apart all antiquarian associations and contemplative theories, and speaking in a utilitarian view of the line of country which he drove me through, it appeared to me that government could never in England have selected a more eligible place for the purpose of the manœuvring of troops than this plain. Of course, in any case, the encamping, mustering, and providing commissariat stores, must be very expensive; but I do not think in the United Kingdom anywhere, except at the Curragh of Kildare, they could have found a scene more adapted for the movement of the different corps. It is wholly isolated from the tillage and the farming operations which, together with the garden culture, in most parts of England, must militate against the formation of a camp, and the intrusion of its numerous adjuncts. But after all, despite its distance from town, and the wide range which the different battalions had for carrying on their movements, it turned out, as all English projects of that kind do, a monster pic-nic. The hosts of lady visitants, the ubiquitous presence of army contractors, and suttlers of all kinds, who cater to the luxury of those amply provided with money, together with the love for sight-seeing, and rage for what is fashionable, of all English people, were all repugnant to its being a scene of mimic warfare. It would have been much better to have sent the troops to the Curragh of Kildare, where, strange to say, notwithstanding the presence of as large a force as that of Aldershot, the neighbourhood of the camp is always free from that heterogeneous mass of camp-followers who herd in such numbers round military localities. I do not know whether the great rage for novelty, and the sight-seeing *furor* which Cockneys so much affect, might not even induce them to flock across the sea to Ireland; but, setting

aside the disturbing influence of amateur spectators, I fancy that the authorities would do better were they to fix upon the Curragh the next time they contemplate the autumn manœuvres.

I passed old Sarum, that old feudal fort upon a hill, of which such frequent mention is made in history regarding its baronial importance, and in comparatively modern days as to the iniquitous monopoly for which it was celebrated, sending, as it did, two members to Parliament, although containing only one habitable house. As I had a short time at my disposal previous to the return of the next train to Stokes Bay, I went to see that beautiful pile, Salisbury Cathedral. For the height of its steeple, the grandeur and regularity of its structure, and its imposing site, I think it is the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the south of England. I recollect the lines which refer to its numerous windows, pillars, and doors. This fine grey stone structure far exceeds in beauty the cathedral at Winchester, although the latter may be more interesting, from its containing monuments of so many of the Saxon and Norman kings.

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## TWILIGHT.

Night, with softly sweeping  
 Dusky garments, creeping,  
 Cloudlets caught in sleeping,  
     Gathers round the sun :  
 His dying glances bright,  
 Meeting clouds of night,  
 Clothed in rainbow light  
     Each weeping one.

Soft the mist doth rise,  
 Bendeth where he lies,  
 Monarch of the skies,  
     And veils his sleep ;  
 Gathers all around,  
 With a sudden sound  
 Of a cry spell-bound,  
     Shadows deep.

By an empty throne,  
 Might doth stand alone,  
 Fearing yet to own  
     Another's state ;  
 Signs of power past,  
 Round about are cast ;  
 Thro' the silent vast  
     All things wait.

Now on Nature's breast,  
 Men with hearts oppressed,  
 Tired brains—may rest  
     After day ;  
 While the hours flow,  
 Spirits waiting so,  
 Till the time they know  
     Another's sway.

A. JOHNSON-BROWN.

## ARMAGEDDON.

AWAY with the flimsy blinds and paltry excuses with which we seek to evade an open recognition of the fact, that an antagonism which has for long centuries existed between science and revelation, between Christ and the world, has in these latter days culminated in a deadly struggle.

As we look backwards athwart the haze of past centuries, we can ever discern the banner of the Cross waving amidst the din of human opinion, and though beaten back for a time, on the whole, steadfastly and surely advancing. Wet with blood of martyrs, and sustained by hearts impregnated with devotion to its cause, what wonder that it should prove victorious, when assailed by enemies armed only with the old-world weapons then invented?

But how stands the matter now? Face to face with a foe furnished with bolts forged in science's latest armoury, is it not a fact—a sad one, but a fact nevertheless—that its progress has been rudely arrested? And if this be so—and we shall for the sake of argument take it as granted—is it altogether useless or presumptuous to seek to connect the fact with some cause, which may account, or appear to account, for its occurrence?

Before attempting this, however, we would remark, that if it is disheartening to admit these premises, namely, that the glory and the brightness of the Christian Revelation waxes somewhat faint and dim under the increasing light thrown upon it by scientific investigation, we should remember, that no revelation could have been given to mankind which it was intended could or should receive confirmation by the exercise of unaided human wisdom; since Faith, the essence of all religious belief, and upon the possession of which so much stress is laid throughout the Bible, were wholly useless if the dogmas upon which it is to be employed were capable of actual proof and demonstration. And if a negative argument can be thus advanced, which militates against the hypothesis that increased knowledge in mankind *ought* to confirm the statements and to explain the difficulties contained in God's words to man, why then it follows, on the other hand, that we should be less ready than we are to acquiesce in the arguments of those who try to throw discredit upon our Bible, by introducing objections founded on investigations into the working of this material universe, which they contend serve in themselves to invalidate its truthfulness and value.

Our own observation, too, should lead us to pause, ere we sur-

render our belief in obedience to the reasoning of any philosopher, however clear his intellect, and forcible and plausible his language ; for do we not remark, that to whatever branch of scientific inquiry the individual in question belongs, he arrives sooner or later at a sharp defined line beyond which he cannot pass.

“ We reason round a circle—like some fly  
In bowl of water cast, we vainly try  
To pass the limit placed ; what way we swim,  
Around, athwart, we cannot cross the brim.”

What if beyond this hard and fast line, which is here called “ the brim,” there be explanations of difficulties now seemingly insuperable, and of problems now apparently unsolvable ? And to assume that this is so surely constitutes a very necessary particle of “ Faith.”

Nor should it be omitted to consider clearly beforehand, to what the adherence to the new doctrines of the school of scientific men to which we allude really involves. For our moorings once cut, we can stop at no half-way house, or indulge in no compromise. Having abjured the faith which has been handed down to us through past centuries, and which it must be remembered has always been that held by the most civilised part of the human race, we are necessarily thrown back at best upon an ideal Deism, our sole guide through life our conscience,—a monitor, whose controlling power notoriously depends upon the constitutional idiosyncrasy of the individual, and whose standard of right and wrong must be therefore altogether undefined and undefinable. It is a fact, that in all ages mankind has endeavoured to avoid this difficulty by constructing a religion of his own ; but it would be impossible for our *savans* and their followers to do this, seeing that they profess to be guided by the lamp of pure reason, fed solely with the oil of the external senses, and that they exclude from consideration everything which cannot be demonstrated by mathematical rules, in accordance with the custom that obtains in their school.

Such, then, being the goal to which we are inevitably brought, consequent upon the virtual denial of our faith, involved in the acceptance of the cavils of modern scientific men, it is surely well to pause ere we are induced to acquiesce in such a course, seeing that there is demonstrably nothing advantageous to be gained by it, whilst the loss attendant on it is no less demonstrably incalculable.

If, now, we go on to speculate upon some of the causes which have helped to produce the declension of faith which we have assumed is so apparent—especially in our own country—we can hardly avoid to enumerate, as one of them, the lax teaching of the Church of England which has of late prevailed. As one of

the principal custodians of the banner of the Cross, we fear she has betrayed her trust not a little. Expediency has been too much her motto, and her moral organisation has been injured by prosperity. Where is now the steadfast, yet burning zeal, the single-mindedness, with which she once sought to defend the faith, and to instil her dogmas into the hearts of the people? The very meaning of her doctrine is in these latter days a moot point in her counsels, and her dogmas are unsettled and indefinite. There is no obedience to ritual within her sanctuary, or conformity in her observances and rules. In her worldly-minded endeavour to constitute herself a Broad Church, she has gradually lost the reputation of being a true one. In her fervent desire to meet everybody's views, and to be "everything to all men," she has inevitably surrendered a portion of her moral prestige—the bulwark of her power. But half believing in herself, how can she expect the outside world to believe in her! No wonder that she should furnish so many disciples to the scientific school of freethinkers from out her gates, and that her attitude should encourage those who are inclined or induced to assail the Christian religion.

And, if we mourn over all this, we may derive some comfort from the reflection that one other great section of the Christian Church—whatever we may think of its dogmas, however much we may lament its errors—stands as yet comparatively firm and steadfast. That one, under the dominion of the Pope of Rome, at all events, does not give way. Pinning its faith imperturbably upon the vital doctrine of the Cross, it refuses to listen to all scientific cavils or expostulation, but stolidly replies, "*Nolo audire.*" And is there not something commendable in this attitude? Were the matter in question one within the scope of the human intellect, or accessible to the reasoning powers of man, *then*, indeed, to refuse to hear both sides of the question were the height of folly; but holding, as it does, that the essence of its belief—the Alpha and Omega of its faith—consists of revelations and commands directly issued by the Deity, and supernaturally received into the minds and consciences of man, and that its dogmas dependent on these revelations are consequently divinely inspired, and altogether disconnected with, and independent of, material matter, why it appears to us but reasonable that it should decline, under these circumstances, to allow its tenets to be made the subject of arguments whose premises must inevitably be drawn from mere human experiences. And why, indeed, should *we*—members of the Church of England—so readily admit that the vital doctrines of our faith, with all the solemn mysteries they contain, are open to free disputation, and attempt to answer categorically each objection advanced against this or that item in them by this or that individual? Is

it not voluntarily to surrender the point of vantage upon which the followers of the Cross are placed, and to ignore the teaching itself contained in the Sacred Record? "We see through a glass darkly," we are told; and, if so, how are we to explain every inconsistency arising from our own imperfect vision?

The remarks we have applied to our own Church, apply to a great extent to the Christian Church across the Atlantic.

America is a country which, next to our own, may probably be thought to have arrived at the highest state of civilisation. And there the battle between Science and Revelation is waged as hotly and as ceaselessly as here. The Christian community is notoriously broken up into numerous sects, who present no common or united front to the advance of infidelity; whilst a considerable section of the people, possessed with a morbid desire to cut the Gordian knot, and unravel the mystery which has puzzled mankind from the remotest ages, has rushed into Spiritualism, and other kindred superstitions, which involve a belief in present constant communication with the unseen world—thus practically maintaining a new Revelation, and superseding the one upon which hangs the whole system of Christian theology.

But if the weak action of some branches of the Church of Christ is cited as a fact encouraging the onslaught upon it to which we have alluded, it would be absurd to attribute to it anything but secondary importance as a cause. For a principal motive power we must look elsewhere. And there can be little doubt but that we shall find it connected with the advance in mental acquirements which has marked our era. That such an effect should spring from such a cause, that the spread of education—the improvement of the intellect of man—incidents which at first sight would appear to be likely to bring forth nothing but good in their train, should go far to produce it, naturally appears to us a lamentable, and no less an extraordinary fact. But we cannot avoid on this account accepting a conclusion which is sufficiently plain and notorious to any unprejudiced mind, though we can only reconcile ourselves to it by again remembering that God's ways are inscrutable, and long past finding out. And, unable as we are to grapple with this mystery, or to understand why the energetic shaking of the tree of knowledge should produce more evil fruit than good, we may yet detect a few of the wheels in the machinery employed in bringing about this consummation. And we say, for instance, that the scepticism amongst the community at large of which we have complained, is to a considerable extent to be traced to the example of a comparative few. And who are those few? Why, in religion, we take it, the whole of its temperature is regulated from above. The more enlightened classes give the tone to those next below them, and

especially the example and precept of exceptionally eminent and distinguished men of intellect, permeating downwards, sooner or later produces an extraordinary effect upon the masses. What, then, must be the result—in these days of cheap literature—of the incessant circulation amongst them of infidel works, many of them written by men whom they have been taught to respect and look up to, men who they are well aware, in many branches of science and philosophy, hold the foremost place? Can the answer be doubtful? Can the out-spoken scepticism which pervades the works of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Mill, and Wallace, and, alas! of too numerous others (successors, as they themselves are, to an older school of unfaithful Christians), be harmlessly disseminated amongst the working millions of our land? We trow not. Nay, we conceive that the mind of man is so wayward, weak, and easily carried away by any strange and novel theories, if ably advocated, that no one class of the community can afford to indulge continuously and persistently in the perusal of these baneful writings without a possibility of experiencing a trial of faith which is both unnecessary and useless.

And now, if we are asked if we can suggest any remedy for the evils of which we complain, we answer candidly that we *cannot*. There can, of course, never be any future restriction upon free speech, and the publication of individual opinion, and though some good, learned, and eminent men have, from time to time, attempted publicly—(and especially at some meetings convened for the purpose at St. George's Hall, Langham Place)—to meet these scientific cavillers on their own ground, and to reply categorically to the arguments which they have advanced in antagonism to certain statements contained in the Sacred Record, it is but too evident that God has not, up to the present time, seen fit to furnish us with adequate means to do this effectually, but has chosen to leave such points unexplained, and the acceptance or non-acceptance of the statements themselves proofs of the strength and genuineness, or otherwise, of our faith. Thus, then, it will follow, as far as we can see, that the publication and dissemination of opinions at variance with the Christian religion are likely—owing among other things to the enormously increasing spread of cheap literature—to continue and to flourish, and their results to agree in a corresponding ratio. The descendants and successors of the philosophers to whom we have referred are probably destined to continue to use their endeavour to darken the light, and to extinguish the hopes of future generations in a similar manner as at present. Unconscious tools, perhaps, of the Almighty, employed by Him for His own wise ends, and entrusted with a mission whose results in a spiritual sense resemble those attending the operations of Attila or Jenghis Khan.

in a worldly one—namely, ruin and desolation,—they appear chosen recruits of the army of evil, permitted, from time to time, to reinforce the ranks of that unholy alliance which—headed by a mysterious entity, whom we call “the Devil”—has from the beginning existed and operated against Christ and His followers.

And if the question *cui bono?* be here asked, or an explanation be sought for, as to the motives which could have actuated the Deity in sanctioning or ordaining the course and issue of these events, we, of course, again profess our own intense ignorance and inability to form the smallest conjecture save this,—that a temporary triumph of evil appears to be shadowed forth in the Sacred Record, as an inevitable event, at some time or other, and that the present appearance of things would seem to tend towards such a consummation. Were it not for this, indeed, we might have hoped and believed that ere long some future knowledge would have been vouchsafed us, which would have enabled us totally to upset and to disprove the hasty and illusory theories which have been set up, in the pride of man’s intellect, in order to overthrow the faith. But the tenor of the Sacred Volume, obscured as it is by successive adaptations from various ancient tongues, and mutilated as it may be in some parts from different causes, is yet marked enough to render improbable such suppositions, notwithstanding that its veiled utterances certainly comprehend unmistakable indications relating to the future apotheosis of our race.

Yes—sometimes in allegories, and sometimes in phrases shrouded in the gorgeous imagery of those old-world people’s tongues, comes to us a strain—here lost amidst more sounding music, there overlaid with florid variations more calculated to fix our attention—which unmistakably relates to the manner of the end of all this phantasmagoria which we see around us; and one chief burthen of the strain, we cannot but be conscious, consists in an iteration of the fact that a gradual decay of faith must take place, until it culminates in a deadly crisis—a crisis which has been often alluded to as the days of “the Great Apostacy.”

Then, and not till then, we are given to understand, will God arise and scatter His enemies; then, and not till then, it may be, will the dark and enigmatical utterances contained in our Bibles and at which the wise and scientific world now scoffs and jeers, be made clear; and then, and not till then, it is plain from the Sacred Record, will evil, the devil, Satan, the dragon, the old serpent—or the thing by whatever name we choose to designate the malignant principle which pervades nature—be eliminated from creation and destroyed for ever.

But surely this final catastrophe, so awful and unearthly in its

signification and intonation to our mere mortal ears, cannot occur without some great outward convulsion taking place on earth. So, at least, we conceive ; and we humbly venture to suggest, that instead of an ordinary bodily struggle between certain sections of mankind being figured forth, a metaphorical representation of this very event—whatever be its nature—is intended in the Book of Revelation, in its mysterious mention of the Battle of

**ARMAGEDDON.**





## LEAVES FROM A MANAGER'S NOTE-BOOK.

IN the year 1728, Miss Lavinia Fenton made an extraordinary hit in the character of Polly, in the "Beggar's Opera." A note to the *Dunciad*, says: "The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town: her pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets were made of her sayings and jests." It may be added that the theatre was crowded night after night by her admirers, who grew so menacing in their admiration, that her friends found it expedient to guard her home after every performance, lest she should be run away with. The Duke of Bolton fell in love with her. He was, it is true, a married man; but the stage of that period was not eminent for the severe chastity which is the conspicuous feature of the theatre of the present century: and Miss Fenton was too much an actress to suffer a lover's wife to stand in the way of her happiness. So we find Swift writing in 1728: "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled £400 a-year on her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, £200 more." His Grace was however, really in love with the girl, and actually lived with her twenty-three years before he made her his wife. At the end of that time the duchess died, and the Duke and Polly were at once united. The Duke did not long survive the unequal match; and Polly is said to have been so heart-broken by his loss, that her life was despaired of. To gain strength she went to Tunbridge Wells to drink the waters. But the Wells did her no good. "The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton," wrote Walpole, "is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Polyhood. Two years ago, ill at Tunbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon. When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will; but the man finding who was to be heir, instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish another less scrupulous, and her three sons have but £1000 a-piece, the surgeon £9000."

Most people know that Captain Hill and Lord Mohun tried to abduct the celebrated actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle. It is quite a little chapter in the domestic history of those times. It is possible that Mrs. George Ann Bellamy may have had this story in her mind when she wrote her extraordinary memoirs, the half of which is unquestionably false. Whether false or true, however, you shall have her narrative.

Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden Theatre, having heard Miss George

repeat some passages in *Othello*, engaged her. Her success was great. Ladies of high distinction became her friends, and dukes and viscounts her admirers. Amongst these were Lord Byron, an ancestor of the poet, who, finding that she would listen to no offer but that of marriage, determined to abduct her. One Sunday evening the Earl of Astericks, a friend of Lord Byron, called at her lodgings in Southampton Street, Strand, and informed her that Miss B——, a young lady whom she knew very well, was at the bottom of the street in a coach, and wished to speak to her. George Ann, thinking the Earl spoke the truth, went out without "hat or gloves," and on reaching the coach-door was suddenly hoisted into it by the Earl, and carried off as fast as the horses could gallop. When a little recovered from her astonishment, she turned upon his lordship, and angrily reproached him for his heartless conduct; but his lordship sat out the storm with the phlegm of a Dutch skipper. The coach presently stopped in a lonely spot at the top of North Audley Street, which then fronted the fields; the Earl got out and took her into his house. He then left, as he said, to prepare a lodging for her, which he had seen at a mantua-maker's, in Broad Street, Carnaby Market. He soon returned, and with him her brother. She instantly flew into his arms, "but was repulsed so violently, that she fell to the ground. The shock," continues the pathetic narrative, "of such a repulse from a brother in the moment in which she hoped to find him her protector, deprived her of her senses." When she recovered she found herself alone with an old female servant, who told her that she had orders to take her to the mantua-maker's. From this old woman she learnt that her brother had given the Earl a sound thrashing; but that, as he seemed to suppose that she had consented to the elopement, he had declared he would never see her more. The woman added that this brother had threatened the Earl with a prosecution, which had so terrified his lordship that he had given orders to have her removed out of his house as soon as possible. And it was in this way, she declares, that Lord Byron revenged himself upon her for disdaining his addresses. It is hardly worth while following the rest of her history. It is enough to say that she married an actor named Digges, who, like a former husband of hers, one Mr. Calcraft, she discovered shortly after the union to have a wife living. She died in poverty in 1788. From her likeness she would appear to be the most beautiful woman that was ever on the stage.

A curious story is told by Oxberry of the wife of an actor named Norris. Norris died, and his widow married a person named Barry. Twelve years after the death of Norris, Mr. Barry was acting at the theatre in North Walsham, Norfolk, the character of Calista, in Rowe's "*Fair Penitent*." In the last act of the tragedy, where

Calista lays her hand upon the skull, she was suddenly seized with a shivering and faintness. She fainted outright, and was taken to her lodgings. During the night her illness increased, and on the following day, recovering her senses, she anxiously inquired where the skull had been procured which was produced on the preceding night. The sexton was asked, and replied that it was the skull of a Mr. Norris, an actor, who was buried in the corner of the church-yard. It proved to be her husband. The shock killed her.

Of the more celebrated Mrs. Barry, Frederick Reynolds has written pretty copiously in his diverting autobiography. She and her husband were two of the most famous actors of their day—a day of great actors. Spranger Barry, the rival of Garrick, and whose Romeo was considered as admirable a performance as the English stage ever exhibited, was married to Lamb's "Barbara S——" (Street), whose first husband's name had been Dancer. Reynolds had been asked to sup and sleep at their house in Norfolk Street, Strand; and thither, after the performance of Othello, Mrs. Barry having played Desdemona to her husband's Moor, our autobiographer was driven in their carriage. Reynolds was at that time a small boy. "Supper was on the table," says he, "and according to Barry's invariable custom, after acting, a boiled fowl. Mrs. Barry cut off both the wings, placing the one on her husband's, and the other on my plate. *Trifles* have caused dissensions between more kings and queens than those in theatrical life; unfortunately mine was the liver wing. By signs and winks Barry endeavoured to attract his wife's attention; but she was too much engaged by her hospitality to me to heed him. Barry's visage began to approach the hue it had just worn in Othello, and Desdemona at length discovered the second jealousy of her hero. But the tide of luck in her affairs was that evening on the ebb; or, in plain language, owing to the ardour of my appetite, the moment of rectification had just vanished with the wings of the fowl. Rendered irritable by pain, he made some sharp remarks upon her neglect; she replied on his gluttony, and they quarrelled. She rose and quitted the room, and as I followed 'she left a kiss upon my lips I meant to keep for ever.' "

If Barry's gluttony occasioned quarrels with his wife, George Frederick Cooke's drunkenness resulted in a worse consequence. This great actor and drunken ruffian married a Miss Daniells. He was so jealous of her that he once locked her up in a garret; and, leaving the house, got drunk. He was so long absent from home that his lady was in danger of starvation, for she was alone in the house. Her cries were at length heard in the street, a ladder was procured, and she was released. Having no wish to incur her husband's displeasure a second time, she obtained a divorce.

But of all extraordinary careers that of Mrs. Wells was the most extraordinary. She was a popular actress at the close of the last century; and when sixteen years old played Juliet to the Romeo of Mr. Wells with such success, that Romeo carried his love behind the scenes, proposed to Juliet, and married her. The honeymoon, however was scarcely over, when Romeo wrote to his mother-in-law as follows: "Madam—as your daughter is too young and childish for me, I beg you will for the present take her under your protection again, and be assured I shall return to her soon, as I am only going a short journey." Short as the journey might have been, it removed him far enough to prevent his wife from ever seeing him again. Whether Juliet bewailed her Romeo or not, is not told; but not very long after, being in London, she called on her husband's brother, who received her with great rudeness. It appeared that her husband had not left the house half-an-hour, he having called there to introduce his new wife to his brother. Poor Mrs. Wells produced her certificate of marriage, and so saved herself from being turned out of doors as an impostor. In 1797 we find the lady in the King's Bench, and shortly afterwards in the Fleet; but in the following year a newspaper paragraph gave her friends to know that she was still in existence. It ran thus:

**EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.**—On Thursday evening, 13th of October, 1797, the marriage ceremony in the Jewish style was performed in the Fleet, uniting Mrs. Wells, late of Covent Garden Theatre, to Mr. Sumbel, a Moorish Jew, detained in that prison for debt. The ceremony was solemnised with all the Jewish magnificence. The bridegroom was richly dressed in white satin, and a splendid turban with a white feather. The bride, who is now converted to a Jewess, was also attired in white satin, and her head dressed in an elegant style, with a large plume of white feathers. The apartment was brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps, according to the custom of the Jews. The rest of the company who attended were Jews, in their common dress of old-clothes men. With the exception of the guests, everything had the appearance of Eastern grandeur. Though confined for debt to a large amount (as it was then reported), Sumbel is possessed of considerable property: and this union is more likely to be a happy one, as the parties have had great experience of each other, Mrs. Wells having lived for some time with Sumbel, while confined in the Fleet, deserted by all her friends.

Their intimacy had commenced by Sumbel asking Mrs. Wells to dine with him in the Fleet. She went with two female inmates. Sumbel received the ladies with great politeness, his room being hung with yellow satin for the occasion. Friendship ripened into love, and Sumbel proposed to her. She had no objection to marry, only—Mr. Wells was alive. Sumbel recommended her to turn Jewess, a proposal she agreed to as the necessary step before she could marry.

This Sumbel was rather an odd character. He was born in the capital of the Emperor of Morocco, where his father had been Prime

Minister for thirty years. The numerous remittances sent him by his father being discovered by the Emperor, the old man was thrown into prison, from which he contrived to escape to Gibraltar, to which place he had previously sent considerable property; but by the intrigues of the Emperor he was poisoned there. His two brothers, on the death of their father, followed their elder brother to France, and claimed of him their share of their inheritance, according to the Mosaic law. To avoid a settlement with them, he went to Holland, and from thence came to England. One of his brothers followed him, and applied to a nobleman with whom he had become acquainted in France, who introduced him to the Duke of Portland. Sumbel hearing of his brother's proceedings, concealed himself by day in the woods at Willesden Green, and at night he slept in a barn, or any place where he could find shelter. This he continued for several days. He carried about a quantity of valuable diamonds. These he incautiously showed to a cottager in order to obtain a lodging. They took him for the advertised person who had lately robbed the Turkish Ambassador, had him secured, gave the necessary information, and the next day he was taken before the Duke of Portland. But no entreaty could induce him to utter a word. He gave written answers to the interrogations put to him; and, for reasons that he would never disclose, did not speak for three weeks. On leaving the duke's he was arrested at the suit of his brother, and conveyed to the Fleet, which he entered with all the splendour and pomp of an Eastern monarch. It was reported in the prison that a foreign ambassador had been committed for contempt of court.

The wedding of Mr. Sumbel and his eccentric mistress lasted a whole week. Four rooms were hung in satin and lighted with candles. All the prisoners were feasted at the expense of the Jew, who, it is said, spent no less than £500. Shortly after the marriage he made a compromise with his brother, quitted the Fleet, and took a house in Pall Mall, where, we are assured, Mrs. Wells, or rather Mrs. Sumbel, lived in splendid misery. Her husband would not allow her to have a shilling in her pocket, lest she should run away. When they visited public places she was allowed to wear her jewellery; but so soon as they returned he stripped her of her diamonds and locked them up. He was frightfully jealous of her, and attempted to carry her out of England, pretending to make a visit to the captain of a ship which she heard was to sail in a few hours. She contrived to make her escape by bribing a boy to row her to shore. Her husband followed her, and a few nights after attempted to shoot her. She ran out of the house at two o'clock in the morning; and next day lodged a complaint against Sumbel at Bow Street. A warrant was issued. The Israelite appeared,

was charged, and liberated on bail. He shortly afterwards inserted an advertisement cautioning tradespeople not to trust her. He declared that she had assumed his name without right; he denied her to be his wife, and gave the following reasons for saying so:—First, that the ceremony was not a legal one; second, she was not capable of becoming a Jewess, without which no marriage can take place; third, that she had broken the Sabbath and the Holy Feast by running away from him in a post-chaise, and eating forbidden fruit—pork. Mrs. Sumbel replied in a letter to the *Morning Post*. She said there were ten witnesses to the marriage; that she went through *every* ceremony to make her a Jewess; and that Mr. Sumbel himself eat pork and rabbits.

While this controversy was raging the landlord applied for his rent. Sumbel referred him to Mrs. Wells, who, he said, was the responsible tenant, as she had taken the house, and was now divorced. But the landlord applied, not to Mrs. Wells, but to the court for a writ; and our little Isaac had to pay. The story of Mrs. Well's marriage was written by herself, in four pocket volumes, price one guinea, published in 1811. She died in 1829, aged 67. It does not appear that she ever met Sumbel again after her separation from him.

The celebrated Mrs. Billington was hardly more fortunate in her married life than Mrs. Wells. Her maiden name was Weichtell. In 1783, a fiddler named James Billington fell in love with her. He had taught her music: but had fiddled so effectually, as to fiddle himself into her heart. The parents of the lady opposed the marriage; in vain. They were married; and at the early age of twenty-five, she resolved to retire upon the small fortune she had made by her profession, and settle in Italy with her husband. On her arrival at Naples she was induced to sing in public. She achieved a wonderful success. But next day, as Mr. Billington was preparing to escort his wife to the theatre, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and expired without uttering a word. An eruption of Vesuvius took place almost immediately after, which the Neapolitans attributed to the introduction of a heretic on their stage. So great, indeed, was the excitement, that the heretic's friends feared for her safety.

Mrs. Billington remained for some years a widow, and then married a rabid republican, a Frenchman, one Monsieur Fellesent. Michael Kelly says that before marriage "this Monsieur F. was a most insinuating monster of meekness; but the very first week after their union he treated her unmercifully, and if she dared complain would throw plates, dishes, or anything else at hand at her." A few months after their marriage he left her. In 1801, she returned to England, and renewed her professional engagements. One night

after having taken her benefit at Drury Lane theatre, she returned to her dressing-room, and received a great fright at seeing a man there. He bowed politely, and she recognised her husband. He did not want her, but her money. She gave him what he asked, and he once more quitted these perfidious shores. Some years afterwards Mrs. Billington withdrew from public life and settled at Fulham, where for five years she passed a very tranquil existence. But at the expiration of that time, her husband, after fifteen years' absence, called upon her, assured her that she had always been dear to him, and swore he could not live without her. She told him she despised him, an assurance he met with a bland smile. In spite of her contempt, however, and of the advice of her friends, she consented to accompany him, such was his influence over her; and in less than a month gave up her comfortable London home, and returned with him to Venice, where in the following year she died.

One summer two famous actors, Miss Younge and Alexander Pope were engaged at Dublin. Miss Younge always travelled with her sister, who was called *the Captain*. Pope made a third in a post-chaise, and "the Captain" was appointed purse-bearer. At Oxford "the Captain" was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed, and they journeyed on without her. Within two miles of Whitney, when night's dark mantle spread around, a horseman came, full gallop, and bawled "Stop!" The occupants of the chaise shouted "Go on!" The horseman soon overtook the chaise, still crying "Stop!" and, riding up to the window, rattled his pistol against the glass. Pope, the gay and gallant Lothario, drew his sword, which happened to be a stage one, and made a thrust at the highwayman through the window. The rattling of the glass, with the other horrors combined, caused Miss Younge to faint in Pope's arms. A kiss restored her; and, seizing his hand, she tenderly asked if he was hurt, and if the highwayman was killed. He explained to her that the highwaymen turned out to be the ostler, and his pistol the stock purse, which *the Captain* had sent after them. The rest of the journey was devoted to the serious occupation of love-making; and early on the following month they were married, the bride being forty-five, and the bridegroom twenty-three.

Smith, known in his day as Gentleman Smith, married the sister of Lord Sandwich. The marriage was concealed for some time. Foote, who was curious to know the truth, questioned him; but Smith would deign no reply. One day when Foote was perplexing the poor man with his questions, Charles Bannister exclaimed:

"Art thou not Romeo—and a Montague?"

The wit overpowered Smith, who acknowledged his marriage. "Well," said Bannister, "I'm glad that you've got a Sandwich from the family; but if ever you get a dinner from them, hang me!" Bannister proved a prophet.

Last, in this short list, let me speak of Mrs. Inchbald, a woman eminent in her day for her "Simple Story," and some excellent comedies. She was, when young, one of the most beautiful women of the age. "She could not be seen," says Boaden, "without some astonishment for her loveliness—tall, slender, straight, of the purest complexion and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn, her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness, a combination of delicacy that checked presumption, and interest that captivated the fancy."

Her maiden name was Simpson, and she married an actor named Inchbald, whom, at his death, John Kemble honoured with an epitaph. To the letter in which he proposed to her she returned a naïve answer: "In spite of your eloquent pen, matrimony still appears to me with less charms than terrors; the bliss arising from it, I doubt not, is superior to any other—but best not to be ventured for (in my opinion) till some little time has proved the emptiness of all other." During Mrs. Inchbald's courtship Dodd the actor drank tea with her; and was rendered so amorous by her wit and beauty, that he became rather too free in his manner, which she checked by sending a basin-full of hot water at his head. Perhaps this is another version of the story she herself would tell: that waiting one morning on a London manager with a new play, the gentleman suddenly became so violently enamoured that he began a personal attack, *sans ceremonie*, on which she seized him by his pigtail with one hand and pulled the bell with the other till help came. Speaking of this afterwards, she would stammer, "How fortunate for me he wore a wig!"

Inchbald was thirty-seven when he married her, she nineteen; they were both Catholics. The marriage was an unhappy one. He was a dissipated man, and the jealousy his conduct excited in her was inflamed by one Mr. Sterling, who encouraged his own hope of winning her by telling her disagreeable stories of her husband's conduct. A feud sprang up between the couple, and their dissension was only healed by his death.

Among her lovers and admirers were Kemble, Dr. Walcot, and Godwin. Two physicians *almost* proposed to her; Sir Charles Bunbury fed her vanity and hopes by a steady flirtation. Yet we do not find that any of these actually made her an offer of marriage. Walcot appears to have been most in earnest, and addressed some really charming lines to her—



"Eliza, when with female heart  
 You seem to shun and yet pursue,  
 You act a false, a soulless part,  
 Unworthy love, unworthy you.

Reluctance kills the rising bliss—  
 Half-granted favours I disdain :  
 The honey'd lips that I would kiss  
 Are gall unless they kiss again.

No passive love that silent takes  
 All I can give without return :  
 Be mine the frame that passion shakes,  
 The liquid eye, the lips that burn ;

Desires that mantle in the face,  
 Wishes that wait not to be won ;  
 The ending, dying, rapt embrace,—  
 Give these delights, or give me none."

One honest and truly unfortunate lover she had—Dick Wilson, an actor. The poor fellow sent her a letter, beginning : " I most earnestly entreat you will not take offence at my addressing you on a subject upon which my happiness so materially depends. As it is a matter I have well considered before I could get courage, I hope I shall not offend you by saying I sincerely love you, and will, by a uniformity of conduct, convince you how much I am attached to you." She qualified her refusal by saying "her own temper was so uncertain that nothing but blind affection in the husband could bear with it." Dick replied by telling her that her letter had made him pass a very uncomfortable night, which, of course, could not give her much trouble. He sent her a copy of a History of England at Christmas, wished her a happy new year—a great many of them—that she may be married before that day twelvemonth, and that he may have the choosing of her husband. "*This is all in friendship!*" adds he dolefully. So ended her chances of marrying again. She died in 1821, aged 68.



## TO LILIAN RECLINING.



SEE ! fainting Lily now her drooping form  
Supports on this frail couch, and sadly sighs,  
Nor cares to lift to upper air her orbs ;  
As when the West wind that in spring-time blows  
In gently rippling numbers o'er a lake,  
And ever falls and ever swells again  
In undulating cadence, passing sweet :  
When bends the reed and sways the daffodil,  
And languid hyacinth nods all his blooms,  
And seems to kiss with yearning lips the earth  
From whence he drew his substance,—so the girl  
Threw all her weary length the couch along.  
Down flowed, in wondrous streams of gold, her hair  
Over the marble shoulders, down the bust,  
And reached the dainty confines of her waist.  
Now, ever and anon, across her face  
There swept some transient rapture ; as a dream,  
Or fairest fantasy of inward bliss  
Had stirred the deepest chord-strings of her soul.  
Most gently rose and dropped in softest fall  
The roundly-moulded bosom : and the breath  
Fled, half unconscious, from her pearly teeth,  
Nor stirred the varying rubies of her lips.  
Below, in wavy lines of grace drawn out,  
Her limbs of delicate and airy shape  
Lay like a feather on a tranquil stream,  
That barely presses on the water's depth,  
But floats along all but impalpable ;  
While yet the glowing textures of her skirts,  
Veiled those fair models for the sculptor's art.  
Last, the small basis of the structure rare,  
A foot peeped forth of perfect symmetry,  
Such as might carry, or the fleet gazelle,  
Or high-born Arab that speeds o'er the plain ;  
That oft had borne her through the forest glade,  
Or trod the mazes of Terpsichore.

So sleeps some Dryad, or or some shrinking doe,  
Lying half-frightened on a grassy bank,  
Who courts brief slumber, all her woe forgets,  
And lives in dreamland all her life anew.  
While baffled hunter, or intruding Faun,  
Pursues his way through brake, o'er moor and fell,  
And longs to find, but loses aye his prey ;  
All mocked when echo, or some branch bent back,  
Seem half to hint that what he sought is near.  
Thus lies sweet Lily ; and, enwrapt in trance,  
Dreams all the noonday hours at peace away.

B. C. :



## KHANAT OF KHIVA.

THE ancients make no mention of the actual Khivian territory. They speak only of a people who dwell on the spot now occupied by the Khanat of Khiva—the Khorasmians of Herodotus (Thalia, 93, 117; Polymnia 66), and of Strabo (viii., p. 813). They were tributary to the Persians, and Strabo tells us that they belonged to the race of Massagetes, and of the Sacae. The inscription of Darius makes mention under the name of Uvârazmi (Behistan, line 16) and Uvârazmi (Nakchi, line 23)—the country of the Khorasmians—as among the conquered provinces.

The Arabians, who penetrated into Khiva in the last quarter of the 7th century, are much more explicit as to the territory occupied by these people. Kodama, a writer in the 10th century, tells us that in A.D. 820, Kharezm constituted part of Khorasan (Baron de Slane in the *Journal de la Société Asiatique*, August, 1862). His contemporary, Istakhri, described the country, as it is at present, as occupying both banks of the Oxus, near its embouchure into the Sea of Aral, and as surrounded by deserts and watered by canals derived from the Oxus (*Buch de Länder von Mordtmann*, pp. 127—129). Moggadessi, who wrote in A.D. 985, and who is one of the most distinguished Mussulman travellers, adds very little to the details furnished by Istakhri upon Khiva (Sprenger, *Post u Reise Ronten*, pp. 32—36). Edrisi, or Idrisi, who wrote in A.D. 1154, devotes a part of the 8th section of the 4th climate (pp. 188—193, vol. ii., of Joubert's Translation) to the description of Kharezm. He gives an interesting itinerary from Amol to Kharezm, and notices the towns of Tahiriya, Jurganiya (Urgenj); Derghaz, Hezarasp, Hanva or Khiva, Arde-Khashemian, Shakuran, Buran, Karmwan, Haras, Kirdu, Franghin, Mardajham, and Kath, the capital of the country. If these names are compared with those of the existing towns of the Khanat, and which are, going from north to south, Khodgaili, Khuna-Urgenj, Porssu, Kiptchak, Manghyt, Khitay, Buldumsaz, Ilialy, Gurlan, Tashhuz, Ambar, Jeghatai, Kath, Shahabad or New Urgenj, Gazavat, Uzbekiapan, Kalgassi, Khoshkuper, Khanaka, Durdalik, Khiva, Boghat, Hezarasp and Pitniak, and, if except such towns as Manghyt, Kiptchak, Jeghatai, Gazavat, Uzbekiapan, and others which are evidently creations posterior to the Mongolian invasion, it will be seen that the lapse of nine centuries, and incessant revolutions, have not destroyed, nor even displaced, the principal centres of the population of the country. Urgenj, Khiva, Kath, and Hezarasp have preserved their existence since the middle of the 10th century, and

of the Zari-aspa of Arrian is admitted to be the same as the modern Hezarasp, for a much greater extent of time.

Yakut, who wrote in A.D. 1230, gives many details regarding Kharesm in his Geographical Dictionary, and he confirms, in the article devoted to a general description of the country, the statement made by the ancients as to the Turkish origin of the population. (Ed. Wustenfheldt, t. 11, p. 483.) Ibn Batutah reached Kharesm in 1234, coming from Saraichik, in the west, in thirty days. He then went from Urgenj, which was at that time the capital, in eighteen days to Wafkend, near Bokhara, six days of the journey being occupied in traversing the Kizil-Kum, a red and sandy desert, as its name indicates, without water. (Defrémery and Sanguinetti's Translation, vol. iii., chap. 1).

In 1855 and 1856 an Osmanli traveller—Sidi-Ali-Katibi-Rumi by name—went from Bokhara to Khiva by Karakul, or Black Water and Tcharjui, and then following the course of the Oxus, he arrived in ten days at Hezarasp. (Translation by Mr. Morris, p. 109, 1827.) Thence he proceeded to Khiva, whence he reached Urgenj, and finally arrived, like Ibn Batutah, at Seraitchik in thirty days. Having learned, whilst at that place, that the Russians had subdued Astrakhan, he returned to Urgenj, and proceeded thence by Duwan, Bagua, Nissa and Abiwerd, to Tuz.

The first European journeys to Khiva commenced at about the same epoch, for Anthony Jenkinson was commissioned thither by a society of London merchants in 1559, and what is curious is, that the very circumstances which prevented the Mussulman traveller continuing his journey from Seraitchik westward—that is to say, the reduction of Astrakhan by the Russians—enabled the English traveller to embark at Astrakhan, and to reach Khiva by the Ust-Urt in 25 days. From Urgenj he went to Bokhara by nearly the same route as was taken by Katibi-Rumi, the Osmanli. The little profit, however, which Jenkinson found to be derived from an exchange of merchandise between England and Central Asia discouraged all further enterprises of a similar character for a long period of time.

A Kabardian prince, whose name was Russianised into Beke-witch Tcherkasky, or "the Circassian son of a prince," captivated the imagination of Peter the Great, in the beginning of the 18th century, with the gigantic project of turning the course of the Oxus into its old bed, and thus re-establishing the ancient river way towards the confines of India. Notwithstanding all the attraction which such an enterprise presented to the active mind of Peter I., that monarch would not have yielded his consent to so venturesome a project if, we are told, the Khans of Khiva—Shah Niaz and his successor Arran Muhammad—had not each in his turn, in 1700

1703, made overtures to the Czar to induce him to take them

under his protection, and declared themselves ready to become his subjects. Without entering into the details of this unfortunate expedition, which, it is said, might have been attended with success if its leader had only followed out the plan indicated to him by Peter the Great at Lobau, the 11th February, 1716, it will suffice to mention that Prince Bekewitch left Guriel, a little town situated at the embouchure of the Ural into the Caspian, in June, 1717. He had under his command 3,454 regular and irregular troops, with six guns. Leaving the old road which connected Urgenj with Seraitchik to the left, Prince Bekewitch followed the north-east coast line of the Caspian, hoping thereby to find pasturage for his horses. After seven days travel he arrived at the mouth of the River Emba, and, after being detained two days in making his way across the marshes formed by the delta of that river, he got in two more days to a place called Bogachat, where he joined the high road of the caravans. The further halts of the detachment were at the wells of Dushkhan, Mansulmass Tchilder, Szan, Kussa Shigussa, Balavli, Durali, Yalgisu, Sheli-shud, and then the first canal derived from the Oxus, called Kara Kulmet, or Karagumbad. Next he came to other canals, called Ak-kul, or "white," in opposition to "black" water; and then to Kara-aghatsh, or "black wood or forest," the latter canal being only a little more than a hundred miles from Khiva.

Resistance was made at this point to the further progress of the detachment, which entailed five days' fighting, and ultimately a treaty was effected with the Khan, Shir Gazi, by which the Prince was allowed to advance as far as Kuhna-Urgenj, where he encamped amid fields cultivated by the Aralians or tribes of the Sea of Aral. From thence he proceeded to the town of Porssu, two days' journey from Khiva. Placing every confidence in the friendly assurances of the Khan, Prince Bekewitch gave instructions to his lieutenant—Major Frankenburg—who was stationed in an entrenched camp, to divide his troops into five different detachments, and to permit each being guided by Uzbek chiefs into different parts of the Khanat. The major could not at first give credence to so absurd an order, and it was not until he had received four different confirmations of his chief's resolve, and that he had been threatened with a court martial in case of disobedience, that he could make up his mind to carry out such absurd instructions. The result is easy to be imagined. Almost all the soldiers were massacred, including Prince Bekewitch and the officers who accompanied him. (Golosssof, in the "*Voyeniy Sbornik*," or *Military Record*, and the "*Viéstnik*" of the Geographical Society of Russia, No. IX., p. 237, et seq. 1853.)

This calamitous end to a first expedition sent into Central Asia

does not appear to have had any marked effect upon Russian prestige, for only a few years afterwards, in 1870, the Kirghese of the Great Horde, with their Khan, Abu'l Khair, gave in their voluntary submission to the Empress Anne. It was in order to protect them against the attacks of the Bashkirs, and to consolidate the power of Russia in the new regions thus acquired, that Orenburg was founded, and the whole course of the river Ural was fortified.

Eight or nine years after this, Abu'l Khair was elected Khan of Khiva, and he, for a second time, recognised the sovereignty of Russia. Two officers of the corps of Geodesists, since transformed into the corps of Topographers. Gladichef and Mouravine, were dispatched from Orenburg to the Khan, who was detained on the banks of the Syr Daria (Jaxartes), because his competitor for the throne of Khiva, Yulbars Khan, had possession of the capital. This might be read, that Yulbars Khan had succeeded to the Khanat, but that Abu'l Khair, being a competitor, sold himself to the Russians for the sake of their aid in establishing his power. What followed would show this to be the correct version of the circumstances; for Nadir Shah, having, in the meantime, subdued Kharezm, Abu'l Khair, in order to propitiate the Shah, sent the two Russian officers to him.

Their itinerary was not without importance. They started from Orsk, traversed the Irguis and the Syr Daria, kept along the eastern shores of the sea of Aral, and upon their arrival at Khiva they found Nadir Shah already there. The great Persian conqueror vouchsafed them a friendly reception so far, that they were permitted to take away with them all their notes made during their journey, and which were published by Khanikof, in the *Istésia*, of the Russian Geographical Society for 1850.

At the same epoch, or, upon the 26th of May, 1740, two Englishmen, George Thompson and Reynold Hogg, left St. Petersburg for Khiva. They arrived on the 17th of June upon the banks of the Yaïk, as the Ural was then called, and where they spent nine days in preparations for their further adventurous journey. Starting again on the 26th they took an easterly direction; and upon the 7th of July they had a skirmish with the Kalmucks, and on the 11th of the same month they fell in with a party of Khirgese, by whom they were conducted to their chief, Jān Bik-Batyr, who received them hospitably. Upon the 6th of August they came in sight of the sea of Aral, and they kept along its shores up to the 3rd of September, when, after traversing the marshes of the delta of the Oxus, they arrived upon the 5th of the same month at Urgenj; from whence they got to Khiva by the 9th. Hogg remained at Khiva, where he witnessed the arrival of Nadir Shah, in the winter of 1740, whilst Thompson proceeded onwards to

Bokhara, going by the City of Hezarasp ; ascending the right bank of the Oxus for a space of five continuous days, and then crossing a waterless desert to Bokhara. He returned to Russia by an even still more interesting line of route, travelling from the 18th of August until the 16th from Bokhara to Kerki, where he was ferried across the Oxus. On the 22nd he reached Khuy, and upon the 6th of December Maroutchek, supposed to be Merghihak. He remained here four days to avoid a pestilential wind which prevailed at the time, and had sickened almost all who formed the caravan. On the 11th the journey was resumed to the westward, across a sandy desert, which it took four days to traverse ; only occasionally finding water, which was bitter and brackish. On the 15th the caravan came to a rocky country ; and after crossing a stream of salt water found a road which led to several Persian villages, almost utterly destroyed and abandoned by their inhabitants, but full of Afghans, whom Nadir Shah had placed there ; and on the 22nd of September they arrived at Meshed. The route followed by Thompson is nearly the same as that followed by Clavijo, who was sent by Henry III., of Castile, in 1403, to the Court of Tamerlane ; and that part of it which is contained between Kerki and Andkhuy, and a little beyond, is comprised in what may now be termed Anglo - Indian interests in Central Asia, not so much as opposed, as amicably arranged and understood, between what now constitutes the two great Asiatic powers.

The special campaign of Nadir Shah in Central Asia has been further described by a Cashmerian Mussulman of noble family—one Hagi Abdulkerim, whose narrative in Persian was translated by Gladwin in 1788. The narrative contains many facts of interest to a detailed knowledge of the country ; but the writer states that, at that epoch (the winter of 1740) neither the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, or the Oxus found their way to the sea of Aral, but were both exhausted in irrigation, which cannot have been the case.

The intestine discords which followed upon the Persian invasion of Central Asia, and the bad effects which were entailed upon Russian commerce, obliged the Government of Orenburg to keep up frequent connections with Khiva, and the merchant Roukav-Kavkine, and the interpreters Gouliac and Tchoutchalof, are said to have visited the Khanat, the first in 1756, the second in 1753-54.

It is to that epoch also (1795), that the narrative of the Greek Metropolitan, Chrisanphe, who visited certain parts of Central Asia, and among others Khiva, must be referred. This curious document has been published by M. de Grigorief, in the "Memoirs of the Society of Antiquaries" at Moscow, for 1858 ; but, as might be expected, it contains little that is of any use, geographically speaking.



A not less curious document, but just as poor in scientific details, although replete with information regarding the manners and habits of the Khivians, is the narrative of one Basile Mikhaïlof, of Persian origin, who was made prisoner by the Kalmucks in 1771, and was sold as a slave at Khiva, and whence he escaped after two years of captivity. This narrative has been published in German at Riga, in 1804, by M. Bergman, under the title of "*Schicksale des Persers Wanily Mickailow unter den Kalmüken, Kirgiesen und Chiwenseren.*"

Early in 1793, Ayaz, Khan of Khiva, asked of the Empress Catherine II, as a favour, that she would send an oculist to Khiva to the aid of his uncle, Muhammad Fazyl Bi, threatened with blindness. Surgeon-Major Blankennagel was entrusted with the mission, and he arrived at Khiva by way of Orenburg, after 35 days' travel, and he returned by way of Astrakhan, in March, 1794. The details of his journey, which are replete with statistical and topographical information, were published by M. de Grigorief, in the twenty-second volume of the "*Vičstnik*" of the Russian Geographical Society.

In the year 1803, M. Velitcko, director of Customs at Orenburg, an active man who was anxious to re-establish the commercial relations of Russia and Central Asia, which had suffered so much by the results of the invasion of Nader Shah, compiled a memoir on Khiva and the roads that lead to it. This document is supposed to have served as a basis to the description of the Khanat of Khiva, published by Ehrmann in the "*Beiträge zur Länder und Staaten Kunde der Tartarey*," Weimar, 1804; but it was only printed in its Russian original in 1861, in the *Zapiski*, or memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society, by the distinguished orientalist, M. de Grigorief, who added many most valuable and important notes. The value of this document is much enhanced by its containing the only known detailed description of the road from Seraitchik to Khiva, an itinerary of especial interest in an historical point of view; for, as we have before seen, this was the principal road used in the middle ages to go from Russia to Khiva.

The attention of the Russian Government had been turned from the affairs of Central Asia by the great events which signalised the beginning of the present century, but it resumed its labours in that direction with the re-establishment of peace. General Yermoloff, commander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus, despatched the captain of the staff, Mouravief, to Khiva in 1819. The narrative of this journey, made under circumstances of great difficulty, was translated into French by M. Delaveau, in 1823; but the itinerary, which was based upon an exaggerated estimate of the rate of camel travelling, which was set down at four kilomètres in the hour, was

rectified by M. Nicholas de Khanikof's companion in travel, M. Lenz, in an interesting paper published in the *Memoirs of the Geographical Society of Russia*, under the title of "Our Notions of the Ancient Bed of the Oxus." The ignorance which has pretty generally enveloped this little Khanat on both sides of the lower Oxus—a kind of oasis in the desert—for Vambéry describes the sandy desert of Merv, here called Töyesitchti, as projecting like a tongue of barren earth to within a league of the city of Khiva itself, was only relieved from 1820 to 1839 by a few narratives derived from prisoners, who now and then made their escape from slavery, and some of which, notoriously that of Andrew Nikitine and Lieutenant Mediannik, published by Dahl in "*Wladislawles's Almanack*," for 1838, and that of Theodore Grouchine, published in the *Invalide Russe*, No. 5, 1838, were remarkable for abundance of useful details. All that the Russian Government could ascertain about the country up to that time was condensed and epitomised by Staff-Colonel Ivanine, but this conscientious and important work first appeared in the *Recueil Maritime* of 1854.

The unfortunate expedition of 1839 against Khiva, brought about no more useful results to science than the determination of two astronomical points, north of the Sea of Aral, by Captain Vassilief, of the corps of topographers, as also of one on the river Emba, and of another at the foot of the Ust-Urt—the great tableland which separates the Sea of Aral from the Caspian. These two latter determinations were very exact, notwithstanding the extreme cold that prevailed at the time of the observations, and which rendered the touch of metallic instruments very painful.

A memoir of Central Asia, penned by General Gens, chief administrator among the Khirgese for a quarter of a century, and published by General Helmerssen in the "*Beiträge zur Kenntniss der R. Reichs*," is also valuable for the number of facts which it contains, although presented in a diffuse and ill-digested form.

The military expedition of the Russians against Khiva attracted much attention throughout Europe, and two memoirs appeared upon the subject in Prussia, by Lieutenant Zimmermann, the first entitled, "*Zur Analyse des Kriegs Theaters Zwischen, Russland, und Khiva*," and the second, "*Denkschrift Über den Oxus*," both of which are marked by careful study of the facts, and by a ripe geographical erudition.

The English, who had taken Herat as a point from whence to observe the progress of Russia in Central Asia, despatched on their side two officers, one after the other, to Khiva. The first was Captain Shakspeare, who published an account of his journey in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for June, 1842, and the second was Captain (now Major-General) Abbott, who published his "Narrative of a

Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg," in two volumes, in 1843. Both works are precious for the details which they give of the deserts which intervene between Khiva and Herat and Persia, and upon which we had no previous information acquired by qualified and competent observers.

In 1841 General Perofsky, governor-general of Orenburg, despatched Staff-Captain Nikiforof on a mission to Khiva. He left Orenburg upon the 3rd of May, and made for the Syr Daria or Jaxartes, by the same route as that followed by Baron Meyendor in 1820. He left the river upon the 6th of July, and arrived the 4th of August, or in twenty-five days, at Kiptchak, the first Khivian town in that direction. Having attained Khiva itself, he remained there until the 27th of October, and returned to Russia by way of Seraitchik, in thirty-six days, upon the 2nd of December, 1841. Dying soon afterwards, on the 14th of January, 1842, on his way to St. Petersburg, he was unable to publish the information he had obtained with regard to Khiva, but a narrative of the events which occurred during his residence in the city, was published by M. Zalessof in the "*Voyenniy Sbornik*," and Mr. Mitchell gives an epitome of the paper in his well-known work, "*The Russians in Central Asia*."

The missions that followed, that of Lieutenant-Colonel Danilefsky in 1842, and that of Colonel Ignatief in 1857, were rich in geographical materials. Besides a description of the Khanat by Colonel Danilefsky himself, published in the fifth volume of the *Memoirs of the Geographical Society of Russia*, and a narrative of the journey, published by M. Basiner, a member of the expedition, in German, in volume V. of the "*Beitrage*;" we are indebted to Colonel Danilefsky for the first detailed map of the Khanat—one which has since been reproduced in all the maps of Central Asia published in Russia.

The mission of Colonel (now General) Ignatief, the present Ambassador of Russia at Constantinople, has been described by two of his companions—M. Zalessof and M. Kuhlewein, and the narrative of the latter has been epitomised by Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Struve, the well known astronomer, who accompanied General Ignatief, carried out a careful line of levels between the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, an important labour which had previously been effected by Captain (now Major-General) Lemm in 1826. General Lemm determined the altitude of the Sea of Aral, over the Caspian Sea, to amount to 35·7 metres; but Mr. Struve ascertained that the difference really amounted to 40·2 metres. This qualified observer also determined the astronomical position of Khiva to be in 41 deg. 22 min. north latitude, and 60 deg. 2 min. 57 sec. longitude east of Greenwich.

Nor must we omit, although no details were ever made known,

the visit paid to Khiva by an amiable and unfortunate friend, Captain Arthur Conolly, who was so cruelly assassinated by the Emir of Bokhara in 1843. In the years 1841 and 1842, when the disasters in Cabul occurred, Mr. W. Taylour Thomson, now Minister at Teheran, was deputed on a mission to Khiva, but the results of this expedition have not been communicated to the public.

One of the most curious and interesting narratives—that of Mr. Vambéry—who visited Khiva disguised as a dervish, is so well known, through his work, “*Travels in Central Asia*,” that it is unnecessary to do more than to refer to it. The striking picture which the traveller drew of the slave market at Khiva—the only spot in Asia where human beings are still sold, like so many beasts of burthen—ought not to be forgotten, when the day of retributive justice shall arrive.

The last two memoirs of any importance that have been published, are the one communicated by M. Nicolas de Khanikoff to the Geographical Society of Paris (*Bulletin* for March, 1873), and the other by Colonel Veniukof, translated in the same *Bulletin* for April 1873.

What influence the Russians may have had over the Shah of Persia, during his late visit to St. Petersburg, in making arrangements for the future in Central Asia, it is impossible to divine, but the negotiations reported to have been entered into at the time of the Crimean war, as to a cession of the mouths of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, including the cities of Baghdad and of Kurballah—the shrine of the Shiah—bodes no good to Turkish and British interests. If a railway from Poti and Tiflis, through Persian territory, to the Persian Gulf, has been finally decided upon, neither Great Britain nor Turkey can complain, for their interests, *viâ* the Euphrates, have been disregarded and snubbed by our Government. The permanent occupation of Khiva will also, in reality, only place Russia in a more prominent position in Central Asia, but it will in no way affect Anglo-Indian interests, now that the boundaries between the two powers have been defined.

But it is otherwise with regard to the reported colonisation by Cossacks of the city of Marv or Merv. That centre of population upon the river Murg-ab is separated by a very extensive tract of desert from Khiva; it is within the Russian boundary, as defined by the two Powers, and it opens a very easy way by the valley of the Murg-ab to Herat. Merv, according to Yakut, in his “*Modjem el Buldan*,” signifies “a flint-stone,” and the Orientals distinguish two places by the same name, one Merv-er-rud, meaning “river,” and the other Merv-esh-Shahidjan—that is to say, “the soul of the king,” four or five days’ journey from each other. The latter was the most celebrated of all the cities of Khorassan, and was

said to have been founded by the semi-fabulous King Thahomurs. Alexander the Great constituted it the capital of the country, under the name of Antiocheia Margiana, the Murg-ab, being the ancient Margus in Margiana. Alexander's city having been destroyed by the barbarians (Antiochus I.), Soter restored it, and gave it his own name. He is even said by Strabo to have surrounded the fertile plain, in which it is situated, with a wall 1500 stadia in circuit. But this is doubted. The city was 70 stadia in circuit. Pliny tells us that the soldiers of Crassus, whom Orodes took prisoners (Plut. Crass. c. 31) were settled here. In the time of the Saracens, the renowned Khalif al Mamum made it the seat of his authority, but the dynasty of Laïs removing to Nishabur deprived it of much of its importance. Under the Seljukides, it once more became the capital of the country, and Sultan Malik Shah built a citadel 12,300 paces in circumference. The city was taken by assault and plundered by the Ghazis, in 548, of the Hijrah. It had only just recovered when came the terrible invasion of the Mongols, and the city was sacked by Tuli Khan, the youngest son of Jinghiz Khan, and nearly the whole of the population was put to the sword. Yakut, who visited the place, gives a flourishing account of its mosques, libraries, and monuments, under the Persians, who after holding the place, with some trifling exceptions, ever since the time of Nadir Shah, finally lost it under the present monarch, Nasr-ed-din.

"The unfortunate campaign against Merv," Vambéry relates, really directed against Bokhara, was commanded by an incapable court-favourite, bearing the title Kavvam eddowlet (stability of the kingdom). The disastrous defeat there suffered by the Persians at the hands of the Tekke (the opponents of Russia along the Atrek and the Daman-i-koh) is only to be ascribed to this officer's incompetency. He looked upon the Turkomans at Merv with the same contempt with which Varus had contemplated the Cherusci in the woods of the Teutones, but the Persian was too cowardly to face the death of the Roman general. Neither was his sovereign (*i.e.* Nasr-ed-din), an Augustus. He exclaimed, it is true, "Kavvam! Kavvam? redde mihi meas legiones," but he nevertheless allowed himself to be appeased by a payment of 24,000 ducats; and the base coward, even at the present day, fills a high post in Persia" (p. 295). It will be necessary in case of the colonisation of Merv by Russia, which, being in their boundary, cannot be diplomatically objected to save by Persia, to see that the safe tenure of Herat by the Afghans is properly attended to.

## FAIRY FANELLA.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A WILD ARAB.

JOSEPHINE DRUMMOND, from her usual post at the window, engaged in her usual employment of doing nothing, saw a short, slight lad, dressed in a suit of grey freize, rather the worse for wear, cross the lodge grounds one evening that summer, between the hours of five and six, and then into the avenue leading to the castle.

She threw open the window, and stretching out her long, shapely neck, gazed curiously after him, until he was hidden by the shrubs. The sight of a stranger was such an uncommon thing, that she felt a good deal excited, and greeted her aunt and sisters at tea time with the history of what she had seen.

"He was not very gentlemanlike in appearance, but neither was he quite like a countryman. He had a gun in one hand, and a dead heron in the other. He went up to the castle a full hour ago."

"Has he not come down again, Josephine?"

"No, I have not seen him again."

"What was he like?"

"Very ugly, and very travel-stained."

"You geese!" cried Aunt Harriet, "he was some bailiff, or animal of that description, come to Mr. O'Hara on business."

"Nothing of the kind, Harriet; this was something quite different. I wonder who he was?"

"The curiosity of you girls!" exclaimed their aunt, as she bustled out of the dining-room to work a little in her dispensary.

The object of the girls' curiosity had marched on confidently to the castle door, and given a long, resolute pull to the bell.

"Is Mr. O'Hara at home?" inquired he, of the trim housemaid who answered the bell.

"Yes, sir, I believe so. What name, sir?"

"Mr. Steward, my dear: say that Mr. Steward, from Cambridge, wishes to see him."

Mr. O'Hara was resting in his arm-chair in the dining-room, feeling rather indolent and unwilling to get up.

"Mr. Steward, from Cambridge, Mary? Mr. Steward? Upon my conscience I never heard of the man before. What is he like?"

"He's a fair-haired young gentleman, sir, an' he looks as if he'd travelled far: he's got a gun, and a bird wi' him."

"Well, Mary," said he, yawning, "I suppose you'll have to show him in here."

Mr. Steward laid the heron on the hall table, and his gun in the rack beside Tom's, as though he had been accustomed to the house all his life, and walked into the dining-room with the jaunty air of one taking possession.

"Mr. O'Hara, I believe? I know your cousin, Mr. Bryant, of Clara."

"Do you, indeed?" said the old gentleman, who could not help being genial and cordial to every one. "You know Joe Bryant? A jolly fellow is Joe! Have you been staying at Clara?"

"No; I met him several times at the Rutherford's, where I have been for the last three weeks. He took tea there last night. We had some conversation on the subject of natural history, a favourite pursuit of mine. I mentioned that I intended coming to this part of Donegal, and he begged me to give you his kind regards, and say that he is quite well."

"Ha, ha! that's good!" laughed Mr. O'Hara. "Why, nothing ever ails Joe; he is a stalwart, jolly specimen of a rector—healthy, well-fed, and contented. I'm glad the world is treating him well."

"He hopes you and Mrs. O'Hara, and your daughters, are quite well?"

"Very kind of him! Yes, they are all well."

"Fine, hospitable old fellow! Asked me to stay with him,—offered me the use of a horse. He tells me there are good geological specimens in this part of the world,—also entomological and ornithological."

"Yes, yes, quite right," agreed Mr. O'Hara, ashamed to say that he was not sure of the meaning of his visitor's long words.

"I am glad to hear it, for I am on a walking tour, combining natural science with art as I go along. I carry a sketch-book, a gun, a tin case to hold specimens, and a clean shirt; light marching order, ain't it?" and the self-satisfied youth shook his tangled, straw-coloured hair off his forehead, and rattled on. "Bryant and I found lots to say to one another. I could have stayed months with him, if I had only had the time—wide-awake old gentleman that!"

"Not such an old gentleman, after all, Mr. Steward; Joe is barely five-and-fifty," remarked Mr. O'Hara, who was past sixty, and considered himself quite a young fellow.

"Ah, well, old compared with me: I am just twenty; we Cambridge men call a fellow old at five-and-twenty—youth, my dear sir,—the folly and inexperience of youth. We each look at

life only from our own little stand-point, don't we?" speaking in the loud, self-confident tone that had won him applause at the debating clubs.

"Yes, yes, I dare say you are right," replied Mr. O'Hara, good-humouredly. He was tired of his visitor, and began to wonder when he meant to go.

Mrs. O'Hara and her daughters came dropping into the room one after another, and were introduced to Mr. Steward in due order, and then the tea-urn was carried in, but he still kept his seat.

"Will you take a cup of tea with us?" asked the host at last, seeing that the guest had apparently no idea of moving.

"Thanks, with pleasure!" replied he, showing great alacrity.

"Perhaps you'd like some cold meat? You have had a long walk."

He assented eagerly, and Ellen ran to order up the meat.

"What excellent mutton! I was told that I should get good mutton in Ballyshandoc. You are surprised at my appetite. I had no dinner to-day."

"No dinner!"

"No, indeed. I had nothing but a couple of potatoes that a woman gave me out of her pot. I trudged along merrily, eating them with a 'lock of salt,' which she stuffed into my hand. Very kind folk in Ireland. One gives me potatoes, another a ride on his horse, and a third shares her farrel of oaken cake with me. I have reason to speak well of the Irish."

Thus he ran on gabbling with his mouth full, and addressing the large assembled party by turns. The girls tittered, and Miss Allen looked languidly surprised, while Tom applauded his sister uproariously, highly delighted with him and them.

Tea was cleared away, and the family filed into the drawing-room, Mr. Stewart following, and sitting down familiarly among them. Mr. O'Hara began to tell a favourite hunting story of his, filled with his hair-breadth escapes, and instances of personal prowess,—a story which was always admired, and respectfully listened to by his family; but the irreverent youth cut it short at the most interesting point, capping it by a more wonderful adventure of his own, to the unmitigated horror of Aunt Georgie and the girls.

"No respect there for years and dignities," said Mrs. O'Hara, aside to Ellen.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, and still Mr. Steward sat on. At length the hospitable master of the Castle could contain himself no longer.

"You had better sleep here to-night, Mr. Steward. It is too late for you to look for lodgings now; indeed you could hardly find your way to Shovelin's at this time of night."



"Thanks! sir! thanks. You are really very kind and hospitable."

"Well, then, that is settled; you stop with us to-night. Where shall I send for your things?"

"I have no things, Mr. O'Hara. A clean shirt, a sketch-book, and a tin-case, as I told you, form my travelling equipage. I'm a wild Arab, only the wild Arab wouldn't have the shirt. You don't need much on a walking tour like this. I had half-a-crown in my pocket when I landed in Ireland, and see, here it is still." He dived into his waistcoat pocket, and held it up between his finger and thumb.

"You must be a very frugal person, Mr. Steward."

"You are a most hospitable people, Mrs. O'Hara. I am kindly treated by high and low."

"Where do you think of going next?"

"I don't know that: I form no plans,—I just stop where I find myself comfortable."

"My dear," whispered Mrs. O'Hara to her daughter Jane, "we must take care not to make him too comfortable here."

"I say," began he, when the ladies had left the room, "can you lend me a pair of slippers? I have had my boots on all day."

His want was supplied by Mr. O'Hara, who produced a very handsome pair of gold and blue slippers, worked for him by Jane and Ellen, and presented on his birthday. The Arab lay down that night blessing his lucky fortune, and mentally declaring that at last he had fallen upon his feet.

He had no mind to leave such comfortable quarters, and neither did he leave them. Days passed and saw him still Mr. O'Hara's guest. The whole easy-going, good-natured family were pleased with him just at first, and voted him a decided acquisition. He could talk cleverly on many subjects, and had a fund of good riddles and laughable anecdotes at his finger-ends; but he soon became very free-and-easy—too familiar even for the Castle, and his rude ways did away with any good impression made by his cleverness.

Mr. O'Hara was far too polite to inquire of him when he intended proceeding on his tour, though he was getting very tired of him, and his patience was daily put to severe tests.

The slippers were nearly worn out, and their rightful owner had not had them on once since Mr. Steward's arrival. They were soft and easy, and the "Arab," as the girls began to call him, knew better than to relinquish them.

It was a constant trial of James' and Ellen's temper to see him shuffling about the garden with those sacred blue-and-gold slippers on his ungainly feet; and it did not tend to soothe them, when he

coldly plumped down on the grass beside them, saying, "Well, girls, what's up now? What's the news?"

The Misses O'Hara's were shy, and had not seen much of the world, but they knew perfectly how ladies ought to be treated. Josephine Drummond alone continued to enjoy his company. He talked to her in rather a gentler manner than he used towards the rest: he was merely unconsciously bowing to the power that beauty must wield over the rudest manly breast. He was never uncourteous to Josephine, and she delighted in admiration,—willingly accepted the ugly, unpolished youth for her admirer, *faute de mieux*.

It was very hot weather—as warm as the day when James and Lucy read Blunt, in the "Undine," under shade of the willows, All the Drummonds and O'Haras prepared to enjoy themselves tranquilly in the meadow before the castle windows, where they reclined on the grass in an Eastern manner, sheltered from the sun by sycamore branches, that stretched like flat, honey-scented umbrellas over their encampment.

Some of the girls held crochet-hooks and tatting-shuttles in their hands, just for the appearance of the thing, and others had brought books. Josephine was expected to read out some of Mrs. Barrett Browning's poems, but the silvery voices of her companions had been prattling gossip so very fast that she had not yet been called upon to begin.

"I declare we must read," cried Reby. "James and Lucy will be asking us questions to-morrow which poem do we like best? don't we see a very deep meaning here? or, do not these verses appeal to our best and highest feelings? &c. &c."

"James to the life! you audacious little mimic!"

"You'd better go a-head, I tell you, for the learned ones are both crazy about Mrs. Browning at present. Read away, Josephine."

Josephine was looking at the hall-door, where an insignificant figure in grey had been appearing and disappearing many times during the last ten minutes.

"Where is Mr. Steward?" she asked. "He does not read badly: make him read to us."

"No, no, no!" cried all the girls in chorus; "we don't want the nasty thing. It's a horrid shame of you to talk to him, Josephine; you should not notice him at all."

"Oh, he's not so very bad," said she, carelessly.

"Isn't he? That's all that you know. I just wish you had him fastened upon you at the Lodge!" cried Kate O'Hara, wrathfully.

"What new enormity has he been guilty of?" questioned the Drummonds.

"He stretches himself on the velvet sofa with his dirty boots on; he interrupts papa when he is telling his stories; he has eaten up all our jam, worn out papa's slippers, lost Tom's new studs, &c. &c. I can't remember all his bad deeds. Yes! yes! I have it:—he sent me to fetch him some water this morning after his breakfast. 'Get me a glass of water, will you, Kate,' said he, as impudently as you please. The idea of his calling me 'Kate,' the nasty, rude creature!"

"Called you 'Kate?' Very wrong of him: and as to sending you on his errands, it is an unheard-of thing; but you are so unusually kind and hospitable at the Castle, that people like him are apt to be presuming. He is far too much at his ease with you all."

"And what is he with you, Josephine, I'd like to know?" said Kate, rather angrily.

"There's something in what Josephine says," sighed Jane. "Perhaps we did spoil him at first. We did get up to hand him the things he asked for; and then the jam——"

"The jam? What was that?" inquired the Drummond girls.

"Why, the first morning he was here we produced a pot of Carrié's strawberry jam, and he partook of it with great gusto, seeing which, we gave him some for a long while; but he kept the glass dish close to his plate, and absolutely ate the whole supply for his own share. Now, do you know, it was just horrid to see his greediness."

"Not nice, Jane, certainly."

"And when we stopped putting any on the table, he asked for it, and Kate, there, was weak enough to go for some, until mamma locked up the remaining pots in her press. It was only this morning he said in his rude way, looking all round the table, 'Where's the jam?' and mamma said shortly, 'It's all done.' Do you know, she said it quite snappishly. If I'd been Mr. Steward I should have been offended."

"Nothing offends him, horrid creature! Here he comes. Talk of the devil——"

"Reby is always saying unladylike things," observed Josephine quietly, moving, as she spoke, so as to leave a place beside her, into which the little-appreciated Mr. Steward dropped, with a beaming look round the party, which seemed to say, "Now I am come, you may begin to enjoy yourselves. Hand me that shawl, will you, Kate?" began he, pointing to Miss Allen's burnous, which she had thrown off.

"Nonsense, Mr. Steward! the grass is as dry as it can be. I won't give you Aunt Georgie's nice shawl to sit upon."

"You are very cruel, Kate. I have not met so cruel a lady since I left you the day before yesterday."

"You have met no ladies since then, I am sure," cried Reby.

"Where did you go, Mr Steward?" inquired Josephine, with the slightest touch of interest in her tone. N.B.—That slight touch of interest was her most effective weapon.

"To Clara, Miss Drummond—seventeen miles there, and seventeen back—a long trudge. I went to call on the Rutherfords."

"I was half afraid you had taken leave of us altogether," said the perfidious Josephine, dropping her voice lest the O'Hara's should hear her.

"Should you have missed me? I have no intention of leaving this hospitable country; I'm exceedingly comfortable here."



## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

## EVOLUTION OF LIFE.

DR. BASTIAN, who is well known as an investigator of the intricacies of proto-plasmic organisation, gives in his recently published work, "The Beginnings of Life," the following comprehensive ideas upon a subject which is now attracting general attention :—

"The evidence we have gathered together tends to show that the differences which exist between various kinds of matter depend, in the main, upon differences in molecular structure or mode of aggregation. This conclusion is forced upon us by the phenomena of allotropism and isomorphism, by the consideration that thousands of wholly different substances are compounded merely of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in similar or different proportions, and by multitudes of other facts of a like nature. Some of these aggregates are stable, while others are highly unstable. Slight external influences suffice to alter the crystalline form of certain bodies, some of which, such as mercuric iodide, undergo the most remarkable changes. Such alterations are all passages from one mode of statical aggregation to another mode of statical aggregation. And yet crystalline matter is often capable of undergoing a very different kind of re-arrangement by which it is converted into a colloid. (The inverse re-arrangement, for example, by means of which blood corpuscles—themselves almost as much independent living beings as bacteria and other infusorial organisms—are transformed into 'blood crystals,' in blood when kept shut up in a flask, is very significant of a close relationship between crystallisation and initial organisation).

"The colloid is distinguished by its extreme mutability; its existence is a continual metastasis. It is, in fact, a dynamical state of matter. Further aggregations and re-arrangements may take place amongst its molecules, and give rise to other forms of matter possessing the mutability which distinguishes colloids in a more eminent degree, and to such an extent as to enable them to carry on a *continuous* series of molecular changes in response to the incidence of mere ordinary physical forces. This is, however, but a further degree of complexity in a direction already indicated. All intermediate degrees of molecular mobility may be traced (amongst various crystalline and colloidal states of matter), between the distinctly successive changes from one to another mode of polar equilibrium, which is alone possible with the majority of crystals, and the continuous changes of living matter. The lapse from one mode of statical equilibrium to another, if it take place with sufficient rapidity, and be associated with a concurrent process of growth, will give rise to that continuous series of molecular changes which characterise what we know as 'living' matter. And yet the molecular aggregate which displays this responsive mobility and power of self-division—because it has been called a living thing, and because theoretical notions have been formed concerning 'life'—has been supposed to be separated from other closely-related kinds of matter by an unpassable gulf."

According to this view of the subject, a successive evolution is

traceable from the first crystallisation of water to the man who is skating upon the ice. The forces of nature must be continuous, and it is only a question of evolution from the most simple forms of molecular structure or mode of aggregation—with the gradually superadded power of inducing continuous molecular changes—to one more complex.

There is nothing in this that militates against the existence of Creative Power—so erroneously a point of susceptibility in the way of the extension of scientific inquiry. Differences in the most simple molecular structures, whether stable or unstable, imply just as much omniscience and omnipotence, as the most perfect organisation. The extension of scientific inquiry may remove a First Cause to a point further back, but it cannot get beyond it, and no amount of intellectual power can enable man to go beyond that point. So, also, with regard to the beginning of things, as well as the beginnings of life—aggregates may be stable or unstable, but the kinds, and characters of the kinds, must have been determined by Creative Power from the first. The very fact that what appears to the scientific inquirer to be different substances compounded of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in similar proportions, would attest Creative Power, for man cannot produce different substances from the same things in similar proportions. In other words, there is not in this doctrine of an early evolution of life known as Heterogeny or Arche-trosis, and by other names, so much “spontaneous generation,” as it has been termed, as there is a study of the evolution of the Creative Power from its earliest beginnings.

Mr. M. A. Gaudin, a French chemist, who has distinguished himself by obtaining sapphires and rubies from pure alumina, has recently published a work entitled “*L'Architecture du Monde des Atomes*,” which the celebrated Dumas has pronounced as effecting considerable progress in science. The author distinguishes two distinct kinds of atomic agglomerations, those which are chemical and those which are organic. The first are, he says, subjected to a mathematical law, whilst organised matters present, on the contrary, a want of symmetry in the axis, which indicates a formal attention, or, so to say, an omnipotent Creative Power. It will be seen that these conclusions are at variance with the theories adopted by some modern philosophers, of crystallisation being a first step towards organisation, and yet, in as far as Creative Power is concerned, there would appear to be indications of the same agency in the mechanical arrangement of molecules as in the formative disposition of the same, only that the earliest processes are the most simple.

So also evolution from simple structures to more complex by adaptation to circumstances, is a different thing to evolution of life traced from crystallisation to the molecular changes essential to

what is called "living" matter ; but even in this latter theory as countenanced by the gradual development observed in successive creations in the earth's structure, there is nothing in any way opposed to a perfect faith in an all-ruling Providence. On the contrary, when men's minds become more familiar with the true bearing of scientific research, they will find every new truth unfolded to be a step nearer to the knowledge and just appreciation of the wisdom and the goodness displayed in the so-called "laws of nature."

The *Medical Press and Circular*, in reviewing Dr. Bastial's work, expresses its disapproval of what is called the "germ theory of disease," or that which attributes certain diseases, more especially such as are communicable, as typhus, cholera, yellow fever, &c. (and which are supposed to have their origin in a process compared to fermentation, and hence termed zymotic), to the presence of independent living organisms of any kind.

The writer even goes so far as to argue that many of those who believe in what he terms the "parasitism of infection and panspermism," have not only been previously committed in favour of carbolic acid as a sanitary or medicinal agent, but even engaged in the manufacture of that article. Such a criticism will hardly be acceptable to generous minds. It is just as likely that Lemaire, Sansom, and other advocates of the germ theory of disease, entered at length upon the study of the subject with the view to the introduction of what—the cause being known—would become a rational treatment, as opposed to what would be—the cause being unknown—an empirical treatment—as that they merely wrote to extol a particular kind of treatment upon a fallacious basis as to the origin and nature of zymotic diseases.

#### THE ROSARY.

THE use of the Rosary as a help to devotion, especially among Roman Catholics, will often have attracted attention, without, perhaps, a full and philosophical consideration of the bearings of what appears to most Protestants a most needless and superogatory form. Mr. William Tayler, late commissioner in Patna, has, however, recently read a paper at the Society of Arts upon the Rosary in India, in which he not only shows the antiquity and widely extended use of this mechanical aid to prayer, but also that "it bears with it certain not uninteresting phases and incidents ; that it is a subject on which, speaking generally, there is the most profound ignorance ; and thirdly, it is connected with one transcendent truth, to which, though in a strange and wayward way, it testifies—viz. : the universal belief, in all parts of the world, of the existence of a God, the dependence of man upon His power and

providence, the reality of a future existence, and the efficacy as well as the duty of present worship."

The chaplet of beads, commonly called a Rosary, Mr. Tayler points out, is to be found in the hands of many millions of mortal men. Hindoos, Muhammedans, and Buddhists, constituting, with Roman Catholic Christians, about three-fourths of the entire human race. This may be so far true as concerns the aggregate number of persons professing such faiths or religious forms, but scarcely applies to the individual use of the Rosary, such being rather an exception than a rule with different persuasions.

Although the invention of the Rosary is a matter of dispute, Mr. Tayler argues that it would be most appreciated as an accompaniment and aid to devotional worship, not in active phases, but in that of calm and solemn contemplation. This is essentially the case in the Buddhist religion, the great characteristic of which is "quietism."

Such a devotee, residing in a warm climate, and who conceives it to be his first duty to sit quiescent and unmoved for hours together, in solemn contemplation of an unseen Deity, with the vague prospect of eventual absorption, after thousands of years and frequent transmigrations, and who believes that this abstraction from the things of this life is, in itself, the merit by which the highest beatitude can be obtained, would fall asleep without this material adjunct to his devotion, and which is further said to be rendered still more agreeable by the additional charm of coolness in the beads, which are almost always made of smooth material—stones, coral, amber, or seeds, the most common being the seed of the Toolsee or Tulsi plant (the *Ocymum basilicum*), the well-known shrub into which the fair maid Toolsee was metamorphosed by Vishnu's wife, who thought that her husband admired the young woman more than she approved.

That the Rosary was in use among the Hindoos long before the introduction of the religion of Gutama Buddha, is obvious, for the most ancient images and pictures of the gods are frequently represented with chaplets of beads in their hands. But it was also adopted by the reformers, who subsequently carried the system of artificial, or rather vicarious prayers, to an extent which assumes in the prayer-wheel, as described by Dr. Hooker in his "Himalayan Journal," and by Messrs. Huc and Gabet, the celebrated French missionaries, the character of utter absurdity. The last-mentioned travellers give a long description of the custom, with an amusing anecdote.

The Buddhists, they relate, have another mode of simplifying pilgrimages and devotional rites. In all the great Lamaseries you find, at short intervals, figures in the form of barrels, and turning



upon an axle. The material of these figures is a thick board, composed of infinite sheets of paper pasted together, and upon which are written, in Thibetan characters, the prayers most reputed throughout the country. Those who have not the taste or the zeal or the strength to carry huge boards of books on their shoulders, or to prostrate themselves, step by step, in the dust or mire, or to walk round the Lamasery in winter's cold or summer's heat, have recourse to the simple and expeditious medium of the prayer-barrel. All they have to do is to set it in motion, it then turns of itself for a long time (Dr. Hooker describes a prayer-machine turned by water), the devotees drinking, eating, or sleeping, while the complacent mechanism is turning prayers for them.

One day, on approaching a prayer-barrel, we found two Lamas quarrelling furiously, and just on the point of coming to blows, the occasion being the fervour of each for prayer. One of these having set the prayer automaton in motion, and quietly returned to his cell, as he was entering, turned his head—doubtless to enjoy the spectacle of the fine prayer he had set to work for himself—but, to his infinite disgust, he saw a colleague stopping his prayers, and about to turn on the barrel on his own account. Indignant at this pious fraud, he ran back and stopped his competitor's prayer. Thus it went on for some time, the one turning on, the other stopping the barrel, without a word said on either side. At last, however, their patience exhausted, they came to high words; from high words they proceeded to menaces, and it would doubtless have come to fight, had not an old Lama, attracted by the uproar, interpose words of peace, and himself put the automaton in motion for the joint benefit of *both* parties.

The Shastras of the Hindoos describe the advantages gained by counting beads as four, viz. :—riches, piety, sensual enjoyment, and salvation—all the beatitudes, temporal and eternal, being obtainable by this simple exercise. The thousand names of Vishna and Shiv are mentally recited, and as the attention is abstractedly fixed on the attribute or character that each name excites the idea of, a bead is dropped through the finger and thumb.

Although the Rosary consists of one hundred and eight beads only, still there is variety in the size of the rosary and number of beads between the Hindoo and the Buddhists. Moore says he once saw a Rosary of one hundred thousand beads. Whilst the Buddhist Rosary is smooth, the most favourite materials of the Hindoo Rosary is the rudrach, an extremely rough and rugged seed, and there is considerable difference in the practice of the Hindoo and the Buddhist with respect to the Rosary.

Mr. Tayler believes that the Rosary owes its earliest origin among the Hindoos to the sacred necklace, or *mála*, for that is the

word used indiscriminately to this day both for necklace and rosary. The first conception of a necklace, again, was a string for suspending charms and amulets in a collar, itself vested with talismanic powers. We should fancy the two classes of ideas to be as distinct as a string of beads to count with, or a string of cowries for cash, from a Rosary itself.

The Rosary, among Muhammadans, is used by women as well as men, and hence is often made of elegant and ornamental materials, as agate, cornelian, onyx, coral, and even emeralds. They are supposed to repeat the name of Allal, or the Muhummadan Shibboleth, whenever they drop a bead. The Shiahls have a rosary of peculiar sanctity, called "khak-i-shafa," or "earth of healing," being made of the sacred earth of Kurbala, where the martyr Hussain was slain.

The Rosary is used by Roman Catholic Christians in connection with the five joyful, the five sorrowful, and the five glorious mysteries of our Lord's life, death, and resurrection. It consists of three groups of fifty-five beads each, with a large bead as a medal to begin with, and the professed object is to aid in meditations on the special subject before the worshipper, when the Paternoster, or the Anglical Salutation, Ave Maria, are respectively repeated. Also, we believe, to record the number of Paternosters or Ave Marias enjoined to be repeated as a penance, or as a self-imposed act of devotion. Spencer, in the "Fairy Queen," says:—

"Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent,  
Nine hundred paternosters every day,  
And thrice nine hundred aves she was wont to say."

Bead is said to be the past participle of *biddan*, the Saxon word for "to pray" and thus originally signified string praying, or a prayer. Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," makes mention of a "pair of bedes" of small coral.

Mr. Tayler says the Rosary, or bead-chaplet, having been in use in India long before the Christian era, it was probably borrowed by Christians from the Buddhists. The extraordinary similarity between the ceremonial of the Buddhists and the Roman Catholics has been a frequent subject of remark. The tonsure, the bare feet, the long dark gown, and the Rosary are common to both, while the mitre is in ordinary use among the higher orders of the priesthood.

The use of beads became more frequent on the return of the Christians from the Crusades, and in England the beadsman became quite an eminent personage. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Antiquary," describes the king's bedesman, or blue-gown, as belonging to the aristocracy of mendicants, to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing certain alms, and they were expected in

return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. In England the term beadsman was used for anyone who offered up prayers for the welfare of another, and "Thy poor daily orator and beadsman" became a common subscription to a petition to any great man or person in authority, just as in the present day it is said, "Your petitioners will ever pray."

Although the use of the Rosary as an aid to pious contemplation and devotional thought, is not in general use, and has been discarded by Protestants, still it is impossible not to agree with Mr. Tayler, when he concludes:—"We have seen that among the great majority of civilised nations of the world, artificial aids to prayers have been for many centuries in general use. The universality of the custom—whatever be its special motive or purpose—establishes, by tangible and material evidence, the one great fact which is of interest to us all, viz., the world-wide instinctive conviction of the existence of a God, of a Being to be propitiated and worshipped by prayer."



# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## PLANTATION:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY F. FENTON.

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### CHAPTER V.

EDWARD CHAMPERNOWNE stood at the door of the house at Killina which was prepared for the reception of Sir John Carew and his daughter. The sun threw golden, misty lights, and soft, mysterious shadows on the newly-fenced paddocks, the tufts of wood, and the rough road by which Sir John and his child were to appear. The hazy and doubtfully luminous atmosphere seemed to harmonise well with the trembling expectations which few would ever have believed to exist within the uncouth frame of Champernowne.

He did not stir when horse's hoofs became audible at a little distance, though he sheltered his eyes with his hands the better to observe the new comers. In a few moments a burly gentleman rode up, followed by an armed escort; at his side a young lady sat gracefully on her handsome horse, though her figure and manner of riding alone distinguished her from her two attendant maids, as all wore masks to protect their faces from the sun and dust.

"Well met, Champernowne!" shouted Sir John Carew, getting off his horse as quickly as his rotund form would permit, and shaking Edward warmly by the hand. He turned to help his daughter to alight before her devoted knight had sufficiently thrown off his unaccountable shyness to approach, and led her, followed by Champernowne, into the nearest room, which was neatly fitted-up as a withdrawing-room.

"Heartily glad am I to see thee, Ned," said Sir John, once more shaking Champernowne's hand. "This care and forethought are thine, I doubt not."

"And I have been anxiously awaiting you," was the reply, with an unsuccessful attempt at grace.

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"Not me only, I suspect," said Carew, and his great chest heaved with laughter, as he thought he had made a shrewd hit. "Come forward, Juliet, and take off thy riding-mask, wench."

Juliet would willingly have escaped, and said something about being very tired, but her father was not a man to accept excuses. He rather angrily ordered one of her girls to remove the mask, which was hastily done by the frightened attendant, who there disclosed that lovely Saxon face, fair, and lighted up by blue eyes which ought to have been smiling, but which was now clouded with sulky aversion. When her heavy cloak also was taken off, her black camlet riding-dress, tightened in at the waist of the long bodice, the small, stiff ruff and lace chemisette, became visible, a neat costume enough, though hardly conducive to the natural grace and strength of the English country girl, brought up on junket and Devonshire cream.

Champernowne gazed upon Juliet Carew with a shy tenderness but did not even venture to come forward and take her hand. Her father, however, was not so sparing.

"Come, Juliet, no shame-facedness! Give Edward Champernowne a kiss, as becomes an affianced maiden."

Poor Juliet dared not disobey. She turned her cheek to Champernowne, but as he was about to kiss it she suddenly dropped her head, so that the salute fell upon her hair. Sir John was sharp enough to notice the manoeuvre, and Juliet, quickly retreating, was able to retire from the chamber with her attendants.

"Well, Ned," said Sir John, as he raised to his lips the beaker of ale, which stood ready on the table, "how do we stand here? Is the place a quiet one, or shall I have trouble with rebels?"

"Fair enough things seem just at this moment," said Champernowne. "That false churl, Tyrone, and young O'Donnell, are still brewing trouble enough up in the north, and probably the fire is smouldering here; and I venture to affirm that you will have trouble in perhaps a year or two's time, though Munster is still as death at present."

"Extermination is a slow process," said Sir John, "and yet I believe it is the only method of getting ourselves quietly settled in Ireland."

"I know of no other," said Champernowne. "Yet I am not sure that they are quite the savages we think them."

"They are utter savages, and confirmed idolators; they all harbour Popish priests, and owe allegiance to Rome," said Sir John positively. "What would you have worse than that?"

"They are a most uncommonly brave and resolute race," said Champernowne, "and their extermination will be a slow process indeed. I wish there were other means of subduing them."

"Well, let us get to dinner," said Carew, "for the present

at the moment of dinner, nothing else is of importance. I hear a clatter of dishes. I shall order Juliet down."

"Mistress Juliet has gone already to rest," said Rose, her favourite maid. "She was very tired, and only took a bowl of bread and milk."

Sir John swore an oath, but was soon so much engrossed by a haunch of venison, a junket exactly like a true Devonshire concoction, and some excellent ale, that he forgot his daughter's perversity in his own enjoyment.

Champernowne did not see his affianced bride again until the following morning, when he caught a sight of her in the rough garden, marking out the sites of future flower beds. She had changed her blue dress for one of white linen, girt by a silver belt, and embroidered in black. Her ruff she still wore, and her hair was dressed up as on the previous day. Edward was induced to join her principally because he saw that she was not aware of his approach.

"Juliet," he said, "does this garden make you regret your own little Paradise between the high mossy walls at Lancombe, where the flowers bloomed so beautifully in the rich old soil?"

"Yes. O, how I do long to be back at Lancombe!" exclaimed Juliet, almost passionately. "Why did my father think of bringing me to Ireland?"

"He brought you to meet me, Juliet," said Champernowne.

She pouted for a moment terribly.

"I did not think we should have met within a year of the time when I parted from you at the garden gate, and my father made me give you my home-made cake and flasks of cordial," said she. "What did you do with them?"

"I ate the cake on the journey, lovely Juliet," replied Edward, prosaically; "fragrant of your own dear fingers, it was the best cake I ever tasted. As to the cordial, as I have not been ill, it mostly went to slake the fever of a young Irish prisoner whom I had taken badly wounded; and I believe 'twas that which cured him."

"To waste it on an Irish Papist!" exclaimed Juliet. "I always knew that you had a great many faults and weaknesses, but little thought that soft-heartedness was one of them."

"I cannot return that pretty speech," said Champernowne, "for I always knew that you were cruel, Mistress Juliet."

Juliet laughed; like many others, she had a favourite fault, and rather liked to be thought cruel.

"I took such pains in making that cordial, for," she said naively, "I did not know that father meant me to give it to you, and I thought it was for himself; so I picked all the herbs, and cut them up, and made such a compound as the fiercest fever would never withstand. Rose could not have made it half so well."

"Will you make me some more, sweet Juliet?" he asked coaxingly, "since this has been wasted by my softness of heart."

"No!" she said, crossly, "Irish herbs would not do. The of our garden is particularly virtuous, and gives great powers to plants which grow in it. I think father wants you in the house," she added.

"No, no, Juliet; that is a stratagem to send away poor Ned. You ought to accustom yourself to me, you know, before—before—he stammered painfully. Juliet's face, now red, now pale, made him wonder whether her perversity were affected or genuine. At last he resolved to ascertain his position more clearly.

"Juliet Carew," he said, "I love thee! Why wilt thou tarry away from one who is to be thy husband?"

She glanced at him suddenly, a deep blush mantling on her cheek, and glowing even on the lobes of her ears.

"I tell thee plainly, Edward, I love thee not. I have told father so, and neither he nor you seem to believe me, as if a dandy knew not her own mind."

"Do you love anyone else, then, Juliet?" he asked.

"No!" replied she, a little pettishly; "you have no right to ask, but I will condescend to tell you that I never have been in love with any one—" she paused for a moment to consider whether her little flirtation with Frank Nutcombe had been worthy of the name of a "love affair," and decided in the negative, for he was very silly, and she had begun to do that which is incompatible with tender affection, namely, to laugh at him. "No, I never was in love, and never shall be, Edward."

"Be not so confident, damsel," said he, somewhat relieved by her avowal. "In those sweet blue eyes there is an unexplored mine of feeling, and I know right well that the day will come round when thou wilt lose that proud little heart of thine. Let me be to poor Ned Champernowne—that is all I ask."

"Never!" said Juliet, in her most angry tone. "I will keep my heart for my own, and if I ever did give it away, 'twould be to thee, Ned;" and nodding her head, she ran back into the house.

Edward knew well that Juliet did not care for him; but he loved her with a strong, if a selfish affection, and was perfectly willing to receive her at her father's hands as soon as he should be fully settled in life, on the chance of making her love him afterwards. As to Sir John, he was rather of opinion that a girl should follow her parent's wishes in the matter of her marriage, and was quite contented if he had forced Juliet to give Edward a kiss, without considering for a moment whether or no he had made himself shudder in doing so.

Sir John's rule was a somewhat stern one. He was liked by the higher class of settlers, because he was a man of family and of wealth in England; the lower class thought him too overbearing in wanting them to run up mills and barns exactly where he thought best, so as to form the compact towns, all run up on one model existing in his own mind, which he considered indispensable to the prosperity of the country. As to the kernes, who lingered on the soil in a Helot state, their feelings towards so good a hater of their race as was Carew may be easily guessed. Compelled, as they were, to carry twice the weight of wood and water, turf and stone, that were fitted to their strength, greatly diminished by want of food, the sufferings he made them undergo were so great that Champernowne begged his future father-in-law to be more sparing of the native race. Carew only laughed, though he might have remembered that Champernowne's larger experience of the country and the people was a better guide than his own passionate dislike towards the Cel.

One day as Champernowne and Juliet stood at the gate of Sir John Carew's paddock, shielded by a graceful ash tree from the hot rays of the summer sun, a woman of middle age passed by, followed by two girls of perhaps eleven and ten, laden with heavy boughs, which they tried to carry between them. The woman had once been beautiful, and her rich chesnut hair yet shone with youthful lustre; but her faded, haggard cheek, and wild, dark eyes, showed signs of starvation and of labour too great for her strength. Her bare feet were torn by thorns, her ragged petticoat clung to her knees; she panted as she staggered along beneath her load, and the girls, equally ragged, though not quite so meagre, struggled on behind her, gasping for breath in the dust and heat. Juliet's compassion was aroused, and Champernowne, though he had often seen such sights, felt somewhat moved to pity by the spectacle of females thus taxed so far beyond their strength.

"That is too heavy a load for you," said Juliet, in a kind voice.

The Irishwoman perceived the tender tone, though she did not understand the words, which Champernowne translated into Gaelic for her benefit.

"We are all so near dead, tell the young lady, that the sooner we are quite killed the better," replied she, and Edward again acted as interpreter.

"Oh, do tell them to put down their loads and have some milk in the dairy," cried Juliet, almost in tears. Champernowne smiled.

"I always knew that Mistress Carew had many faults and weaknesses, but I never knew that soft-heartedness was one of them," said he.



"Well, never mind what I said about it; bring in the woman and her girls!" said Juliet, running towards the dairy, and pouring out bowls of softly foaming milk, which, with a bewitching grace she handed one by one to the Helots. The poor creatures drank vigorously, and thanked her so fervently, that she felt almost ashamed of the smallness of her gift.

"You ought to have some shoes," she said to the woman; "think Rose's shoes will fit her," and she went into the little parlour where her housemaid sat sewing.

"Rose, give me a pair of your shoes," she said, "and I will tell Richard to make you a new and better pair. I want them for that poor woman who has none, and yours will just fit her."

"An Irishwoman, mistress?" asked Rose, looking up critically. "I would not that my shoes should be given to one of them."

"I imagine you will consider my wishes," said Juliet haughtily; and, as Rose sullenly obeyed, the young lady flew back to the dairy, and made the poor Gaelic woman fit the soft, felt shoes on her wounded feet.

Not long after this incident the same woman passed up one of the garden paths where Juliet, on a dewy summer's evening, was tending the newly-planted flowers, and whispering in her ear the English words, "Bid your father beware!"—hurried on without another syllable. Juliet repeated the mysterious warning to Sir John, who, though he pooh-poohed the whole affair, thought it worth while to make some inquiries on the following day. He found that the woman had good cause for her suggestion. Outlying settlers reported that the MacCarthys, stimulated by emissaries from the martial North, were stirring, had driven away some cows belonging to a planter, and were possibly meditating insurrection and a descent upon the settlement at Killina.

Sir John immediately set about entrenchments and fortification while his anxiety for his only daughter's sake was so great that he called Champernowne into council as to what should be done to secure her safety.

"My mind is made up, Edward," he said at last. "My cousin Lady Segrave, the wife of the Governor of Roscrea, will receive Juliet gladly until this matter is decided one way or the other. Now, she and her women shall set out this very night, with a dozen stout fellows, and you must head the party, and lead them across the hills, where the country is quiet, and return with the men and servants when you have landed her safely at Roscrea. You will do this for us, of course?"

"Anything for Juliet, sir," replied Champernowne, and he withdrew to make arrangements for the journey.

Sir John soon over-ruled Juliet's spirited objections to being

sent away from the scene of possible danger, and that evening saw the three women in their riding habits and masks, surrounded by a stout party of men, officered by Champernowne and his gloomy servant, Tom Harvey, depart in the dusk from Killina.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE cavalcade which escorted Juliet Carew had gone on prosperously throughout the summer's day. So bright was the purple heather, so musical were the rills, so grand the torrents, that Juliet had ceased to regret her journey, when, as evening drew near, one of those mists which often follow hot weather, and are so common in the green isle, began to settle down upon the hills. The party had been for some time travelling without seeing a human face. The mountains at first loomed out grandly through the gathering vapours, and in the deep shade of nature the roar of cataracts, both near and distant, struck the ear with a sense of awful pleasure. But as the mist increased, Champernowne began to feel extremely anxious, and no longer to sympathise with Juliet's expressions of delight at so exciting an adventure. The horses picked their way carefully on a ridge which ran along the hill-side, but which might at any moment terminate in a precipice, for Champernowne could not conceal from himself that he no longer knew his whereabouts. Since the mist collected they had been straying farther and farther out of their way, and the rush of waters all around them filled his mind with vague alarms. Suddenly, however, a brief gleam of light which streamed through a break in the clouds of heavy vapour revealed passing glimpses of a wooded hill which he thought he knew, and, as the party had now reached a large grassy platform, he told them to rest there whilst he dismounted and explored a little on foot. Some of the men begged permission to accompany him, but he bade them all remain and guard their young lady until his return.

Feeling his way cautiously, Champernowne gradually descended the heathy side of the mountain. Down and down he glided, sometimes hoping that his idea of the locality would prove correct, sometimes feeling despair at his heart as he went on apparently without prospect of reaching the valley beneath. Several severe falls, and one long roll down the hillside, took the heart out of him; vexed and alarmed, he shrank both from again climbing so steep and rough a slope, and from returning without having made some useful discovery. It was perhaps an hour after leaving the platform that he at length found himself on more level ground, and then, as he pursued his way, hoping to discover some clue to the problem, he felt that he was going up hill again, and stopped aimlessly. Then

close above him he saw the projecting bough of a tree dimly protruding in the mist, and, with an Englishman's perseverance, hauled himself up by it on to the top of a flat stone, where at length he sat down; for the next step seemed to be a sheer wall of some ten feet high, and he felt himself fairly baffled, and rather foolish.

The mist had attained its thickest, when suddenly a soft glimmer stole through the yellowish gloom, and he found that he could see a few yards around him. Rocks and ferns were all that was visible, dark and doubtful in the grey light. At length the form of the opposite hill, steep, black, and gigantic, loomed out in front of him, and by degrees the more distant heights frowned through the lessening haze. Soft, warm, dewy light slowly revealed his situation to Edward Champernowne, whilst the mist withdrew to mountain tops, the sight of which was shut out from view.

He was sitting on a piece of stone with a flat top, loosely imbedded in the side of a tremendous precipice, the crevices of which were many, and filled with ferns and bushes. This cliff towered up hundreds of feet above his head, and the hill which he had lately descended in so undignified a manner rose nearly as steep and frightful in front. Between them was a narrow glen, bridged over some yards below him by a ridge which he would never have attempted to cross could he have seen it, but which he had for a wonder passed safely in the mist. Both ends of the glen were partly shut in by hills, through the purple clefts of which he could see other, and farther moorland slopes clothed with heather and strewn with boulders looking as if they must roll down into the abyss beneath. Never had he been in this wild spot, whither it appeared as though the tricky Irish spirits of the mist must have led him.

But the worst of the matter was, that his own seat was gradually slipping away beneath him, and threatening to precipitate him some fifty feet into the rocky glen below, where a torrent roared through the still evening air. Champernowne's blood ran cold, and his head reeled as he threw his arm round the frail stem of a mountain ash which leaned from its crevice in the precipitous wall above him. Imminent death stared him in the face: he tried to murmur a prayer as he felt the young tree bending till its leaves brushed his forehead, and himself slipping slowly towards the awful ravine.

"Hold on!" called out a voice near him in Irish, the sound ringing distinctly through the quiet air, above the deep roar of the water in the gorge. Champernowne did hold on, and in a few moments he felt the falling tree sustained from above, and himself drawn up the side of the wall, slowly yet surely. He helped his own ascent as well as he could by placing his heel in each crevice that offered any hold, and at last stood on a secure footing beside his as yet unseen preserver.

Champernowne turned at once to look at him. He leaned on a lance which was a little taller than his own *svelte* and agile figure; and a smile of humorous sweetness played on his handsome face as he stood, a perfect picture of wild and martial grace and beauty.

"O'Brien!" exclaimed Champernowne in delight, "is it you to whom I owe my life?"

"It is only the payment of my debt to you," replied O'Brien of Ara. "But what can have brought you into this extraordinary situation—noblest and best of the Saxons?"

Champernowne described the adventures of himself and his party, and explained the cause of his being alone in that wild spot; he also declared his intention of once more scaling the opposite mountain, and returning to his betrothed, whom he had left on the platform.

"You must on no account go back again," said the chieftain. "It is as much as your life is worth. We are not now on my territory, but on that of the O'Molloys, who would think nothing of taking a Saxon's life in an instant, if they found him in their glens; and as we are at feud with the O'Molloys, though they would not dare to touch O'Brien of Ara, yet I could not defend you if they came upon us in great numbers. So we had better climb this hill as soon as possible, and get into my country at once."

Champernowne glanced up at the precipice which towered above their heads. His eyes grew dizzy as he looked.

"It is very well to speak of climbing it," he said, "but not so easy to set to work. How can that cliff be scaled?"

"Nothing easier," replied the Irish prince, with one of those humorous smiles which disclosed his hard, firm, brilliant teeth.

"I have clambered about Slieve-na-Capall all my life. Come!"

"But," objected Edward, "I ought to return to the young lady."

"If the young lady were alone on the mountain side," said O'Brien, "I should agree with you; but you say she has a good escort, and if she is on the platform of Knockdhu, as I suppose, from your description, she is out of the O'Molloys' country. When we get to the castle I will send for her and her escort, and you will meet them again this evening. Come on, let us mount the hill; I will help you if you get into any more difficulties."

Champernowne did not at all admire the prospect before him, but he saw nothing better to do than to follow the counsel of the mountaineer, and of course did not like to show anything resembling a white feather. So he scrambled awkwardly from tuft to tuft, and rock to rock of the fearful cliff, up which his companion bounded with the ease and grace of a chamois, pausing at times to hold out

his lance as a support to the less agile climber. Champernowne's brow streamed with perspiration, and his head grew confused as he felt himself hanging on the precipitous slope, with a high wall in front of him, and the low, ceaseless roar of the torrent sounding far beneath. O'Brien, though secretly amused at the constant calls for help uttered by the usually valiant Saxon, aided him with assiduous care, until they gained a level terrace, where they paused to take breath, a pause sorely needed by Champernowne.

"You will not climb Slieve-na-Capall again?" said O'Brien, smiling. "You do not find such cliffs among the hills of Sacca?"

"Nothing like this," said Edward, as he sat down on the grass to rest. "But I hope that now, after such an experience, I have learnt how to scale those precipices."

"I will not try you with any more precipices, as you call them," said the Gael, "but I must try you with something less pleasing to your Saxon pride—I must blindfold you."

"Blindfold me!" exclaimed Champernowne in astonishment.

"Yes, blindfold you. I am sorry for it, but we are going by a secret way only known to our own clansmen, and you must see that I should be a fool to let a stranger, however much I may love and honour him, become acquainted with it. I suppose you know that you may trust yourself with me," he added rather haughtily. "You do not think that I would betray the man who saved my life, if I were a hundred times a Saxon?"

"I am sure you would not," replied Champernowne, who saw that he must obey, and thought he should best save his dignity by obeying with a good grace. "I will rely upon your honour."

The Celt then bound his eyes with a kerchief, and led him along a shingly path for some ten minutes. Then some bushes were pushed aside, and Champernowne felt sure that they had passed from twilight into darkness, or at least into a twilight gloom, and then he inferred that the secret way was partly underground. At last his companion said, "You are going just now to take a leap in the dark, and when I give the word you must spring. It is not a bad leap, and you will accomplish it safely, no doubt; only, perhaps, you dislike the thought of taking it blindfold."

"No matter," said Champernowne, as cheerfully as he could under the circumstances. "I am not afraid, by my honour I am not!"

"Afraid! no, in faith, there ought to be no such word. Now here we are at the place. Leap!"

Champernowne leaped. He seemed to be going down to an endless depth; nevertheless, he alighted safely among soft grass and ferns, at the foot of the wall or height from which he had sprung. O'Brien led him on some way further; it seemed from the rustling

around that they were passing through a field of grain; and at last he heard an iron gate roll back, and close again behind him with a sound so ponderous that it made him start. Then the kerchief was unbound, and, giddy with the sudden light, he saw the grey towers of a strong, large stone building, hazily mixed up with the faint blue evening sky, whence the veil of mist was now withdrawn. He was standing in a wide courtyard, where several gallaglasses had been lying about, but now stood up to receive their chief.

"You are welcome to the Castle of Ara, brave Saxon!" said O'Brien; you are welcome a thousand times, and a hundred thousand times. Shane Dhu, take the English gentleman to a chamber, where he can rest till we meet in the hall."

So saying, he knelt to caress two or three splendid wolf-hounds, which bounded forward to greet him, whilst an elderly man of distinguished appearance proffered himself to Champernowne as his guide. As they passed up the courtyard the kernes crowded round Champernowne in the friendliest manner, kissing his hands, and evidently delighted with him.

"What is the reason of this enthusiastic reception?" he asked the chamberlain, much astonished.

"These men know that you saved the life of their prince," was the reply, "and there is not one of them who would not die for you."

"The attachment of these Irish to their chieftains is something wonderful," thought Champernowne. "I am sure none of my tenants in Devon would die for a man who had nursed me when I was wounded. The Irish are altogether a most peculiar race."

The chamber in which the old man left him was comfortable after a fashion, especially in warm weather, for it was very scantily furnished. The floor, roughly boarded, was beautifully clean, and the stone walls, unadorned by hangings, or even plaster, presented a primitive, but not at all a repulsive appearance. It was apparently but seldom occupied; a bed with a deerskin coverlet, and an old oak-wood table with a steel mirror, were the principal articles of furniture.

Champernowne lay down on the bed and slept for about an hour, when a kerne brought a pair of tapers to light the fast-darkening chamber. Champernowne then got up, arranged his dress, and smoothed his hair with a beautifully-carved comb of boar's tusk, which lay on the little bog-wood table. The steel mirror was not more complimentary to him than other mirrors, having no magic powers, although in so eerie a spot; but Champernowne, though he could not acquire what Nature had refused him, had quite erased all marks of his perilous adventures when he followed the chamberlain, who suddenly re-appeared, to the banquetting hall of the castle.

It was lighted up by abundant torches, and the long oaken tables were loaded with good cheer, partly the product of the chase, partly of the herd. A number of the clansmen stood around these tables, ready to fall too when the proper time should arrive. An old man clad in white, with a beautiful snowy head of hair, was in process of tuning one of those large harps called a clairsech, a process which rather promised than gave pleasure, though to an Englishman it was highly interesting to see one of those venerable bards, whose songs and recitals, acting on the excitable nature of the Celt, did so much to keep up his active resistance to Saxon rule, among the more spirited septs, and in the independent principalities of the island.

A sight much more distasteful to Champernowne was that of three or four priests, in their conspicuous cassocks, so different from the dress of all around them. These men, according to English ideas, were illegally harboured—that is, protected within this mountain fortress from the persecutions which were aimed at their order; and they acted as chaplains and confessors in the castle which surrounded them with its generous hospitality.

In a carved and cushioned chair at the head of the longest table an elderly lady had already taken her seat, and, when O'Brien had welcomed Champernowne into the hall, he at once brought him forward to present him to her as his mother. Edward was struck with something almost resembling dread, when he recognised in her the woman of wild, yet noble mien, who had hurled rocks upon the heads of his comrades on the day of their attempted invasion of her fastnesses. There was no doubt as to her identity with the lady before him, who rose to her full height, which was majestic, showing her noble brow and full dark eyes beneath the simple golden circlet which bound her head; and to Edward's great amazement she placed her hands on his shoulders, and gave him a kiss. Never would he have thought that he should receive such a salutation from the Druidess of the mountain-side.

"Tell him, Redmond," she said, "that he is welcome a thousand times, and that the Beantighearna of Ara greets him as her son."

Redmond translated this speech into his best English for Champernowne's benefit, and hardly had he done so when Juliet Carew and her party entered the hall, to the great joy of her lover.

She wore the same blue dress as that in which he had first seen her on her arrival in Ireland, and its colour became her blonde charms well. She stopped near the entrance, partly dazzled by the glowing torchlight, partly taken aback at finding herself in so novel a scene, almost alone among the mere Irish, with their bards, their strange customs, and Romish priests. The stories she had heard of

them were such that the brilliancy and plenty and romantic air of the castle-hall astonished her.

She was recalled from her embarrassment when O'Brien of Ara came forward to meet her, and in the soft, low voice which seems rather reserved for dark-haired Celts, while the shriller and louder tones are too often allotted to the red, welcomed her with the usual "*Caith milia faltha*." Wondering at such gentle accents from a mere Irish chief, she looked up in his face, and instead of beholding the savage physiognomy, glaring looks, and wild red hair of a fierce barbarian, met the glances of a pair of laughing grey eyes, thickly fringed with black lashes, and well suited to features which were only redeemed from too great delicacy by their resolute expression. She was much relieved; and Redmond, after assuring her of his delight at seeing her in his castle, led her with respectful courtesy to his mother. The chieftainess gazed at the English maiden with something of the hatred of the race in her brilliant dark eyes; but when her son said simply in Irish, "*Mother, this is the affianced bride of the Saxon*," she greeted her heartily, and presented her to the group of maidens, some very lovely, all of bright and innocent aspects, who clustered around. The ladies could not speak English, but the *Beantighearna* and one or two others were well acquainted with French, which became the medium of conversation between themselves and their fair guest.

One of the priests, an austere and noble-looking man with silvery hair, who sat on O'Brien's left hand, now said a Latin grace, during which Champernowne and Juliet looked at each other in the Tom Harvey style. The repast then began; and both Edward and Mistress Carew showed what mountain air could do to sharpen their appetites. As for Tom Harvey, he, too, was present, feasting among the kernes. He was very sulky at first, though his stomach did not share his depression. But, as usquebaugh began to flow down his throat, he became merrier and less distant towards the friendly kernes, only hoping that the silver rosary which he had taken from their chief, and which he had carried with him, intending to have it melted down at Roscrea, would not jingle in his pocket.

"After all," he reflected, "'tis doing him a friendly service in return for the good cheer I am strengthening my heart with, to rid him of this abomination, as even Master Edward said it was. As for that priest with the grizzled head, I should like to knock him down."

Whilst such were Thomas's meditations, the old harper, who had likewise done justice to the table, began to consider his harp and voice to be in tune, and drew forth a few preparatory chords, long, sweet, and thrilling.



"Have you ever heard an Irish harp before?" asked O'Brien, turning to Juliet Carew, and smiling his peculiar smile.

"Never," she replied, with sparkling eyes: "I have not been long in Ireland, but I hope I shall now form an acquaintance with Irish music, which I have heard is far from displeasing."

"Yes; my bard, Cahal Ban, is somewhat famous in Munster," said the chief, "and I hope he will delight your ear. I see, by his flashing eyes and working forehead, that he is going to begin with a warlike strain; but no doubt he will afterwards give you some softer and more dulcet music."

"I like warlike strains best," said Juliet, trying to perceive the expressions, which Redmond had detected in the countenance of Cahal Ban, and entirely failing in the attempt.

"Can you always tell what sort of a thing he is going to play?" asked Champernowne, who had no great appreciation of music.

"Nearly always. I am so well accustomed to watch Cahal Ban's face, that I know every line of it by heart. Listen! He is beginning."

In truth, a flush of martial ardour suffused the aged features of the harper as he struck the triumphal and resounding prelude to a wild and intricate march, amid the involutions of which might be distinctly traced, in the deep hush of all other sounds, the bold, warlike air peeling through every rapid variation. The bard's face changed instantaneously from anger to woe when a sudden interlude of wailing broke through the battle's clash, and again from woe to triumph as victory lent new glories to his speechless song. His audience, at first perfectly still, showed the intense sympathy which existed between music and their beings, as they rose from their seats and, in fierce martial fervour drawing their spears, produced a light clashing of weapons, which formed a most appropriate accompaniment to the harp of Cahal. The chieftainess and her maidens listened with wide eyes and glowing cheeks, and so, in some degree, did Juliet Carew; while O'Brien, who was as intensely sensitive to music as any of his race, rose and involuntarily laid his hand on the hilt of his sword. Even the priests seemed to picture their country and religion freed on the battle-field to the sound of such strains as these.

Sudden was the revulsion of feeling when the bard, as if overwrought by excitement, at last changed his tones, and glided into the soft, pathetic notes of the air now known as the "Last Rose of Summer." Gently did those sweet and sorrowful sounds rise through the silent hall, soothing, yet making mournful, those who had just been so wildly elated. O'Brien and his mother resumed their seats, while their drooping eyelids and relaxed features showed

their sympathy with the gentle melody that flowed from Cahal's harp. Melancholy of a tender cast had taken possession of every face, when that bard suddenly broke out into a gay tune, merry, vivacious, almost audacious in its strains. Then laughter brimmed in every eye, and the kernes could hardly keep their feet quiet.

"Your harper is the most wonderful musician I ever heard," said Juliet to O'Brien, as she smiled in harmony with the music and with the surrounding throng, having caught the irresistible infection.

"I have often heard it said that he was the best bard living, and now I know it must be true since you say so," replied the young chief, in laughing tones. It was impossible to speak seriously whilst Cahal was playing that tune, and whilst the whole assembly, in spirit at least, were dancing reels and planxties.

"I said not he was the best," replied Juliet; "there may be others as good in the wilds of your extraordinary island. I little thought that such melodies and such skill had this for their native land."

When Cahal Ban had finished his harp recital, he showed that he understood, in some mysterious way, that he was expected by his chief to sing a song, and that a special one; and as he began to raise a voice still rich, and managed with much talent and science, Champernowne asked O'Brien the meaning of the refrain.

"He is singing the charms of a fair Saxon maiden," replied the chief, smiling once more; and Champernowne was pleased by so graceful a compliment to his betrothed.

When Cahal Ban unstrung his harp, O'Brien sent his henchman to the old bard with a small golden cup, full of choice Malaga wine. Cahal drank the wine and kept the cup, with a low obeisance to his chief.

"Do you always give him a present when he has sung?" asked Juliet.

"Not always. Only when his performances have been special, as to-night."

"Even so, you must have to give him a great many," she said.

"True; I am afraid if I told you how many goblets I think to have been given him, you would imagine that he must be much addicted to stimulating his powers with usquebaugh. But the truth is, his powers need no stimulant."

"He is perfectly glorious," said Juliet, with an enthusiasm so unusual to her, that it assuredly must have been caught from the Celts who surrounded her.

At the conclusion of the evening, the priest with the silver hair pronounced a benediction, whilst all knelt before him. The English knew not quite what to do; until Juliet reflected that the man was a sort of clergyman, and that there could be no harm in

kneeling to receive his blessing. So she dropped on the ground between Redmond and his mother, both of whom bent so low that their foreheads nearly touched the floor. Champernowne leaned against the wall so as not to be conspicuous, and the bulky figure of Tom Harvey alone towered sturdily above the kneeling throng.

## CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning, as is so often the case in island climates, the mist had returned, and swathed mountain and valley in its thick folds. Champernowne was almost inclined to risk the pursuance of the journey, but O'Brien, though willing to lend him a guide, warned him of the dangers which he and his betrothed would be liable to meet with during their passage in the thick mist across so rugged a country, partly peopled by their enemies. And Juliet, when consulted, positively refused to incur these perils, so that nothing was to be done but to remain in the hospitable halls of Ara until the weather should change.

Champernowne was somewhat vexed at the obstacles opposed to Juliet's journey and his own return to Sir John Carew, who might at this very time, be molested by the MacCarthys. Moreover, O'Brien, of course, kept him quite in the dark as to his own political intentions, though as Champernowne discovered that the council board consisted of his mother, his uncle the Tanist, and a priest, who had incurred so much of Tom Harvey's enmity, and an elder sister married to a chief of the MacCarthys themselves, he thought it very probable that before long the standard of rebellion would once more be raised by the O'Briens of Ara. Could Champernowne have found out any of the secrets of this clan or the allies, he would not have hesitated to make use of them on his return; for even now he did not consider it necessary to be so honourable in his dealings with the Irish as with other foes. But their resources and their alliances were perfectly concealed from him; and when, drawn on by the apparent frankness of his entertainers, he trenched on the forbidden ground, they would slip away from the subject with as much agility as if scaling the cliffs of Slieve-na-Capall.

The married sister, Lady Catherine, as she was usually called among the Irish, who never merged the wife's name in that of the husband, was a very handsome woman, and as resolute as the rest of her family. She somewhat resembled her brother, who was much her junior, but her features were of a fuller cast, and her eyes as black and radiant as a summer night. Her manner was queenly, and Juliet admired her greatly, having never dreamt that

so splendid a specimen of womankind could be found among the mere Irish, and [made a pet of her pretty little boy. Champernowne, though he admired her beauty, disliked and mistrusted the Lady Catherine, for he saw that she hated the Saxons with a deadly hatred.

Juliet was not so much disconcerted as her affianced at the delay which the mist imposed upon her progress. The strains of Cahal Ban's harp again delighted her ear, and sometimes the Chieftainess's younger daughter, a sprightly girl, named Nora, whose voice, wonderfully sweet and sad, contrasted strangely with her lively character, would take a small harp or cruth, and sing in her native tongue. Champernowne privately observed to Juliet how barbarous its accents sounded, but though at first she had agreed with him in ridiculing its peculiarities, she soon afterwards informed him that she did not think it so uncouth a language after all. The Beautighearna, her maids, and Lady Catherine herself, were kind and hospitable to the Saxon girl, and the evenings in Cahal Ban's company became even more thrillingly delightful, and always seemed as novel as at first.

Champernowne was certainly amused at finding himself in the heart of one of those Celtic septs which he had intended to exterminate: watching their martial pastimes, hearing the soul-stirring music which urged them on to war, and eating at their hospitable board. Still he watched the weather with an anxious eye, and so, in fact, did Juliet. Always in the evening the mist rolled up to the mountain tops, as it had done when Champernowne sat upon Shive-na-Capall; and then he would announce that on the following morning they must take their departure.

"To-morrow morning," said O'Brien, "you will not be able to see a yard before you. I know by the sky that the mist will return."

"I was sure of it!" Juliet would exclaim, looking askance at Edward.

"Up here you must live in the dark half the year," said he a little pettishly, as if the mist were caused by some magic arts of the Gael.

"We make all the more use of the light half of the year," said Redmond.

"Haste thee and prove it, and voucher," exclaimed the sweet voice of the Lady Catherine. Champernowne disliked Lady Catherine so cordially that he always walked away when she approached.

One morning Juliet went, at about six o'clock, to the slit in the wall which lighted the chamber allotted to her among those of the chieftainess and her ladies. She almost started as she saw the sun

shine gloriously over glen and mountain out of an unclouded sky of summer blue. The wild, heathy moors, with their granite arêtes stretched away toward the silvery distance in tender purples and azures. Beneath her a few rich green meadows sloped down a woody gorge, from which the voice of mountain streams rang through the crystalline air of the summer morning. Not a trace of mist remained, except such a soft and delicate haze as usual tempers hot weather in island climates. Perhaps it was the unwonted light that made Juliet's eyes water a little as she gazed.

"Well, Juliet, here is our morning at last! Soon you will be with your cousin, Lady Segrave!" said Champernowne, as they entered in the hall. He spoke more cheerfully than was his wont.

To his astonishment, Juliet seemed far from pleased. She put on her determined way, so that Champernowne feared that she still anticipated dangers in the journey.

"How say you?" he asked, turning to the young chieftain. "There can be no danger now?"

"I will not say there is none," replied O'Brien; "but you will never have a more favourable opportunity than this. The disappearance of the mist has been our great loss." He smiled rather sadly as he spoke.

"We have been treated with every courtesy," said Edward. "I will now superintend preparations for our departure."

"Shane will see to that," said the chieftain; "meanwhile, you must strengthen yourselves for the journey."

This injunction was not obeyed by Juliet, whose breakfast was of the scantiest, though the chieftain urged her to make the best of the last meal she must eat in the halls of Ara. Nora O'Brien seemed also unhappy at losing Juliet, who had greatly delighted her, perhaps as a novelty, perhaps on account of the courtesy with which she had received the kindness of her Celtic entertainers. Even as it would be about an hour before the cavalcade would be prepared for departure, Nora declared that she must take the same lady down into the fairies' glen before she went, as the mist had now prevented the expedition. Juliet consented.

"Redmond, will you come and guard us, in case the fairies should be in a bad temper?" said Nora.

"What can a mortal arm effect against their magic ties?" replied he.

"Oh, they like not cold steel, and your sword may be of use," replied Nora. And O'Brien, after a little hesitation, accompanied the two girls to that very gorge which Juliet could see from the window of her chamber.

"Are there really fairies in this glen?" asked Juliet. "We have some in my country, and they are called pixies; they live most

among the hills and in the mountain gorges. In one place there is a rock, and in this rock tiny bells can be heard chiming; so that there is no doubt that it is the pixies' church."

"I am afraid ours are heathens," said Redmond, "though that point has never been clearly discovered, for they are very retired."

"Heathens or not, they certainly exist," said Nora, in a low tone.

"Yet I have sometimes doubted the existence of the whole fairy tribe," observed Juliet.

"Only take care not to say so in Glensighe," replied Redmond; "and we are now getting very near that haunt of the good people."

"You believe in them?" inquired Juliet, looking up at him.

"No doubt. Old Terrel MacHugh met them one day in the glen, and one of them gave him that slash in the face with a switch, of which you have perhaps noticed the scar. I must add that Terrel MacHugh had been drinking usquebaugh copiously at a wedding, which shows that the good people are great foes to intemperance."

There was a sly laugh in his grey eye when he said this; but it was soon overclouded, as was that which he kindled in the face of Juliet. They had now reached the glen, a small gorge of matchless beauty, not very rough, but with a profusion of oak and holly and rowan, the last now white with flowers, scattered over slopes of emerald green. A brook flowed at the bottom of the tiny vale, which seemed a fit abode for the fairy race; and Juliet greatly admired the beauty of the ferns grouped in tangled loveliness everywhere.

"I must gather you a bouquet of Glensighe flowers by which you may remember us," said Nora; and springing lightly away she fell to her task, leaving O'Brien and Juliet Carew standing together on a green ledge at the side of the glen. Juliet now thought it necessary to give some reason for her evident depression, and said how sorry she was that she should not hear Cahae Ban's harp again.

"Our Irish music pleases you?" said Redmond.

"I think your music and your musicians to be wonderful," replied Juliet. As she spoke she raised her eyes slowly to the face of the Irish prince, who looked away, and said hastily—

"Did you ever hear the story of the most wonderful harp of all?"

"No," she said; "I should like to hear it."

"It belonged to the harper of King Lora," said Redmond.

"Lora was a very handsome man, but he had horse's ears, which, you know, are not becoming to a king; so he always wore a cap even in church, and the barbers who cut his hair once a year he

killed directly afterwards. At last his men seized a widow's son to be his barber, and she went into Lora's presence, and begged him so hard to spare her son that he granted her prayer. The young barber nearly fainted when he saw the horse's ears; but he took an oath to keep the king's secret, and came back living to his mother. Of course, the secret made him ill, and he knew that he must die if he did not tell it out. He then went into the very middle of the wood, cut a slit in the wood of a large tree, and shouted into it that King Lora had the two ears of a horse. So he recovered. A great festival drew near, when all the harpers were to compete in the halls of Tara. Lora's harper wanted a new harp, and to make the frame he chose the very tree which had received the secret from the barber's lips. And when several other bards had played beautifully, and his turn came, nothing was heard like his music—you would scarcely have listened to Cahal Ban after that—when he played martial airs, all the crowd around nearly had a fight; and when his music was plaintive, they melted into tears. At last he stopped. 'Play something more,' said the king. 'Sire,' said the bard, 'my harp is running away with me. It plays, no I, and I am afraid of its doing something unconscionable.' 'Go on,' said the king, for even kings are unreasonable at times. So the harper obeyed, and the harp gave a cry of joy, as if its heart danced at the thought of the opportunity Lora had given it; and as soon as the bard's hand touched the strings, it called out to inform the audience that King Lora had the two ears of a horse. You may picture the poor king's horror, and how he stooped down his head, so that his cap fell off, and every one saw the redoubtable ears. Still the affair did good, for he never killed any more barbers."

"What strange things happen in Ireland!" exclaimed Juliet laughing.

"Only this was a very uncommon thing," said Redmond. "Indeed he was the only man in Ireland who ever had long ears."

"But is it, then, a good plan," asked Juliet, "to tell one's secret—if one had a secret—into the heart of a tree?"

"Why, I should say not; you see, they do not always keep their secret."

"I wish it *was* a good plan," said Juliet, in an unhappy tone.

"I think I would then do as the barber did."

"But you will soon have a friend to whom to tell all your secrets," said the young chieftain, "when you are Edward's bride; and saying thus gives me the opportunity of wishing you all happiness," he added, with something like an effort.

Juliet flushed violently, and was about to make a rather angry reply, when she checked herself, and merely said,

"I shall not tell Edward my secrets."

"Not? He is a good man and very kind, as I have, indeed, reason to know. I am not too proud to own that he protected me when I had no other earthly protector, and could not help myself. He is brave, too, for he alone had the courage to pity an 'Irish enemy,' when wounded and defenceless."

"Ay, for that I do Edward all honour," said Juliet, but—she was going to add,—“if you were a woman, and forced to marry him, you would think otherwise of him;” but she stopped, and then added—“Nevertheless, I shall not tell him the secret.”

"Then you will die under it, as the barber would have done under his if he had not told it to the tree."

"Yes," she said, musingly; "he certainly relieved his heart, albeit the whole matter came forth afterward. I have a mind," she went on laughing, "to tell mine to that beautiful young ash, if you will cut open the bark."

"I am ever ready to obey," replied O'Brien, smiling, as he drew his jewelled dirk and cut a small excavation in the bark of the graceful tree. Then he moved a few paces off, whilst Juliet sportively whispered some words into the moist hollow, from which the sap slowly trickled. Yet when she returned her cheek was wet with tears, and she had but just time to dry them before Nora came bounding up with a lovely bouquet of wild-flowers, amid which appeared the matchless ferns of Glensighe. Meanwhile Redmond had turned away so as to appear not to notice the tears which some concealed emotions called to Juliet's eyes, and had plucked a four-leaved shamrock which he noticed on the slope.

"This leaf will give you power to detect any magic or magical illusion that may be wrought near you," he said, returning slowly, and placing the leaf in her bouquet; "and as such wonders are common in my country, you will find it useful."

Juliet carefully guarded the leaf among her flowers, as she and her companions reascended the hill. None of the trio was in the most buoyant spirits; even Nora seemed depressed, and nothing was said until they regained the courtyard of the castle.

Champernowne had now organised his party, and stood beside Juliet's ready-caparisoned horse. The chieftainess was near, to do the parting honours, together with Lady Catherine and the little MacCarthy and Cahal Ban—snow-white from head to foot (except his ruddy, good-natured old face), chanting a crooning lay, lamenting the departure of the "fair-haired princely Saxons" in exaggerated terms of grief, and wishing them life-long prosperity in the shape of "full and healthy herds of cattle, the silk of the kine, and the green pastures." Juliet, therefore, presented him with a chain, which gift was looked upon as a further proof of the graciousness of the fair-haired, noble, radiant-eyed Sacsanach maiden.



They all drank a glass of wine at parting, and the chieftainess made many courteous speeches, which fell unheeded on the ears of the drooping Juliet; but when Nora came forward to bid her farewell, Juliet flung her arms around her neck, and kissed her with surprising energy. Then with a last look back she desperately shook her rein and moved away.

"And so we part once more," said Champernowne to O'Brien, as they stood side by side, the hand of Edward on his horse's mane.

"Yes, Mavrone! sorry, indeed, I am to part with you, Edward," replied the chieftain; "for you know my heart overflows, and ever will overflow, with gratitude towards the kindest of the Clan Saxon."

"You paid the debt of gratitude on Slieve-na-Capall," said Champernowne. "Farewell, Redmond; when shall we meet again?"

"Ah! when?" repeated O'Brien; and, as he spoke, a sudden flash shot through his laughing eye.

## CHAPTER VIII.

JULIET CAREW arrived safely at Lady Segrave's house under the care of Edward Champernowne. His journey had certainly not been a very agreeable one, for Juliet was silent and depressed, and replied rather pettishly to his remarks. She held in her hand the bouquet which Nora O'Brien had given her, when she bade her farewell in the garden of her cousin's house, after having taken a good meal, and then set out to rejoin Sir John Carew.

Juliet's first care was to separate the four-leaved shamrock from the bouquet, and to press it between the leaves of a large book. A few days afterwards she found that it was dried, when she placed it in a little white silk case, and carried it about in her bosom so as to be able to detect magical influences.

Lady Segrave, a bustling woman of about sixty, self-important and rather inconveniently philanthropic, noticed that Juliet looked ill and out of spirits, and suggested many reasons for the change. One of these was the absence of Edward Champernowne.

"When are you going to be married?" she asked, one day.

Juliet looked up quickly, scarlet to the ears.

"I wish it to be postponed," she said.

"Why, my dear? you seem so fond of Edward, for you have looked miserable ever since you parted from him."

Meanwhile Edward had rejoined Sir John Carew, who had taken every precaution which could be thought of, and with good success; for the only harm done by the MacCarthys was the lifting of a great many cattle in the neighbourhood. Still, great prepara-

tions were going on among them, as Sir John was assured by the woman to whom Juliet had been so kind. The true cause of these was at last apparent. Hugh O'Niell, the great Northern chieftain, was making preparations on a far grander scale than he had as yet attempted, and a large part of the Clans in the island were stirring in order to join him. It was evident that the sons of Ulster were to witness the sternest conflict which had yet taken place between the hostile races.

Champernowne determined on joining, as a volunteer, the army of Marshall Bagnall. He was not fond of remaining in quiet whilst such a contest was raging, and the power of the English in Ireland hanging in the balance; his brother was in Ulster, and Sir John Carew quite approved the bold resolve of his future son-in-law.

"As to Juliet," he said, "you had better make sure of her before you go; I wish you would go at once to Lady Segrave's and marry your betrothed: It is better that her estate should be settled in these troubled times."

"There is nothing which would better please me," replied Champernowne. "It is the desire of my life to wed your daughter. But whenever I have spoken of it she always seems unwilling."

"What can a wench's willingness or unwillingness matter?" exclaimed Sir John, as he sat over his wine. "It is not to be placed in the balance; and I tell thee, Edward Champernowne, I will not have this delay. Go and marry the bride whom I did thee the honour to promise thee; and then away with thee to fight in the North."

It may be well imagined that Edward was not sorry to avail himself of Sir John's commands. He started at once for Roscrea, arrived without any adventures at Lady Segrave's house, and sought an interview with Juliet Carew. This time he had not missed his way. She was looking very pale and low-spirited, and he saw her tremble as she leaned against the table for support.

"Juliet, dearest Juliet!" said Champernowne; "I come with a message from your father."

She looked relieved.

"I am about to go to the North, where the Irish are preparing to deal, what they mean to be, a crushing blow at our supremacy. There I must fight, as every Englishman should, for his country's power and well-doing."

"And for the lands he confiscated," put in Juliet.

"True," replied Champernowne. "We will not let these rebels drive us away from the soil which we have so heroically won. But your father's wish is that we should marry at once, and before I go, and so thou shouldst be settled in life, my lovely maiden."

Juliet shivered violently ; a darkness passed before her eyes, and she sank, half-fainting, upon a seat. Champernowne was much taken aback ; he was horrified at the manner in which she received his announcement, distressed at her appearing so ill, and frightened at the half-swoon into which she had fallen. He was quite at a loss what to do. At last he rather timidly took her hand, and chafed it to revive her.

"Away, Edward Champernowne!" she exclaimed. "Leave my hand alone! Unhappy wench that I am!" she went on in moaning tone. "What terrible fate am I summoned to!"

"Dost thou so hate me that loves thee?" asked Champernowne, grief struggling with anger in his heart.

"As a husband, I hate thee!" replied Juliet, whose very passion had recovered her from her swoon. "Oh, yes, I do!—I do hate thee, Ned!"

"And yet you told me you loved none else," said Edward.

She looked up in his face ; a strange light broke through her tear-blinded eyes.

"Aye! when told I thee so?" she asked a little bitterly, as she covered her face with her hands.

"When thou first camest to Ireland with Sir John," replied Champernowne.

She was silent.

Champernowne was certainly not what would be called an acute man, but he could not help seeing that some change had been wrought in Juliet Carew. She had always been somewhat unkind but had never shown such an aversion to him as now, and there was a peculiarity in her manner which struck him vividly.

"You cannot have changed since then?" he said. "Surely, since that time no one has stolen away the heart of my bride!"

"'Twould be no stealing," muttered Juliet ; "my heart never was yours."

"But I will make it mine," said he, "when we are married."

Juliet rose from her chair ; her pride, her sullenness, her coldness all disappeared, as she threw herself on the floor at the feet of Champernowne.

"Oh, Edward, spare me! spare me!" she cried. "I would do anything for you—would lay down my life for you, if only you would not force me to marry you! My father cannot make it be against your will at least. Tell him you give me up! Oh, Edward, have pity on poor Juliet!"

Edward looked down on her features distorted with anguish, whilst she seemed to implore his mercy by virtue of his very love for her. Her entreaties forced their way alike to the proud and to the compassionate part of his nature, whilst he turned in his mind

whether Juliet could possibly have fallen in love since the day when she had told him that her heart was free. He would have suspected that some tenderness for Frank Nutcombe survived, had not her denial been so explicit; but he knew that whatever were Juliet's faults, insincerity could not be reckoned among them, and he felt that Frank Nutcombe was out of the question altogether. A few rough settlers were her only neighbours at Kilnaglin, and they were not likely to win her admiration; besides which she had always ridiculed themselves and their manners on the few occasions when she had noticed them at all. Then a sudden light broke in upon his mind, as, thinking over all that had happened, he remembered the brief sojourn of himself and Juliet in the halls of Ara—remembered her sudden reconciliation to the Irish race and their customs and language—remembered her vexation when the mist cleared away—remembered, above all, the looks which he had at times seen her fix on Redmond O'Brien. Still it seemed very improbable that one like Juliet, a daughter of Sir John Carew, and a near relative of Lord Burleigh, should set her affections on an Irish chieftain in the mountains of Munster. It was true he was very handsome, and there would have been nothing about him to repel the love of even the most refined and modest English maiden, had not the two insuperable objections of his race and his religion existed; but so great did those appear to Champernowne, that he would have been less astonished, and perhaps less displeased, if the most worthless, ungracious, and even abandoned English Protestant, had won the heart of Juliet. Unable to believe what his own mind suggested, he was yet resolved thoroughly to probe the mystery.

"You told me false," he said, "when you affirmed that day that you were not in love, for you are."

"I never told you false, Edward!" replied Juliet, indignantly.

"Then you have lost your heart since."

She was silent.

"Methinks, Juliet," he went on, "that though you always misliked me, you have misliked me more since we were among the hills of Ara."

The violent blush which overspread the hitherto miserably white face of Juliet, left no more room for doubt. It set the seal on Champernowne's suspicions. Strange and unaccountable as the truth was, it was yet proved to be a truth beyond all question. That mute blush proved it as indisputably as the most open avowal could have done. He changed a little the position in which he stood, and heaved a sigh. That was all.

"I know now how the matter stands," he said quietly.

Then there was an awful pause. It was chiefly awful to Juliet, whose secret had just been discovered without any treachery or

garrulity on the part of the ash tree in Glensighe to which she had confided it; and she knelt before her terrible, tranquil accuser, suffused with blushes, and hanging her head as if her first love, her sweet and virtuous love, were a sin.

"I know all now," Champernowne at last resumed. "You are in love with Redmond O'Brien. You, an English lady, and a Protestant, have chosen to set your heart on a rebel Irish chief, as fierce an enemy of your country and of your belief as ever trod a mountain glen in these savage wilds."

"I know not quite what my belief is," murmured Juliet.

"At least you know you are a Protestant."

"Ay—I fancy that is all my religion amounts to," she said sorrowfully, and bitterly smiling through her blushes.

"Well, you have set your love on an enemy and a Papist, a protector of priests, who has drawn the sword against us, and is like doubtless to draw it again. But to one wish you have attained. I grant your prayer, and no longer claim your hand. While your heart was free I might hope to win it. Now I can hope for it no more. You are free, Juliet Carew."

For one moment she raised her eyes with a gleam of ecstatic gratitude, which made her feel almost saintly in its overflowing joy.

Then, having obtained the boon which she had begged, she rose from her knees, and took with timid thankfulness the hand which she had never for years taken willingly.

"Oh, Ned! I thank you a thousand times"—

"And a hundred thousand times," added Ned, bitterly, in grim imitation of ardent modes of expression of the old Irish. He watched, with a strange, painful pleasure, the relaxing of her features under the influence of her relief. "Fare-thee-well, Juliet; I think I shall never see thee again."

"Shall you tell all to my father?" inquired Juliet, as he turned to go.

"Nay, fear not, mistress; I will not expose you to his anger. Farewell, young lady!" and he lingered still, taking a last look at the fair face, and amber hair, and blue eyes, which had till now been the object towards which his thoughts always turned.

"I do so thank you for your generosity," said Juliet, shaking out the folds of her dress.

"No such generosity to decline the nominal possession of a heart given over to the Irish rebel's keeping," said Champernowne.

"I hope you are not mistaken," said Juliet, who just remembered that Champernowne might do O'Brien the injustice to think that he had tried to win her heart, or had declared his love to her; "I hope you do not think that he whom you spoke of made the slightest effort to attract me, or said a word which might imply

any attachment. I am honourable, Edward, and I would not for vanity's sake lead you to think him otherwise. He always treated me as a man of honour would treat the wife of another—with courtesy, and nothing more."

"Ah, I understand! your heart is a gift entirely gratuitous. It was not sought for, but is none the less freely given. Well, well, it may be that I am unworthy of such a donation—indeed," he added, a little sadly, "I have never been the man I ought; but, nevertheless," he went on, "however jealousy may consume me, I can wish for no greater calamity to my rival than to be the winner of such fairy gold. Once more, farewell!" and he disappeared.

"Ha! Ned Champernowne! I see thee return, and without my daughter as thy bride! Has aught happened to the wench?"

Sir John was seated in solitary state at the head of the oaken dining-table in his house at Kilnaglin. The remains of a fine fat hare, on which he had made great inroads, were before him, and a splendid salad at his side; he held a glass of ale at his lips.

"Nought has chanced Mistress Carew," replied Champernowne, moodily sitting down and folding his arms.

"Then why is she not Mistress Champernowne, man?" roared Sir John, his red face growing redder still; for he fancied that somebody had opposed, or was opposing his will.

"Because she and I have agreed that she shall not be Mistress Champernowne," was the answer.

"How now! traitor! get thee out of my house!" shouted Carew, holding the beaker of ale in a very threatening attitude, and glaring at Champernowne, who sat doggedly on his chair without stirring.

"Would you be coward and mean enough to force a maid to wed you after she had gone down on her knees imploring you, in tears and half-swooning, to have pity upon her?—I mean, would you have done so when a young man," said Champernowne, for the idea of Sir John, at his present time of life, even as a rejected wooer, struck him even in his depressed spirits as keenly ludicrous.

"Did the wench do that?" asked Sir John, sitting down again, for he could not remain long angry when he remembered that his salad was getting cold.

"Aye, that did she. She first frightened one nigh to death by half-fainting, when I mentioned your wishes; then she knelt at my feet and prayed for mercy."

"What grievous lack of dignity in a Carew!" muttered Sir John, falling to at the salad, and uncertain whether to be angry

with Juliet for opposing his will, or to treat the matter of Champernowne's rejection as one of no consequence to any but the unfortunate wooer. He decided on combining the two.

"What right had the wench to disobey her father?" he said. "Not but that she is fit to be the wife of the greatest lord in England; but I had resolved to give her to you, Ned, because you had known each other long, and because our estates lay convenient both in England and Ireland. I will show her that a maiden's wish must be that which her parents choose it should be!"

"Nay, be kind to the poor lass," said Champernowne; "that if you send for her home."

"That I shall do," replied Carew. "She shall be more under her father's eye than ever heretofore, and I doubt but Lady Segrave lets her have her own way too much. But as to how to treat her, remember, Ned Champernowne, thou hast no more right to advise about her; thou hast given her up."

"And every hope of my life with her!" said Champernowne.

"For a wench!" exclaimed Sir John, contemptuously. "Though, surely, she is a Carew," he went on, recollecting himself. "Thou art right, Ned, thou mightest go further and farther worse!"

It never occurred to Sir John to inquire whether she might not be in love with anyone else; he thought so little of a maiden's own feelings.

Soon after Carew himself fetched his daughter back to Keshaghin. Before that time came, Champernowne had armed the free tenants on his estates, who all wished to be led against the foe in Ulster; had placed his land under the care of a trusty steward, and had set out northwards. Tom Harvey's delight at the thought of more fighting with the Papists passed the bounds usually set to his surly, repressed nature; and the servant was in high spirits, though master in low, as they left the rich fields and purple hills of the south.

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#### ERRATUM.

Page 14, line 6, for "my Lord Grey," read "my Lord Borough."

THE MYSTERIES AROUND US.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

COUNTLESS the wonders that perplex us here,  
From the small atom to the mighty sphere ;  
How little Wisdom sees with vision clear !

Tell me what feeds yon fount of solar rays,  
Light, heat, and colour, in that glorious blaze,  
Unchanged, undimmed through everlasting days ?

Say, what the power which in all substance hides,  
Attraction called, that lifts the ponderous tides,  
Rounds the bright rain-drop, and each planet guides ?

What are those fearful travellers, whose pale flame .  
Drives through the sky, and what their use and aim,  
Back hurrying to the abysses whence they came ?

Why dance those colours round the midnight pole,  
A painted glory owning no control.  
Like earth's released, and sky-ascending soul ?

How darts, an Ariel swift, along the chain,  
Invisible fire, o'er lands beneath the main,  
Till speech flies round the world, and space seems vain ?

O wondrous power, the small, poised needle shows,  
That mysteries, veiled from man, detects and knows,  
Feels the far sun,<sup>1</sup> and points to polar snows !

Wherefore those changes in our solid earth ?  
Sea-shells crown mountain tops, new lands have birth,  
Ocean still shifting—Nature's awful mirth.

How, for a million years, lath unquenched fire  
Wrapt the world's centre, dread volcanic ire  
Earth's safety-valve, the breath she must respire ?

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<sup>1</sup> The solar spots are well-known to be connected with the disturbances of the earth's magnetic currents ; consequently through the latter the solar phenomena may be said to affect the compass-needle.



O life ! quick life ! still deeper mystery thou,  
Flashing from primal darkness ! man must bow,  
Nor hope to pierce the mists that veil thy brow !

As great a wonder as yon King of day  
Holding oe'r distant worlds his giant sway,  
Nods the small flower that decks spring's jocund way.

It lives—but what is life ? It grows, expands,  
Its velvet bloom slow-oped by Nature's hands ;  
Wisdom looks, thinks, but still astonished stands.

O life, strange life ! along the paths of sky,  
Behold, all energy, yon eagle fly,  
Scorning the earth his sunup turning eye.

What fills with force that flying dust ? a heart  
Could not, through blood, strong instinct, will, impart  
Sience is dumb, and dashed man's proudest art.

Life, spirit-life ? the burning, prison'd soul,  
Beyond earth's wondrous things—the orbs that roll—  
The grandest mystery, wonder of the whole !

Whence sprang we ? whither go we ? this poor sod  
Nurses the short-lived frame, a moving clod ;  
The mind, the mind, is lit with fire from God !

Yes, marvels and deep mysteries 'round us lie,  
Some dark and fearful, bidding Wisdom sigh,  
Some full of glory, brightening earth and sky.



## LENDING LIBRARIES TO THE POOR.

FIFTY or a hundred years ago, it was no uncommon circumstance to find people of the working classes who could neither read nor write. In these days a person entirely uneducated, even amongst the very poor, is seldom met with. As compulsory education is now the law of the land, it is surely the duty of those who possess power and influence to promote means for the cultivation of those tastes which education more or less developes.

One thing is most important, to provide the poor with plenty of healthy literature at as cheap a rate as possible. For this purpose every parish should have a library, to which the poor could have easy access, provided not only with books of a graceful and instructive character, but also with works of fiction of a good moral tendency. If the youths who have imbibed a taste for reading—and a most beneficial taste for youth it is—are not provided with good and interesting books, they may be tempted to provide themselves with reading which may do them real harm. Cases have appeared in our police courts in which boys have been led on to crime by a course of the halfpenny dreadful periodicals. In the trial of the unhappy youth, Arthur O'Connor, it was stated that he had been in the habit of perusing reading of this kind, until his naturally weak mind became so excited that he even courted notoriety by attempting the life of his Queen. Now, although education is an excellent work, we must not forget that in unskilled hands it is also a dangerous weapon. Therefore we must do our best to train those in whose hands we place it to use it aright; and I am convinced that few things tend more to refine the mind than healthy reading. Some good-intentioned people consider that no work should be done amongst the poor that is not of an exclusively religious character. According to their notions, nothing but religious books and tracts should ever be lent to them. Now, this principle carried out will have the same effect as all other narrow-minded ideas, to induce an undue craving for that which is forbidden. The servants who are expected to confine themselves to books of a grave character will, if they are fond of reading, take opportunities of abstracting novels from the drawing-room. And can we blame them, for must not the advice of their mistresses seem unreasonable when the next half-hour finds them absorbed in the interest of the last sensational novel? The cottages where the district visitor leaves her tracts, and expects that they only should be read, will, if the taste of the inhabitants tend that way, be supplied with as much reading as can

be cheaply obtained, and too often it will be of the halfpenny dreadful style. Having myself founded a library, I have had a good deal of personal experience of the good which judiciously-supplied literature may do amongst the poor, and, judging from the eagerness with which the books are read, I can confidently assert that they are much appreciated. One of the remembrances of my childhood is a little shelf of holland-covered books in my father's rectory, which were called the village library, and which seemed to me then a grand and important work, and which, small as it was, was useful in its way. This gave me the wish some day to start a library of my own; and, as I believe all desires for the good of others are permitted by the Giver of all Good to bear fruit, so I was enabled, through some difficulties, to carry out my idea. The people in the neighbourhood in which I live are intelligent, and books were appreciated by them. So I obtained permission of the kind clergyman, under whose superintendence I worked, to start a library. He accorded me a corner in the parish school-room, with a presence of a book-case to fill as I could. Kind and liberal friends supplied me with sufficient funds to buy a few new books to commence with, and presents of old ones were also sent me. With about fifty books I visited as many poor people as I had any knowledge of to become subscribers. The first day twenty-seven appeared, and since then I have usually had a steady attendance, fluctuating from fifty to sixty, sometimes reaching to more than seventy, and, through the winter only, dwindling down to fifteen. For some years I have carried on the work, and have every reason to be satisfied with the results. I have now a library of about six hundred volumes. I attend in person every week, and devote an hour-and-a-half to giving out the books. The subscription is one penny a month, and for this each person is allowed two books a week. It is an interesting sight to watch the people flocking in to choose their books—wives anxious to select some work sufficiently erudite for their husbands—for “He don’t like no nonsense,” and “He don’t want nothing childish,” they contemptuously observe, as they glance at the tales on the table; invalid men walking slowly in; boys with their bright young faces eager for books of adventure and travel; girls inquiring for stories about service, &c. I sit at a table a little apart from them, and with the proviso that every care is taken of the book-case, I leave them to make their own selection. Sometimes they stand together in groups, delivering their opinions in an undertone or a whisper. The comments made are often very amusing. One woman, coming to choose a tale for another, I ventured to recommend, “Mind Whom You Marry.” “Lor,’ ma’am,” she indignantly exclaimed, “she’s been a married this fifteen year.” A little boy, eager for tales of war and adventure, was one day

vehemently attacked by a group of women who objected to his tastes. "May I have the 'History of the Plague,'" he asked. "You get out of the way. I should think you was a plague," exclaimed one. "His mother says he's always after war and bloodshed," said another. "Here, take this!" said a third, looking him out a tale of a mild nature. The poor boy returned after the women had gone, and respectfully asked to be allowed to change it for one about war. One learned lady, after having seated herself at the table, examining the books for about three quarters of an hour, observed, "I put my taters on to bile, and if I don't go back I expect they'll spile." They generally call the books libraries, and gravely say, "I want another library, please;" or, "I have brought back two libraries." Once, oh! horrid idea! a woman asked if I made much by it. A dirty little boy, of interesting appearance, one day inquired for "Dick Turpin." I supplied him with works of a healthier tendency; but I fear he did not find them sufficiently exciting, for he did not continue long. Sometimes I get a word of appreciation, or am gratified by finding the books have done real good. "How kind it is of you, miss, to come here to wait on us," said one woman gratefully; "since my husband have had the books, he stays at home from the public house." "Oh! how I love these books!" exclaimed a poor, pale man, as he went out hugging them to him. He read constantly for some months, then I missed him, and heard that he was dead. Once the library had a dreadful blow: it was found that the door the members entered by was inconvenient to the school, and I had to find another entrance. So much offence did this give, that a great many withdrew, though one woman sensibly observed, "Surely, ma'am, what's good enough for you is good enough for us."

The library is now entirely self-supporting, though I am indebted to the Christian Knowledge Society for several liberal grants of books, and also to the kindness of a lady who gives grants privately for the benefit of poor people's libraries. I do not approve of an entirely free library, because I think people are sure to appreciate the books the more if a small sum is charged for their use. People of the upper classes, who subscribe to support the library, are not allowed to pay more than the poor. I find this tends to maintain the independence of the institution, and the more independent these things can be made, the better will they succeed.

EXPERTA.

## A SESTINA.

OUT of deep darkness burn her mouth and eyes,  
 When the loud stirring world lies still, and Death  
 Holds day. I see her fair face, ah! how fair;  
 And half in pleasure I look, and half in pain,  
 What time the late lights shine of watchet eve,  
 Till the wet shadows wane in front of morn.

Such days as ours she knows not, nor such morn  
 As our morn feeds her eyes, her sad sweet eyes;  
 But though she knows now no grey shadow of eve,  
 Yet, bitter, dull, inexorable Death!  
 She feels may be some far-off sense of pain,  
 Knowing for me the world is no more fair.

Ah, not again for ever, O most fair!  
 May I on thy moist threshold, in the morn  
 Throw dewy roses, never may my pain  
 Be all forgotten in thy liquid eyes;  
 For thy dear beauty lies buried deep in death,  
 Lost as a cloud in air, or light at eve.

Closed round with mist and cloud as winter's eve,  
 In some unlovely land once passing fair,  
 Now filled with formless shadows of murky death,  
 My life is made one night without a morn—  
 One night, through which, I, orphan of thine eyes,  
 With fainter hands grope ever with greater pain.

Ah! who can tell my tears, my tale of pain?  
 It were all one to count the eyes of eve,  
 Gods' footprints in their fields, eve's myriad eyes,  
 The sunless wrinkles of the old sea, the fair  
 First leaves of May, the flowers of April's morn,  
 The grains of dust about the feet of Death.

A shining flood which leaves to drought and death,  
 The life born on its borders, without pain  
 Seeking the thankless sea, so a larger morn  
 Thou soughtest, leaving me in lasting eve,  
 Who hear but in dreams, and see thy words and fair  
 Face, and, ah! wake with sad insatiate eyes.

But lo! my faint eyes must be dark in death,  
 And foul and fair be like, and pleasure and pain,  
 'Ere my long eve once more wane into morn.

JAMES MEV

## THE ORDERS OF CHIVALRY AND DECORATIONS:

### A REVIEW OF POPULAR OPINIONS.

BY CAPTAIN J. H. LAURENCE-ARCHER.

THE patron Saint of England, and of chivalry, has been the subject of so much curious controversy; and we have been so frequently warned against confounding him with the Arian bishop of Alexandria, that little remains to be said concerning his identity. The circumstances, however, of his memorable exploit may still be perfectly known; hence, in a recent public notice, regarding the lineage of sovereigns, we are reminded that St. George's *spear*, having been broken in the first encounter with the dragon, the saint must be represented *sword in hand*.<sup>1</sup>

How the warrior Saint came to be chosen as the patron of knighthood it is unnecessary to explain, as the following remarks apply to modern chivalric customs and questions, rather than to mediæval tradition.

If we take the ordinary dictionary definition of the word, so many diverse things may appropriately be called "*decorations*," that when we come to the *chivalric*, even here, we find that there are definitions within definitions, and that things are not always what they seem; for although the "*Siamese Umbrella*" may, in one sense, be termed an honorary *decoration*, in another it is less so than the Mandarin *button*, which has never been accounted chivalresque. And, again, war medals, and crosses, and civil marks of honour, of similar forms, although in character essentially decorations, still, technically, they are not so.<sup>2</sup>

"A Traveller" has recently observed that, the system of decorations, if "cleverly managed becomes the most powerful weapon in the hands of a minister or sovereign;" and that men of independence dare not decline them, because, to do so, would be to insult the king, the minister, and their own colleagues. "There are

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<sup>1</sup> St. George, the patron saint of England, must not be confounded with George of Cappadocia, the Arian bishop, usurper of the see of Alexandria. Consult Dr. John Milner's *Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, the Patron of England*, Lond. 1675; Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, April 23; Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*; and "N. and Q." 3rd S. viii. 79, 138, 153; 4th S. ii. 595.

<sup>2</sup> *Times*, Aug. 19, 1871.

poets and professors in Germany," adds the same moralist, "who are believed to possess a complete collection of all the decorations, granted by the sovereigns of Europe, Asia, and Africa"—"may we not add America?"—"and the mode of obtaining them may become a perfect art"—while "Uhland's refusal to accept the order *pour le mérite*," stands alone in the history of German literature."

Even in England this "passion," amongst men of the highest ability; may be supposed to be dormant.

"No subject of Her Majesty shall accept a foreign order from the sovereign of any foreign country, or wear the insignia thereof, without having obtained permission from the crown."

These terms do not include the decorations which were the subject of discussion in Parliament, for the latter were granted simply by the French Provisional Government. But the Provisional Government, was not the *Sovereign of France*, within the meaning of the regulation, and as the latter purports to be in *restraint*, it must be interpreted strictly. . . . "So orders conferred by dethroned princes are not within the regulation, because they are not *sovereigns* of foreign countries."

These regulations were originally established to "prevent a spirit of political intrigue, among persons employed on foreign service."

The shadow is sometimes more attractive than the substance, and the symbol than the merit, which it is supposed to represent; and our vanity is satisfied, if, by the acceptance of a decoration, we can assure the world that the bestower becomes, as it were, a *compurgator* in support of our supposed deservings.

The members of any "club or society have a perfect right to wear badges and ribands;" and the law inflicts no penalty for so doing. At the same time, in the absence of any precise law or

<sup>1</sup> At the head of the more recent Orders of Knighthood, precedence should be given to the highly suggestive "Crown of Italy"—a happy substitute for the "Iron Crown of Lombardy," and which was instituted in 1868, on the occasion of a Royal Marriage. Such an order, and one so entirely congenial to English feeling, would, if better known, be justly valued, and would scarcely be obnoxious to such imputations.

<sup>2</sup> FOREIGN DECORATIONS FOR ENGLISH SUBJECTS, Aug. 11, 1871.—Mr. Eastwick moved that an address be presented to the Queen praying that she will direct such a modification of the Foreign Office regulations as will permit British subjects to accept and wear foreign decorations, &c. Lord Enfield remarked that the rules of the Foreign Office were simple and well-known, and although they permitted combatants, who had been employed with the sanction of the Crown in the service of a foreign government, to wear decorations conferred for such service, they excluded all non-combatants, and no amount of private or other influence was ever allowed to modify these rules.

<sup>3</sup> S. G. Bowyer.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Enfield.

international regulation, the usage of civilised states has established that the founder of a *public* order of knighthood must be in the full exercise of sovereign power. Orders restricted to societies, however powerful and numerous in their members, would not be accepted as genuine, by the general public; and, moreover, as in ancient knighthood, the *preliminary* and indispensable qualification (gentility) could not be conferred as a right, although acknowledged as courtesy.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to *Masonic* decorations, these are recognised by Freemasons themselves, simply as jewels appertaining to grades, and obtainable without any reference to merit or services.

The Barmecides (although only a *family*) and the Memlooks, Abencerrages, and Janissaries, were almost equivalent to Christian chivalric confraternities, although founded on an entirely different principle; while to those who fail to see nice distinctions, or narrow limits, Brahminical marks, Cowrie necklaces, and Buck Indian ornaments of feathers, are significant of a sort of abnormal chivalry.

"A foreign title of nobility gives only the rank of esquire in England; but a foreign knight is a knight by the law of England.

. . . The reason of this is, that knighthood does not belong to any one State, but in general throughout Christendom. . . . and this principle of law forms an exception to the law that, the Crown is the sole fountain of honour."

"Orders of chivalry are confraternities of knights, and what are called decorations are merely part of their dress, denoting that those who wear them are members of those societies respectively.

. . . Decorations . . . are unknown to the laws of England, and if they be foreign they give no rank, dignity, title, or precedence here."<sup>2</sup>

The above remarks are only, to a certain extent, true of modern knighthood, since it has ceased to be confined to Christendom, and, moreover, the knighthood here meant, is of an earlier period, and is only, by a stretch of the "proprieties," to be considered as identical with its present nominal representative.

Such *relative rank* is, in most cases, of slight signification in its own sphere, where the individual or personal merit, for which it is conferred, must be more or less accurately known. To be valued, it must be introduced into a *lower sphere* than was tolerated in the early days of chivalry; and persistent social usage will always give

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Sir G. Bowyer.

<sup>1</sup> Co. Litt. 166; and Year Book, 26th Edward IV., 6th and 29th Edward II., 36; "Doderidge" on Nobil., 164; "Duke of Brunswick v. King of Hanover." C. Beavan, 2: "Fleta" 1, 2, cap. 3, sec. 9. (*The Times*, Aug. 1871.)



precedence to nobility, even though foreign, when of a grade superior to that description of titular rank which is only equal to *esquire*."

With regard to the latter we daily find that (socially) wealth overrules such distinctions, and that the rich son of the people will be granted precedence of the poor scion of the squirearchy.

In England, at any rate, it is certain that society refuses to regard knighthood as a *cosmopolitan* order; for there are many knights, of foreign orders, amongst us, who never assume the equestrian prefix to their names, nor are their wives gratified with the style of "Lady;" and yet, by Sir G. Bowyer's showing, they are as much entitled to such distinctions as are "our own *chivalry*."

But there are many other questions connected with this subject which appear to be equally deserving of consideration.

One would scarcely venture to assert, dogmatically, that any individual, or any class of individuals, is competent to found an order of honorary knighthood; and yet a variety of precedents might lead us to infer as much, especially with regard to some of the earlier orders of chivalry.

Thus, about 1520, an order was founded, it is said, by the citizens of Valenciennes, and many other orders have been "said" to have been founded by *subjects* and *corporate bodies*.

"The CROWN," of course, with us, is the fountain, and *only* fountain of honour; but in other countries, where no crown exists, political parties invent such orders; and these again are sometimes adopted by the *de facto* governments, without any reference to their origin.

The decoration of *British India*, instituted by the East India Company, and restricted to our native troops, was of the nature of an order; but the restriction debased its character, for it was given only to the political *inferior*.<sup>1</sup>

"The Humane Society" has a medal, which commends itself to general respect, and is only *technically* less than an "order of chivalry," while *virtually*, it is superior to the majority of decorations of a merely complimentary character.

"The *Ancient and Primitive Rite of Freemasons*" has founded a decoration of honour for the "reward of distinguished acts whether performed by man or woman, at fires, and where machinery is used, on land, &c. This then, is as much an "order" as "Le *Chapelet de Notre Dame*," of the *burgesses* of Valenciennes, and with a much better object.

The question, however (taking the whole range of these orders), is, whether, if *popularly accepted*, there be any law of chivalry which

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ellenborough seems to have *hinted*, or rather suggested, the subsequent "Star of India," in his own "bronze Star for Gwalior."

cludes a *subject* from founding an honorary order. *Subjects* ended them in Palestine of yore, and nothing has since occurred, the history of the human race, to debar them from that privilege. The power of *sentiment* remains unchanged, in the institution itself, an "order," and the latter's general acceptance seems to be only a matter of opinion, resting mainly on the *power* of causing popular favour. All that is required (*it seems*) to establish an order is, to secure for it a popular *confirmation*.

One may take it for granted that, although according to general opinion, the *ex-president* of a republic could not, consistently, found an order of chivalry, an *ex-king* might, without impropriety, do so, in virtue of his inherent royalty of blood—and more especially in the case of family orders. Such a privilege would probably not be questioned, if exercised by the *Count de Chambord*, especially as it would be confirmed or affirmed by a large section of his countrymen. Such a *principle*, however, would scarcely be extended to a Pagan, or other Pagan chieftains, without mediæval family traditions, or any past connection with chivalry.

A vicious practice has prevailed of Europeans, at Oriental courts, inducing the sovereign, ignorantly to bestow on them some gift of their own invention, having the *appearance* of an *order*, and then dilating it in Europe, by a sort of quibble, as veritable—the "umbrella," and "fish," trinkets, which occasionally attract notice.

The last King of Oude had a number of European parasites (rewarded by our government) at his court, and amongst these many "*ordres d'honneur*" were invented.<sup>1</sup>

The Order of the *Durani Empire*, unnoticed by *Perrot, De Genoa*, and several other writers on the subject, including *Sir B. Burke*, is prototype, *Wahlen*, of Brussels, is on the other hand, a genuine one, founded by *Shah Shoojahool Moolk*, the rival of Dost Mahomed. According to Hough,<sup>2</sup> an investment of the order took place in 1847, at the palace of the Bala Hissar, on the 17th September,

With regard to the name *Durani*, it is explained that Ahmed Abdalee (crowned at Candahar, in 1747), "took the title of Dowran, or Pearl of the Age," which being corrupted into *Durane*, or *Durani*, gave the name to the empire which he founded, hence to the "order" in question.

As to the *marks of honour*, it may be observed that when writers

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the writer himself heard of them while a guest at the Residency, now.

*Invasion of Afghanistan*," by Hough.

B.—It is a curious fact, taken in connection with the spread of Demoprinciples, that old works on Chivalry, Heraldry, &c., have risen very much in price within the last ten years.

wilfully incorporate commemorative medals, and simple honorary decorations, amongst (so to speak) *technical* orders, a flood-gate thus opened for the introduction of the most outlandish *ornaments*.

The Chinese evidently had the idea of honorary decorations long before they were reduced to a system in Europe. We are pleased to style these "*Buttons*," yet they are no more *buttons* than are the *balls* on the *coronets* of *peers*.

But to return to the original question. Prize agents have been allowed to bestow their own medals on our Blue Jackets; and public companies were now to invent decorations for themselves; it would be, after all, no more than what the famous merchants of *Amalfi* did long ago. If the practice, however, were revived in any extent, the really *great* would have to abandon their decorations, just as they had to leave *powder* and *knee-breeches* to their servants.

The republican chivalric orders of Central and Southern America seem to be even more strictly of a political character than those of their congeners, and are liable, of course, to more than usual changes and alterations, consequent on the variable governments of these states.

Thus, the Mexican *Imperial* order, founded by Iturbide, in 1821, was abolished by a revolution—revived by a dictator or president—again abolished; then restored by the unfortunate Maximilian, and lastly adopted by his successor, who recognised the advantage even under a *republican* government, of an imperial institution.

But it must be remembered that chivalric institutions are incompatible with republican principles, but rather the contrary, the history of the Italian republic has taught us.

The present is assuredly an age of *renaissance*; and, notwithstanding popular assertions to the contrary, never were "*heraldry*" and "*decorations*" held in higher estimation by the bulk of mankind. Nay more—Oriental despotism has awakened to the same influence, and, following the examples of Persia, Turkey, and Afghanistan, *Siam* appears (according to Genouillac<sup>1</sup>) to have recently produced the *two* orders of the "*Golden Sun*," and "*The Umbrella*"—for which latter we have unfortunately no synonym sufficiently dignified.

*Burmah* has also, from her nebulous mass of royal honours, gratified European taste with the order called "*Byet*," the precise signification of which, however, has not been generally communicated to the public by its distinguished introducer, "*the Padma Woon*."

But even barbaric Africa has not been left unrepresented; and "*the Palm and Alligator*" seems to enjoy the unique distinction

<sup>1</sup> Who, however, gives *Burmah*.

of having been conferred on the solitary knight commemorated in Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."<sup>1</sup>

In justice to the compilers of works on this subject, it ought to be remembered, that where there is no distinct law there must be infinite licence, and, consequently, it becomes extremely difficult to affirm which *are* and which *are not* genuine orders.

The latest discovered portrait of some forgotten mediæval worthy may reveal an obsolete chivalric decoration in the fashion of his gold chain or collar, while the collars of "SS," and of the "Rose and Sun," have as much claim to be recognised as the *family* orders of Lancaster and York, as any recorded in more modern times.

We cannot accommodate modern ideas to mediæval precedents, and our social or knightly confraternities would never subscribe to some of the statutes of "the good old times." Thus, one of the rules of the Order of *The Scarf*, instituted in 1330 by Alphonso XI., of Castile, prohibited the knights from eating onions, garlic, &c., and offenders were ineligible to appear at court for one month, or to hold intercourse with their *confrères*.

So, also, the Knights of St. George, in the Franche Comte (1390), were bound, as a mortification, not to eat fowl, sweets (dry or liquid), and wine, or any other artificial drink.

Restrictions like these would be simply intolerable at the present day, either to monarchists or republicans.

But from such inferences we are apt to stray farther than we may have intended, and to pass from decorations to *badges*, until, lost in the still expanding circles of doubt, we begin to distrust all but the strictly historic orders, which are still honoured, say as they like, by *all* political denominations.

"An interesting, though, as some may think, an unimportant question," says *The Times*,<sup>2</sup> "was discussed in the House of Commons. To make it more intelligible, we had better, perhaps, describe the state of things which it was proposed to change. In most countries it is the custom to reward eminent services by what are called 'decorations'—that is, badges of various kinds to be worn as expressions of the sovereign's approbation or favour . . . In this country decorations are given sparingly . . . No subject of the Queen may wear a foreign decoration without permission, and such permission is *not* to be granted unless the gift has been earned by active and distinguished service 'before the enemy, either at sea or in the field.' Here, therefore, are two distinct regulations—first, a general interdict admitting of dispensation; and, next, a strict limitation of the conditions under which dispen-

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<sup>1</sup> *Vocæ* "Knighthood."

<sup>2</sup> Aug. 14, 1872.

sation may be granted. . . . It is reasonable enough that the Sovereign should be not merely the fountain of honour, but the only fountain of honour within her own dominions. . . . But if this rule is to be open to modification, is the modification prescribed as rational or proper as it might be? That was the question raised by Mr. Eastwick?" The writer then goes on to explain in detail the inconvenience of any relaxation of the existing rules.

More recently the question has been again raised, with reference to the Vienna Exhibition, and happily with the same result; for we quite concur in the opinion of the highest authorities, that the craving for decorations, where no action of *éclat* has been performed, has a demoralising tendency.

Only the other day a singular travestie of chivalry was enacted in London. On the occasion in question, by some strange mistake, royalty was called upon to preside at a ceremony which, notwithstanding the administration of solemn oaths, and the offering up of prayers, must be regarded as of the nature of a theatrical performance, since its *Masonic* origin is now ignored; for, as the *revival* of an extinct order of chivalry, it is of no effect—if not, indeed (to apply a serious word to such an occasion), unconstitutional—as an implied attempt to do so. But to discuss such a grotesque anachronism any further would be unnecessary; for, with the exception of those directly interested in elevating their social status by the possession of a spurious order of chivalry, the public endorses the view taken of this proceeding by the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*.



## CARDINAL DE BERNIS.

" Ne forçons point nôtre talent,  
Nous ne ferons rien avec grâce."

*La Fontaine.*

th century might perhaps be defined, in so far at least concerned, as the golden age of well-bred *dilettante*-ism. ed by that reaction of prostration and disappointment lowed the closing disasters of the late reign, deserted ent by that passion for martial renown, and for the , which had filled the preceding age, deprived, by the government, of that healthful arena which the public ountry offers to the energy of its citizens, and not yet at craving for mercantile gain and enrichment which e soul of our own time,—the upper classes amongst subjects threw themselves eagerly upon the only occu- ing to them—the full and free enjoyment of one an- ny. The men of quality, the men of rank, the men of en of literary or artistic talent, all employed the utmost heir station, their means and their intelligence, towards universal goal of contemporary ambition,—social dis- e Paris *salons*, success at Court, favour with the royal e time being. Here alone were to be found all the ade existence pleasant to the satisfied few who merely mplete fruition of the rank, wealth, and leisure, which ed from others; and here also lay the only avenues to ferment left open to the aspiring many who desired to multiply their share in the world's good things.

e most notable results brought about by this order of at in every calling and career of the monarchy, the d nothing to recommend them beyond the common- of energy, talent, and thorough mastery of their pro- themselves hopelessly distanced by frivolous aspirants ; social qualities required for winning the good graces otectors.

utmost neglect and thanklessness were reserved for the glie, the ablest French diplomatist of the time, and after reviving the decrepit strength of the French nd, had thwarted for several months the aggressive ussia on Saxony and Bohemia; and the governorship garrison-town was the highest promotion awarded, volution, to Dumouriez, the first general who, since e's death, was found capable of leading the French

arms to victory; whereas ecclesiastics like Talleyrand, were advanced to the bench of bishops on the eve of a social and religious convulsion that was to shake the edifice of the French Church to its very foundations; commanders, such as the Duc de Richelieu and the Duc de Soubise, were appointed to the French armies opposed to the science and strategy of the Great Frederic; and at the moment when the dismemberment of a vast monarchy, and the formation of two Great Powers in the North, were about to transform the face of Europe, the foreign affairs of France were handed over to a man full, indeed, of interesting qualities, but without force of character, and whose powers of mind cannot, on the whole, be reckoned as more than second-rate.

François Joachim de Bernis was born in 1715, at Saint-Marcel d'Ardèche, in Vivarais. He was a younger son of a family old and well descended, but sorely straitened in means, and, consequently, when his boyhood was over he found that he had nothing to look for beyond what he might win for himself by his own success in life. Having taken deacon's orders, the high standing of his family procured him admission into the most aristocratic and exclusive chapters of the French Church, and he was speedily named Canon-count of Brionde, and subsequently, Canon-count of Lyons. But these distinctions, however flattering as certificates of quality-lineage, were purely titular, and did not in any wise help him to solve the difficult problem of daily existence. For year after year he found himself reduced to live a life of almost Bohemian indigence in the midst of the best Paris company, where he was easily received, in virtue of his family connexions, and where his wit, his winning presence, and his social gifts, made him freely welcome. He appears to have excelled at composing pretty stanzas, the recital of which entertained the merry suppers of Paris. His little successes in this vein seem to have led him into error as to the nature of his vocation, and his boyish ambition was not proof against the temptation of writing and publishing two or three volumes of serious poetry. But the counsel of circumspect friends, joined to his natural good sense, soon stopped him in this mistaken path; and he has very gracefully explained his timely withdrawal from it in a letter, written many years later, to the deriding Voltaire:—"J'y ai renoncé," he says, "quand j'ai connu que je ne pouvais être supérieur dans un genre qui exclut la médiocrité," and so candid and modest a confession should have sufficed to disarm the raileries of those detractors who were disposed to sneer at his bye-gone errors of judgment. He continued, however, to versify in an easy and unpretending strain, besides winning some credit by a few light essays in prose, which drew compliments from competent judges.

There were, however, persons who did not consider these literary pursuits at all becoming an aspirant of good company; and the aged Cardinal Henry, then Prime Minister, who had long been intimate with the Bernis family, sent one day for the young author, and admonished him severely upon this subject, assuring him that if he did not mind his conduct, he need look for no preferment so long as he, the Cardinal, remained alive. This menace drew from Bernis a rejoinder that came to be widely known and repeated. "*Monseigneur j'attendrai.*"

So the youthful aspirant quitted his veteran mentor's presence determined to bide his time, and wait patiently whatever the future might reserve on his behalf. And at length the first rays of favour began to dawn tardily upon him. He obtained an introduction to Madame de Pompadour, who at once admitted him to the honour of her intimate friendship; and in 1744, he was elected to the French Academy, at the age of twenty-nine. In his reception speech he talked modestly of his years, "which, instead of standing in his way, had pleaded in his favour." He spoke a few words as to the advantage of intimate relationship between men of the world and men of letters, and alluded to the benefit which the language had derived thence ever since the days of La Rochefoucauld, St. Evremont, and Bussy Rabutin, for it was as a member of their class, as a man of quality loving and cultivating letters, that the choice of the company had fallen upon him. Crebillon, the tragedian, who received him, could find no better compliment for him than the vague acknowledgment, "Your genius has hitherto appeared to turn itself in the direction of poetry." During the following years, Bernis often figured at the head of the company, when they had to appear at Versailles on state occasions. In admitting him to their body the Academy had been mainly influenced by the circumstance that his figure and his face were well looked upon by the King.

Bernis' ambition, in the first instance, appears to have been moderate enough. He declared, about this date, that church preferment to the amount of 4000 francs a-year would suffice to make him satisfied for life. But Boyer, bishop of Mirepoix, the then dispenser of the ecclesiastical patronage in the Crown gift, always thwarted his promotion. To all Bernis' friends and protectors, however powerful, he doggedly replied that he could do nothing for their candidate, unless he would apply himself in earnest to his sacred profession, and would, as a first step, give a pledge of his intention to do so by taking priest's orders. Bernis, however, partly from the value he set upon the easy position given him by his neutral quality of simple abbé, partly also from motives of conscience, always demurred to Boyer's condition, and his advancement was consequently slow in making.



At length the King, overwhelmed with Pompadour's importunities on behalf of her abbé, assigned to him a pension of 150 francs, together with a small apartment high up in the palace. This privileged place of abode, besides being an emphatic note of royal favour, likewise served to set Bernis in the way of many casual gifts and perquisites, which were extremely welcome to him. On one occasion, when leaving Pompadour's door with a parcel on his arm, he met the King, who insisted on knowing what he was carrying. Finding that it was merely a bundle of chintz, give him, by Madame de Pompadour, for his new apartment, Louis placed in the abbé's hands a roll of gold-pieces, and said, "She has given you the tapestry this will provide the nails."

The King's interest in him once awakened, Bernis was far too astute a courtier not to improve his chances to the utmost; and his powerful friends busying themselves more than ever on his behalf, he came by degrees to be regarded as one of the men destined for high and distinguished employments. He had still to endure several rebuffs and disappointments, but his turn came at last, and, in 1752, he was appointed ambassador to the Republic of Venice.

Though still dignified in men's minds by the magical prestige of its former glory, that state had been steadily declining ever since the crushing blow dealt it, two centuries and a-half earlier, by the confederates of Cambray; and its politics had now utterly lost all serious significance in the councils of Europe. The Venetian embassy had accordingly ceased to be regarded as an important post, and the French Government had of late fallen into the habit of conferring it upon the veriest blunderers and nullities, one of its most recent occupants having been that M. de Montaigne, of whom Rousseau, his secretary for the time being, has left in the "Confessions" so sorrowful a portrait. Compared, therefore, with many of his predecessors, Bernis appeared a man of great mark and distinction; and his behaviour while at Venice created a strong impression in his favour both there and at Versailles. His official labours were not, however, of a very absorbing character, and one of his main occupations was the keeping up of an intimate and somewhat prolix correspondence with his friend Paris du Verney, a personage of no mean merit, who was then exerting himself to procure the royal protection for a project of his, the execution of which he at length secured—the foundation of a great military school.

Such an interchange of letters enabled Bernis to keep all the incidents and intrigues of the court steadily in his mind's eye, but did not prevent him from finding his absence from Paris exceedingly lengthy and wearisome, the more so that he was not unaware of the plan, formed by certain of his rivals, who, dreading his competition

sought to detain him as long as possible at a distance from the centre of affairs. His letters to Du Verney are full of complaints against these insincere and unfriendly manœuvres. "I see clearly" (he writes) "that they will succeed in keeping me for all time, with my arms folded, in this world's end."

Moreover, he was much tormented with his money matters; he possessed no private fortune, and his official income was swallowed up by the incessant hospitality which he had to offer to the numerous personages of distinction who were always arriving at Venice.

In November, 1754, he received the Duc de Penthièvre (father-in-law of the ill-fated Princess de Lamballe), who stayed with his suite for fifteen days at the ambassador's house.

Bernis, however, was well satisfied with this incident, as without incurring any ruinous expense, he succeeded in pleasing his august guest and all his attendants, and thus won for himself the good-will of one of the most virtuous princes then living (*il me reste l'amitié d'un prince honnête homme*).

But throughout the whole period of his sojourn at Venice, Bernis' existence had been steadily remembered by his friends at court, and above all by Madame de Pompadour, who at length believed the time was come when she might make use of him for a scheme of policy that was now fast ripening for execution.

Impelled partly by personal rancour against the caustic King of Prussia, partly by the seductive flatteries constantly addressed to her from the side of the Empress-Queen, she had long been using all her influence towards effecting a complete and sweeping revolution in the whole system of foreign alliances hitherto maintained by France. Ever since the days of the Emperor Charles V., all the efforts of French sovereigns and statesmen had aimed at supporting the smaller German states, and at balancing and weakening thereby the overgrown power of the House of Austria; and this leading idea, begun under Francis I., continued by Henry IV., by Richelieu, and by Louis XIV., and persisted in during the first half of Louis XV.'s reign, had determined the action of France in all the great continental wars, from the Smalkaldic League in 1547, to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749.

But now the King's busy Egeria had persuaded him to a change of methods as thorough-going as that enjoined upon the Frankish chief, when he was instructed to "adore what he had burned, and burn what he adored," and her fiat had decreed that, in the coming duel between Maria Theresa and Frederic, for the primacy in Germany, the sword of France should be thrown into the Austrian scale. As, however, those of her sex were no less rigidly excluded from the cabinet portfolios than from the French crown itself, it only remained for Pompadour to place at the head of the King's

advisers some man capable, by his standing and position, of being named for that post, and yet docile enough to act in all things merely as her lieutenant and underling. No one seemed more happily to unite all the requisite qualities than her favourite Bernis, who had lately raised himself in the public estimation by his satisfactory conduct in his embassy; and accordingly in 1756, he was recalled from Venice, and fully admitted into the secret of his patroness's design.

He at first demurred timidly to her new combinations, which appeared to him likely to be of less advantage, as far as France was concerned, than the traditional system of foreign policy. But finally, seeing that his whole fortune and advancement depended upon his heartily embracing the Pompadour project, he resolved to waive his objections, and to labour with all his strength at the fulfilment of her wishes. In the summer of 1757, the portfolio of foreign affairs was placed in his hands, and shortly afterwards the Seven Years' War was entered upon under his auspices.

For a little while all seemed to promise well for the new alliance, the French armies had the upper hand in Hanover, and it was firmly believed that Frederic, already worsted in a battle near Prague, would be overwhelmed by the forces which the Marshal de Soubise was leading into Saxony.

Bernis was beside himself with confident pride and exulting self-esteem; having now entered heart and soul into the Austrian cause, he fondly imagined that he was carrying out the grandest feat of statesmanship known since the days of Richelieu, and that his name would be inscribed in French history side by side with that of the great minister. His letters written at this date to M. de Choiseul, then Louis XV.'s ambassador at Vienna, manifests the absolute conviction, on his part, that the ends desired would be gained almost without a blow, and that in the meantime the coalesced powers had nothing to do while awaiting the impending triumph, except to keep up their mutual good humour by vying with one another in polite messages and prettily-turned flatteries.

One of his earlier instructions to Choiseul concludes: "Moreover, I recommend to you one thing and one only, never allow yourself to grow weary in your efforts to give pleasure. Meanwhile you have here in the cabinet a friend who knows your full value, and who takes a pleasure in dwelling on that theme."

Nor was Choiseul at all behindhand in the course enjoined upon him, and his praiseworthy exertions to gratify the Viennese court seem to have met with such cordial response and requital, that ere long he had the satisfaction of being able to notify to Louis XV. the welcome announcement that—"After having several times spoken of your majesty with the keenest interest, the Empress made

inquiries of me concerning the persons whom you honour with your confidence, and she expressed, above all, much friendship and esteem for Madame de Pompadour."

But the fates who preside over human affairs are confessedly perverse and wayward goddesses; and at the very moment when the Empress-Queen, the King of France, the mistress, the minister and the ambassador, were most busily regaling themselves with these rose-water effusions, the trial of strength came, and on November 5th, 1757, the two armies met at Rosbach. The details of this battle are so well known that it would be wearisome to dwell upon them; we shall merely place before the reader's eye three different sketches of the scene, two proceeding from the beaten side, and the third penned by the victor himself.

Soubise, the French commander-in-chief, has described the day's work as follows:—

"What a piece of ill-luck!—it is really dreadful. What shall we be able to rely upon after this? Ardour, good will, good spirits—all these, I venture to say, were upon our side; and yet, in a single half-hour, the Prussian king's manœuvres caused our cavalry and our infantry to yield their ground; all retired without anything at all resembling a flight, and yet without ever once turning their heads backwards. The infantry, notwithstanding the repulse of the cavalry, *advanced with the utmost good grace*, and marched without firing a shot up to within fifty paces of the enemy; and then, just at the moment when I began to entertain the most delightful hopes, all heads suddenly wheeled round, they fired up into the air, and then withdrew. It must be acknowledged that the countenance of the enemy was very proud and firm. I did not notice in their ranks the least wavering. From that moment the Prussian line steadily advanced without breaking at all. Our brigade on the left retired without taking flight, though, with the exception of a few instants, during which we succeeded in bringing them to a stand-still, the repulsion backwards decidedly prevailed, and got the better of them. Our artillery and our baggage are in safety, our stragglers are coming up, and I am told that on all sides the fugitives are beginning to rally; during the night almost all the infantry had dispersed themselves. We are beginning to recover our spirits, and our talk is again beginning to take a good and cheerful tone. You know that with French heads there are always great resources. I can picture to myself the state of the court on hearing these dismal tidings: my own heart is pierced through and through with it."

"The Comte de St. Germain, one of the ablest officers in the French army, who held a high command under Soubise, has judged the event from a somewhat different point of view:—

"I am leading a band of brigands and assassins, fit to be broken

on the wheel, who broke away without firing a shot, and who are always ready to mutiny. Never was there anything to compare with it—never did any army show worse conduct. Our king has the most wretched and the worst-disciplined infantry to be found on the earth's surface. It is impossible to serve any longer with such troops. The whole length and breadth of the country, with a radius of forty miles, was swarming with our fugitives; they gave themselves over to pillage, to rape, to murder, and to every form of horrible crime. Our nation has quite lost the military spirit and all sense of honour is utterly extinct. One cannot lead such troops without trembling, nor look for anything but disaster and disgrace."

Still more laconic is the version of the story given us by the Great Frederic, whose chronicle we will not spoil by attempting to translate it:—

"L'armée de France a eu l'air de m'attaquer le 5 de ce mois, mais elle ne m'a pas fait cet honneur, s'étant enfuie, sans que je puisse joindre, dès la première décharge de mes troupes."

Whatever may be thought of the general tone and tenor of Soubise's narrative, it certainly concludes with a remark full of common-sense and of forecast. "I can picture to myself the state of the court on hearing the melancholy tidings."

The shock was indeed terrible. Notwithstanding the village despotism of those times, public opinion asserted itself in loud and sinister murmurs. The court lost nearly all the remnant of prestige which the old habits of deference had still preserved to it, and Bernis above all, was overwhelmed with the disaster. Instead of being the triumphant statesman of the day, the arbiter of the Continent, the Richelieu of the century, he now found himself nothing but the laughing-stock of Europe, and the popular scapegoat of a disgraced cause, of a broken-down policy, and of a detested mistress; for the moment, indeed, it appeared as if his patroness and himself were hardly safe in the streets of Paris.

Throughout the months during which he retained his portfolio his attitude was much less that of a directing and controlling minister, than of a helpless official Cassandra, clear-sighted enough to measure the full wretchedness and misery of the situation, but powerless to remedy it, giving advice that was never followed, and filled with pathetic elegies on the anguish of his own feelings, the disorderly state of his own nerves, and even the local symptoms of his own personal ailments. His despatches to Choiseul are nothing but long and doleful jeremiads. "Judge, my dear count (he writes), the state we are in, and of the situation of our lady-patroness (Madame de Pompadour). The public is unjust; but that is always the case, and it is no use being angry with the public," &c. As

again :—"The misery is, that affairs require *men* to conduct them, and we have neither ministers nor generals. Oh, that Heaven would send us some strong will of any kind, or some one capable of finding one for us ; I would readily become his servant, if need were, and his menial, and that with all my heart." And further :—"I see, my dear count, one does not die of grief, inasmuch as I am not dead of these last events. I am tortured by pains in my stomach, by obstructions in my liver, and by constant dizziness in my brain. For two months I have never slept. My face is fast becoming like that of a leper," &c.

After the disaster of Rosbach had been crowned by that of Leuthen, he began to think that the only chance for France lay in the speedy cessation of the war, and in all his letters written during the year 1758, the words "*Peace ! peace ! armistice !*" recur again and again under his pen ; like the despairing cry, "*Life ! life !*" on Madame du Barry's lips, as she was being conducted from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. But Louis XV. saw clearly that the dignity of his government would sink lower than ever were he to solicit peace at the hands of a minor power like Prussia, just when he himself, and his Austrian ally, were both staggering under a double defeat ; and he determined to continue the war as best he could.

So the poor Abbé, more and more overpowered by a burden which he felt to be utterly beyond his strength, begged, in piteous accents, to be relieved of it ; and implored the king and Pompadour to let him hand over his portfolio to Choiseul, and take, instead of it, some less harassing office. "Nothing but your consent," he writes to his patroness, "is needed in order that Choiseul may have the place. He will throw into the war a degree of activity which has not hitherto been displayed in its conduct, and he will do as much for the marine and finances. You will add thirty years to my life, and I shall cease to die by inches under the strain that is being put upon me. . . . Could I have but a little breathing-time my health might rally, but it is frightful just now. I passed all last night in fits of faintness and sickness. The state of my nerves adds much to my natural sensitiveness. In a word, I can no longer answer for my work, unless the king, in his goodness, will promise to relieve me shortly."

The change he proposed was not a very welcome one to the persons whose consent was required, for Madame de Pompadour had not acted without motives in securing the chief direction of affairs for a man of her own making, who had been rescued by her favour from sheer poverty ; and she was not, therefore, extremely anxious to see him replaced by a personage like Choiseul, whose great ancestral wealth and high personal position might authorise a certain independence of conduct.

"Louis XV. was at length induced by the abbe's persistence to sanction the chief part of his plan, but he did not take this step with a very good humour, and the royal decision, appointing Choiseul to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, instead of being accompanied, as Bernis had desired, with a decree conferring upon himself some other cabinet office, was speedily followed up by an imperative order exiling him to his abbey of Vie-sur-Aisne, near Soissons. Thus ended a tenure of office, which, though entered upon with the most sanguine hopes and self-delusions, had proved itself as destitute of real power and influence, and nearly as comfortless and irksome to its possessor's person, as were the seven days of reign during which Sancho Panza bore rule over the island of Barataria.

Bernis endured the royal disfavour with the utmost composure and calmness. His letters to the king, to Pompadour, and to Choiseul, his successor, manifest no trace of any feeling, except perfect deference, together with much gratitude for past kindness, and above all, the good offices of the last-named personage, who had lately helped to procure him the distinction of a cardinal's hat, are warmly acknowledged by the abbé. But while resigned to the present, he was yet not unmindful of the future; and he wrote about this time to Pompadour a detailed statement of his personal position, several passages of which deserve to be quoted:—

"In quitting my department, I quit 60,000 francs of income. This is what remains to me: Saint-Medard, which brings in 30,000 net, Trois Fontaines 50,000 (which, however, I shall not touch till the year is out); La Charité, 16,000. The king knows that the regulation-revenue for a cardinal should be fifty thousand crowns, so that I shall still want 50,000 francs more to enable me to support my position in a becoming manner. A regular abbey, without costing the king anything, would enable me to live as I ought to do. . . . According to use and wont, I have asked for 200,000 francs on my nieces' behalf, as I have no daughters."

Bernis had now before him a long period of tedious exile and retirement, not that the king had conceived any violent or deep-seated displeasure against him; but, in the then state of public feeling, it was not possible, so long as the Seven Years' War continued, to confer any mark of restored favour upon the ex-minister, whom, right or wrongly, the popular voice taxed with having brought about the long series of national disasters and disgrace. At length in 1764, Louis XV. authorised him to appear at Versailles, and in May the same year, the abbé, who had already taken priest's orders as far back as 1760, was named to the archbishopric of Albi, in Provence. So remote a sphere of duty was not exactly to the liking of the courtly prelate, the more so that his pastoral work absorbed

more of his time than he at first expected, but he met all these little tribulations with that exquisite good grace and good humour which formed the chief element in his character.

In 1769, the Pope, Clement XIII. died, and Bernis, having been despatched by Choiseul to take part in the conclave held for the election of a successor, was shortly afterwards appointed ambassador at Rome. His tenancy of this post, at which he remained for nearly a quarter of a century, was decidedly the most satisfactory phase of his entire career.

He had to transact several important affairs of State with the Papal Court, and, above all, to obtain its adhesion to a radical measure on which the Governments of Versailles, Madrid, and Lisbon, were all eagerly bent—the suppression of the Order of Jesuits. In this delicate negotiation, which occupied four years, Bernis displayed so much tact and judgment that he acquired the esteem of all the contracting parties engaged in the business, including that of the distrustful Pope Ganganelli himself, who afterwards showed him no little friendship, and conferred upon him the Italian bishopric of Albano.

But all these transactions were at the time less remarked than the Cardinal's social achievements, which were on such an exceptional scale as almost to acquire the character of European events. Rome had long become the resort of some of the best and most refined company in the world, both Italian and foreign, and all the persons composing it found a bewitching welcome in the house of the French ambassador, whose winning and attractive talents, matured to the fullest extent by years and experience, made him one of the most fascinating hosts in Europe. The large revenues from various sources which he now enjoyed were mainly expended in giving the most unbounded hospitality to all who had the slightest claim upon him; and his entertainments, besides being arranged with a subtle and intimate knowledge of delicate cookery, were likewise perfected by a number of those little combinations and surprises in which the Gallic wit is so fertile.

On this subject we may venture to reproduce a well-known and characteristic anecdote. Bernis' head cook came up to him on the morning of one of his great reception-days, and told him that his purveyors had just brought to the house two mullets of prodigious size, but for which they asked a fabulous fancy price. Bernis at first said that they must keep on their hands the least perfect of the two fish; but the cook replied that the pair were absolutely alike and equal in every respect, and obtained his master's consent for the purchase of both, with a view to an idea which had occurred to him.

The dinner hour arrived, the guests assembled at table, and



during the course of the meal two servants entered the room with a dish, on which appeared an enormous mullet. All the guests were admiring its goodly proportions, and declaring that they had never yielded such a treasure since the days of Lucullus, when one of the bearers stumbled, and the precious burden rolled on the floor. The stupor and despair of all present may be more easily imagined than described, but the Cardinal quietly rose and said, "Let us see if we cannot replace this loss;" and just as the company had exclaimed with one voice that the disaster was irreparable the folding doors again opened, and the second mullet, the expendant to the fallen one, was seen travelling up towards the table.

It should be remembered that all these sumptuous entertainments were, as far as Bernis was personally concerned, a most unselfish luxury, as all the time that he was catering so splendidly for his guests, he was himself restricted, for the sake of his health, to a most frugal diet, consisting mainly of vegetables. But however attached he may have been to the Roman good company, the Cardinal was not the man to neglect or lose sight of his own countrymen. He used to say of himself, "*Je tiens l'auberge de la France dans un carrefour de l'Europe,*" and the admirable manner in which he did the honours of the City to all French travellers is attested by many contemporaries, and, above all, by two literary witnesses of widely different character and position. Roland, the future Girondist Minister, in a letter to Madame Philippon, his affianced bride, speaks most warmly of Bernis' hospitable kindness and also of the unbounded influence which he enjoyed with the great classes; and Madame de Genlis, the celebrated governess to the Orleans family, writing in exactly the same strain, adds that the Cardinal was popularly known as "*le Roi de Rome.*"

This social royalty would probably have lasted for the term of his life-time, had it not been rudely assailed by the same tempest that proved fatal to so many powers and dominions. The Revolution broke out, and after Bernis' fortune had already been somewhat curtailed by the first enactments of the Assembly on Church matters, he was next called upon, together with all the other French bishops, to swear allegiance to the new order of things, under pain of forfeiting the remainder of his revenues. He first of all sent in his adhesion, qualified with a restriction, but was told in answer that the Assembly required a pledge pure and simple, and this he declined to give. He thereupon lost all the posts and offices he had held under the French Government, and would have fallen into absolute distress but for a timely pension granted him by the Spanish Court. This supply he did not long continue to draw, as death overtook him in November, 1794, at the age of 80.

Bernis' entire life and character deserves, on the whole, to

pronounced upon with favour and indulgence rather than with harshness. As a poet he has judged himself with much candour and good sense ; as a directing Minister he proved a sorry and disastrous failure ; as bishop of a diocese, his pastoral conduct was decorous at least, if not fervent and zealous ; while as Cardinal-Ambassador at Rome, he more than justified his sovereign's choice, and fulfilled his mission in a manner honourable to France and to himself. He may be taken as a good specimen of the French higher clergy, as they had become during the closing century of the ancient régime : not by any means ideal ecclesiastics, according to the catechism standards, courtly, mundane, somewhat self-seeking, almost always frivolous, and often dissolute, they yet possessed several redeeming qualities to balance these shortcomings. They were always accomplished men of the world, and polished men of good company, besides being often kind and humane protectors to those who stood in need of their benefits ; and, moreover, we must not forget that that want of earnestness, which they shared with nearly all the Frenchmen of the philosophic era, was, on critical occasions, not seldom repaired by that controlling sense of personal honour, which they derived from their birth and education, and which is declared by Montesquieu to be the soul and vital principle of every true monarchy. Thus, however reckless, libertine, and infidel, many of them had appeared to be in the season of their wealth and prosperity, they almost all rallied firmly to the cause of their Church the moment that her existence was menaced by the men of the Revolution ; and when an oath scarcely consistent with their religious duties was pressed upon them by the open or disguised assailants of the Catholic faith, they never wavered for an instant, but fearlessly stood their ground, and braved brutal despoilment in the National Assembly, wholesale butchery in the Paris prisons, and judicial massacre on the scaffold with a calm and touching fortitude, which commanded the respect even of their enemies. It was well for Bernis' memory that he lived just long enough to cast in his lot with these men, and that a career, not blameless indeed, yet by no means without merit, should have been crowned at its close with an act of praiseworthy self-sacrifice, which dignifies the character of the sedate and time-honoured prelate, and expiates, to a large extent, the levities of the giddy and youthful abbé.

J. WALKER TIPPING.

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## AN OASIS.

BY E. W. BADDELEY, AUTHOR OF "CANADA, AND OTHER  
POEMS."



AND must we part, sweet friend, from friend ;  
That fair face, must it leave my eyes,  
Must o'er us ever different skies  
Be arched ; and henceforth, to the end,  
Must these high hills, this Scottish glen,  
Be near to her, and far from me.

Slain by the long relentless years,  
I deemed joy dead within my heart ;  
But in these valleys, wind-caressed,  
Its life returned ; so reappears  
The spring, and so, when autumn dies,  
Bright hopes are soon sad memories.

Years betwixt youth and me are set,  
Many by care and few by Time ;  
I have but fallen who strove to climb,  
And still my oars the stream have met ;  
Still, still I wait, through night's long hours,  
To see the morning and the flowers.

And I had buried Love :—his sweet  
Blind eyes—the roses round his hair—  
For me, whose fate it was to fare  
On barren ways, were all ;  
Now through me, rising from his arm,  
Love bids his Indian summer burn.

I had forgot all pleasant things ;  
Content till now, my dreary fate—  
Now drearier and desperate,  
Content with Time's slow weary wings ;  
Content, while joy, that life once gave,  
Had rest in apathy's dull grave.

But round me sunshine broke—your hair,  
Blue Heaven upon me beamed—your eyes;  
Ah, wherefore, did we meet! so sighs  
My soul, to part that cannot bear;  
And shall we part? Can I, although  
I leave, forget you? Ah, no, no!

Place severs, yet shall time unite;  
With all my future you are blent;  
I cannot grow indifferent,  
And this my prayer is,—do not quite  
Forget—'tis all I ask of you—  
That I remember, and am true.

Whatever other valleys wind,  
Whatever other waters roll  
Beside me of the weary soul,  
E'en though their sheaves the autumns bind  
Round me in transatlantic lands,  
While snowdrops fill your gathering hands,

Forget me not! sometime be won  
To think of me, tho' far away,  
My eyes see nothing which the day  
Restores to you, except the sun:  
All joy my ill-starr'd life has known  
Was when your smiles once met my own.

## FRIENDSHIP.

AMID the associations of time, there does not exist a name of more hallowed import than the name of friend. And, perhaps, there does not exist one whose application is more misunderstood, and whose use is more abused. Custom has so familiarised us with it as an ordinary and casual title to be used indiscriminately, and to be met with equally, in the worry and bustle of business, the heedless pursuit of pleasure, or even in the chosen haunts of vice and crime, that we are not entirely exempt from the danger of overlooking its most true and valuable significance. And the danger is not decreased by the ease with which it can be made to express such different relations. To the sordid money-grubber, whose whole being is concentrated on the accumulation of wealth, it may mean one who has a heavy balance at his bankers: to the mere pleasure seeker it may mean one who willingly throws duty to the winds, for the enjoyments of the theatre or a bacchanalian revel, while to the cynical man of the world it is too often but an empty name. All alike use it as a form by which to express the conventional relations one bears to the other, and few, indeed, seem to realise the purity, the sacredness, which should be its most essential characteristic. And though much has been written about it, there may yet remain to it some unnoticed aspects, which materially influence the social phenomena that environ us, and which we may profitably make the subject of careful consideration. To the consideration of some of these aspects we will now address ourselves.

The daily avocations of life necessitate a continual contact with existences foreign to ourselves. And this contact, whether with people, ideas, or things, results in the moulding, and to a certain extent the assimilating, of the diverse existences thus thrown together, which finally resolve themselves into phases of being which are the permanent characteristics of the individual or thing; and in the individual, these characteristics are to a very large extent emotional. Whatever proportion our relations to each other and to things may assume, it is impossible for them actively to exist without calling into play a vast number of various and conflicting emotions, differing it may be in intensity and mode of expression, but all alike in the one consummation, the forming of permanent relations with all that exists outside our personality. And the hereditary transmission of these acquired permanent relations or habits being now almost universally admitted, the important part our inter-relations bear to our mental and moral organisation, can

hardly be over-estimated, inasmuch as they materially aid in forming, not only our own personal characters, but, indirectly, the characters of all our descendants. Each individual act of our lives bears a part in determining sequences which in their turn determine other sequences and so on through the invariable chain of cause and effect, till we are lost in a labyrinth of conjecture as to the character and proportions of the ultimate results. Could we trace the prolific offspring of many a trivial act done in the thoughtlessness of the moment, we should often feel considerably astonished and dismayed. And the fundamental basis of our own characters, built and established in part by acts which have their origin in our innate volition and self-government, and still more largely by the external circumstances among which we are thrown, will bear fruit, not only during the term of our mortal career, but during our endless inheritance of Eternity.

The principle on which friendship is formed is of wider application than is, perhaps, generally understood. With all that we are brought into contact, we form relations, the influence of which chiefly manifests itself in our likes and dislikes. Our daily pursuits, the place where those pursuits are carried on, the scenes of our daily walks, the favourite chair and place in the home circle, all become in time associated in our minds with a feeling which may claim kinship with friendship. And the dumb animals which surround us and claim a portion of our attention and care, at length become endeared to us by ties which require a very severe wrench indeed to sever. And it is the same with all the relations of life up to those we bear each other and ourselves. All alike are the expressions of a vast principle which permeates and governs the Universe. Though the operations of nature are governed by rigid law, an infinite plasticity, which manifests itself in the endless modification of the innate forces of Nature, is the soul and essence of that law. The acorn, that on first pushing its way upwards through the ground, finds its progress barred by a piece of rock, turns its shoots to right and left till it reaches the boundary of the resisting body, and then rising on either side, it embraces its quondam opponent with a grip that increases in strength year by year, till at last in its prime it presents the strange phenomenon of a piece of rock, fixed immovably in the centre of an oak. And again, seed will often remain in the ground for many years without showing any signs of vitality, until at last it is thrown among circumstances and conditions eminently favourable for its immediate growth, when the hidden germ of life at once manifests itself, and throwing off the shell that has so long imprisoned it, develops in a manner and with a beauty of form that would never have been suspected by the mere superficial observer. And can we not trace

a very close analogy to this in the every-day life of the great human family? Do we not, on reaching maturity, often exhibit close and intimate connections with our fellows, which must appear quite anomalous in the eyes of the world as the spectacle of the coral embracing the rock? To those to whom the mysterious workings of the human heart are unknown, who cannot follow its devilish windings, as it slowly, but surely, triumphs over all obstacles, clasping with the fibres of its affections that which appears most opposed to it by nature, and in the end converting even that into an inseparable friend and support,—the relations of some lives to each other must appear strange indeed. And how often does a wellspring of love remain sealed, and its very existence unsuspected till the force of circumstances brings it into communion with the nature of kindred sympathies to itself, and then the vigour of its life bursts forth, and it unfolds itself in the genial warmth of the new atmosphere, and ever revealing fresh beauties of character, and developing new gifts of heart and mind, substantially changes the action, the fruition, and the ultimate end of the life!

The many and diverse characters of friendship, and the different ways it manifests itself, is very strange, and, to a certain extent, inexplicable. The cold and calculating man, who regulates his actions with mathematical precision and exactness, rarely allows himself the indiscretion of a genuine friendship. So accustomed is he to subject everything to the test of analysis, to believe in nothing but that which he can grasp and handle, that he rather doubts the imponderable power, which, though apparently strong in so many natures, yet occasionally exhibits anomalies of action which he cannot explain, and frequently want of permanency to its objects, and of sincerity to its own name and supposed nature, which he believes he can explain on the ground of its fundamental weakness and unreliability. On the other hand, he, of a too sanguine and impetuous nature, whose every action is done on the spur of the moment, who allows all the relations of life to depend on the chance impetus of his emotions, is almost equally incapable of deep and abiding friendship. Friendships which are formed off-hand, and which are often merely the outcome of some fortuitous circumstances—which have in passing made a slight impression on a mercurial temperament—are most unreliable, and generally come to an untimely end, often through the agency of as fortuitous circumstances as those which gave them birth. Though the heart may be warm to the call of affection, and even willing to give a helping hand to those who need it; though it may be willing, under the pressure of some sudden emergency, to make great sacrifices and do great deeds, yet when that pressure is withdrawn, it soon regains its own level, forgets the obligation of the past, and in the constant

recurring bustle of ever-present life, allows the hand of forgetfulness to permanently efface all traces of that which so lately inspired it. And this applies with still greater force to those lives wherein the talents and energies are allowed to remain quiescent in inglorious sloth, except when roused into activity by the thought of some new pleasure, which as yet has not cloyed on the palate; some new invention which shall add fresh speed to the lagging time, or some untried plan to lessen the exertion of living at all. How can we expect anything worthy of the name of friendship from those who rest supremely content with themselves and their fellows, untroubled by a thought of the misery and wretchedness that surrounds them, uninspired by the glorious triumphs of art, science, and literature, and undesirous of emulating the efforts that secured those triumphs; who, with no pride in the past or hope for the future, are willing to shuffle through the short span of their earthly tenure, and finally shuffle into their grave, leaving the world worse than they found it? Whoever seeks for downright honest friendship among natures like these will find his search vain, his hope a delusion and a snare.

Again, there are others who manifest their friendship by constantly calling our attention to unpleasant facts or assumed facts, who consider it the peculiar office and duty of a friend to point out our errors of judgment and our besetting sins, and to suggest remedies. They certainly sympathise with us when overtaken by misfortune, but invariably recall to our recollection that "they had foreseen it long ago," and "had we only been warned by them." And if we have made an effort in any particular direction and failed, and are hoping to escape the observation of the world, how painfully it jars on our wounded sensibilities to be assailed by one of these well-intentioned, but obnoxious sympathisers, with loudly expressed phrases of condolence, and the publicly given exhortation to adopt "never say die" as our motto! Or if, still harder fate, we have been unsuccessful in the attempt to gain the affection of some fair one, and still smarting from the disappointment, which had cut deeper than we had thought possible, we only desire to bury both the remembrance and the pain in the inmost recesses of our soul,—to be met by a friend with a remark on our miserable looks, with sundry jocular hints as to its probable cause, winding up with a cheering reference to the fact that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," is about as unpleasant an evidence of friendship as can be well conceived.

Another noticeable trait of friendship is the determination some evince to be the arbiters of our fate. Fully convinced that they alone see the path our steps should tread, they give all their efforts to the moulding of our destinies. They endeavour to direct, and



often direct every action of our life, and invariably attribute all our successes to their able diplomacy. And it is really wonderful to consider the extent to which some weak vacillating natures allow themselves to be governed by persons of this character, till they become so habituated to it, that in time they feel incapable of any action except it is inspired and directed by the master mind; and if deprived of that aid, and in the presence of some sudden necessity they present a spectacle of mental and moral incapacity which is miserable and degrading to themselves, and excites but a very contemptuous pity from the world. And who shall say it is the office of true friendship to form such natures as these? Better for them to be left more alone to meet the buffets of Time, to breast the storms that are sure to assail them, but which will as surely aid them in gaining strength and stability of character year by year. For even when under the dominion of one of these controlling powers, the weakest mind occasionally makes an effort to get free and generally regards its master with a feeling but distantly related to love: while with the strong self-supporting temperament, this aggressive, interfering disposition is simply unbearable, and excites but contempt and dislike, and in neither case will ever form the basis on which shall rise the beautiful and enduring structure of a life-long friendship.

Lastly, of this series is the absolutely false friendship. Not that which is merely weak and unreliable, but that which maintains the appearance of truth and stability for a long time, becoming the repository of our hopes, plans, and resolves, and the sharer of our joys and triumphs, but which, eventually, when we are overtaken by some sudden calamity, and stand more than ever in need of its true and kindly offices, basely deserts its colours, and joins the ranks of those who point at us the finger of scorn. If Mammon fails us, and we lose that which always commands adulation, if no respect, if on again revisiting the scenes of our former familiar intercourse with men, we are met with a distant politeness, a studied coldness, which tells us as plainly as possible that our presence there is distasteful, we disdainfully leave them, and, seeking the society of the still faithful friend, we angrily discourse on the hollowness of the world. If we lose our health we can, to a certain extent, reconcile ourselves to it as a dispensation of providence, which is very largely compensated by the increased love and attention which is manifested by those who surround us. But if on losing health, wealth, or the countenance of the world, and turning in our sore trouble to the particular one on whom we place implicit reliance, and on whose sincerity we would have staked all we possess, we find the warm and responsive reality for which we had hoped to be fled, and in its place a cold and lifeless mask: when we

endeavour to quench our thirsty need with the apples of the Dead Sea, and find beneath the beautiful and enticing exterior, naught but dust and ashes, the heart sinks, the courage fails, and we almost despair, while mournfully the words of Ecclesiastes ring in our ears, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour: for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up."

And now, with a feeling of relief, we quit the reviewing of friendships that are weighed and found wanting, and would fain dwell for a short time on the character of true friendship. We do so with the more pleasure as we feel that all we can say will find an echo in every heart. The response may be faint and low, and not in perfect harmony with that which calls it forth; but we are happy in the belief that there is no life, whatever may be its condition, but has experienced at times the thrill of joy that is evoked from the depth of its consciousness, by the remembrance of some act done in the spirit of true friendship. And one of the most beautiful aspects of true friendship is its all pervading-character; its refusal to be bounded by the exigencies of time and space. When the heart is young and fresh, full of joy in the present, and golden aspirations for the future, exulting in its innate strength to overcome all obstacles, and even rejoicing in obstacles to be overcome, the feeling of love to its fellow is ever one of its strongest sentiments. We do not agree with the generally expressed opinion as to the inconstancy of youthful friendships. We believe that the seeds of affection, sown amid the happiness of early associations, and fostered by the cares of maturer years, will yield a richer harvest, a more worthy fruition in the time of manhood and womanhood: and as years roll on, and the youthful impetus and ardour in a measure subsides, as the judgment becomes clearer, the strength of this spirit becomes intensified, and pursues the even tenor of its way with a quiet power, which nothing can resist or destroy. Alike to it are the circumstances which may surround the object of its solicitude. When the sun of prosperity shines with its vivifying beams, and the breath of good fortune wafts us on our way; when the present is bright with the fruits of success, and the future invite by the beauty of its cloudless expanse, is not our joy trebled by the companionship of a dear friend, to whom we can unfold our hopes, plans, and resolves? But when the sky is overcast, and the signs of the coming tempest gather thickly around us, when one by one the stays and props of our life fail us, the dearest ties are severed, and the iron of sorrow enters the soul: when adversity pursues, and the world forsakes,—then the glory and beauty of true friendship shines out in its most divine radiance. Then it is that the differences of

birth, of wealth, of social position, those almost impassable barriers which in all ages have divided, with such uncompromising rigour, class from class fade into nothingness, and we are conscious of nothing but the great need of our souls, and the fulness of the consolation a true friend supplies.

But how scarce these true friendships are! How coldly we mix one with another, and allow the conventionalities of business to begin and end our acquaintanceship! And when we seem on the high road to something beyond this conventionality, how often do we allow some thoughtless act or expression, which we cannot quite account for, and to which we hastily ascribe an improper motive, to influence our feelings towards some friend, for whom we otherwise cherish a feeling of affection, instead of allowing that charity which suffereth long and is kind to animate us with the determination to suspend our judgment till we are in possession of more reliable data, in the meanwhile hoping and believing that all the appearance of evil is capable of being explained away; in a sense of wounded dignity or what not, we at once determine to show that we were not made to be trifled with, and that we have a proper spirit of our own! What numberless evils this determination to manifest a "proper spirit" has to answer for! What a misapplication of the term "proper!" And, frequently, we who are most anxious to acquaint the world with the fact that we possess this spirit, thus vindicating our character from the imputation of soft-heartedness, are the loudest in our expressions of virtuous indignation against those who manifest the same spirit in a slightly grosser form. To disinherit a son—and thus allow his, perhaps, too willing feet to stray into the paths of vice and dissipation, instead of making the influence of home the one great power to draw in an opposite direction; to turn a daughter out of doors—for an indiscreet marriage, perhaps—and others to embitter, and perhaps shorten her life and blight the prospects of her children: to cut an acquaintance—and thus show what we think of a breach of etiquette, or some fancied wrong we have suffered—is merely to manifest a "proper spirit," and as such is not only condoned, but rather admired by the world! But those who are governed by the principle and laws of the vendetta, who, because a brother came to a violent death at the hands of an enemy, implacably pursue that enemy for a blood revenge; if a father, who has nothing from which to disinherit his son, and, incensed by some outrage to his feelings, strikes his son with the first available weapon at hand; all this, through the outcome of the same spirit, is viewed in quite a different light, is referred to with a look of horror and disgust, and characterised as brutal and demoniacal. So it is without doubt. But much of the sympathy which is wasted on the victims might be more justly expended on those who have not, in-

deed, suffered personal violence, but have had their best feelings, their tenderest affections, perhaps their purest aspirations, trampled upon and destroyed by the maintenance of this "proper spirit."

That we each possess virtues and good qualities, which are ever destined to remain unknown to the great majority of our fellows, is sufficiently trite. And yet when we meet we are content it should be so, and confine ourselves to a little pleasantly artificial politeness, and seldom make the least attempt to sound the depth of the nature beneath; and cold as we are in business, during the six days of the week, we seem even colder and more distant on the seventh, when we are supposed to be cultivating the religion of amity. Amid the cares inherent to the successful working of the religion of self-interest, which few of us profess, but which we all practice more than anything else in this world, with the pleasures and dissipations of society, there is always a grasp of the hand, and a genial greeting. All surface, perhaps, but nevertheless cheering and pleasant. When we are in the theatre or lecture-hall, and listening to the eloquence that enthral's us, swaying our emotions and feelings even as a mighty wind bends and agitates a forest; as we yield to the impulse that governs the whole, in the conscious affinity which exists at that moment between the master mind and ourselves, we turn to our fellow, and give expression to the pleasure that animates us. While, on the other hand, when we meet with the one object of worship, on the ground one would imagine to be the most equal and universal; as we listen to the tale of the sufferings of Him, who was the one great exponent and exemplar of love, universal and unailing; though our hearts beat in unison, and our souls are uplifted, and we are as one in our service of praise to the Author of Life, yet, at its conclusion, we wrap ourselves in a mantle of frigid reserve, and after some polite and courteous greetings to those of our own position in society, we depart on our several ways in the full enjoyment of our solitary exclusiveness, in many cases with even the names of our humbler fellow worshippers unknown to us.

But I believe a better time is coming. As one by one are stricken off the fetters of creed and dogma, which have so long bound, in adamant chains, the many earnest and vigorous thinkers who have vainly striven to dispel the mists of superstition and error which still, to a large extent, obscures the horizon of religious progress, darkening and distorting many of those glorious truths which its express mission is to unfold and illuminate; as we get more to understand the significance of the social phenomena which environ us, to realise the extent of our mutual dependence, and the relative value of our social intercourse one with another; when we can more easily forget, or rise above the cares and vexa-

tions of business, the animus engendered by diverging  
tical opinion, the petty pride and ambition of soci  
and the intolerant sectarianism which mars the  
religious belief; when, in a word, we can underst  
are but parts of one stupendous whole," each one, ho  
his station, living and doing a work no one can de  
which must inevitably bear a part in determining  
of the community at large, then the value of our f  
will be better appreciated, the spirit and obligatio  
ship will become more wide-spread and paramount,  
nition of its efficacy as a great social and national ref  
no longer partial, but imperial and universal.

E. MARKWICK :



A FEW WORDS ABOUT ALPHONSE  
DE LAMARTINE.<sup>1</sup>

THESE two volumes are the joint work of two noble souls—of a mother and a son, and in their English form we have read them through with a never-flagging interest. That Alphonse de Lamartine was a highly-gifted genius few will dispute; and, notwithstanding the high eulogiums pronounced of the mother by the son, we cannot but feel these praises are well deserved. If the son outshone those around him in gifts of mind and body, the mother was no less conspicuous for tender piety and domestic virtues, as well as distinguished in the power of winning the hearts of all those who came within the sphere of her attracting influence. The picture of pure human love here presented to us is certainly attractive, beautiful, and in every way worthy of admiration.

The book opens with a few characteristic passages, which afford at a glance a sketch of the life and aims of this great man. He begins: "To think is to live; to remember is to live over again; that is why I have determined to write my memoirs." "I do not believe myself to be either the first or the last of men: I think I am simply what God made me—a man subject to ordinary changes; placed by Providence in the world; rather superior to the vulgar herd; trained in a pure, noble, and virtuous home—an atmosphere, indeed, which does not assert itself, but which makes itself felt, especially by a child; afterwards perverted, although not radically, by association with wild and vicious young men of my own age, the contact with whom insensibly chilled both heart and soul; then brought back to do my work of good and evil in the world, bearing ever about with me the remembrance of my father's honourable career, of my mother's tender piety; and at last growing old with a quiet resignation, submitting to the judgments of men, and waiting with confidence for that of my Creator—that is all! May He forgive and have mercy upon me!"

We have given this long extract because it sets forth concisely and graphically the career and character of the man who was at once a religious poet and an able politician. Born in the very midst of the French Revolution, amid the fury and passions of parties, such a rude ushering into life could not but influence, to some ex-

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<sup>1</sup> "Twenty-five Years of My Life, and Memoirs of my Mother," by Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated by Lady Herbert.

tent, his after life. His admirable mother taught him to believe and pray; and her influence on the side of good was visible during the whole of his life. In his wandering astray, the thought of good mother, of her wise counsels, and ever active piety, was enough to restrain him in his course, or to bring him back to the right path. At school and college a ruder training awaited and helped to fashion him. But at length he was happy under the care of the *Pères de Foi*, at Belley, and returned home loaded with academic honours and with the Catholic faith effectually impressed upon him. Loyalty and liberty seem to have been especial objects of his predilection in the domain of politics.

One of the prominent features of the character of the poet was delicate sensitiveness—a mind quickly moved and easily touched whatever was presented to it. The tender affection of a devoted mother; the beauty of Nature; the power of genius; the passion of human love; the might of Divine love—each of these affected him in turn. The epilogue on the death of his mother affords a beautiful example of the strength of his domestic affections. And his 11 poems appended to the second volume of his memoirs exhibit the depth of the impression which nature had imprinted on his noblesse and reveal to us also the reality of his religious sentiments and fervour of his heart—his detachment from earth and his desire for Heaven. The love of solitude is visible, also, in the course of his memoirs, as well as in the beautiful verses attached to them. He declared that solitude did him good, for by means of it he found God; that, in other words, in contemplating the wisdom, beauty, power, and goodness of his Creator, displayed in the works of creation, his soul was purified and elevated to union with Him.

The poems, "*Pensée des Morts*" and "*La Cloche du Village*" are full of beautiful sadness, affection for loved ones departing, prayer for their everlasting repose, as well as sympathy with nature and union with God.

"*La Source dans les Bois*" is an idyll full of beauty and religious sentiment, and, addressing it, he thus concludes with hope and resignation:—

"Combien m'en reste-t-il encore? Le soir pour nous touche à l'aurore.  
Qu'importe! Je vais où tu cours; Coulez, ô flots, coulez toujours!"

J. F

## THE AGRICULTURAL LABOUR PROBLEM.

MAN was created by God for society, and not for a selfish and isolated life. In consequence, we see individuals endowed in the order of nature with varied tastes and capacities, thus to fit them for various positions in society.

It is abundantly evident that the healthful life and intelligent progress of society is only possible when the individual contributes to the public good. Thus, while the one, depends upon the many, the many in their turn depend upon the one and upon each other; and the more reciprocal is the aid received from society by the individual, and given back to society in return, the greater will be the gain to all. Man exists, then, not for himself alone, but also for his fellow-man. And this is no less true of classes than of individuals. Any one particular class exists not for itself only, but for others, and for all. In every civilised state there are three leading classes, viz.: landlords, capitalists, and labourers. It is a self-evident fact that the cultivation of harmony and good feeling between these classes tends to the benefit of all, or, in other words, to the public good. Moreover, as the good of each class is necessary for the good of all, so is it true that any movement which tends to injure one class tends ultimately to injure all. Now, a strike is an organised species of warfare, a declaration of hostilities by one class against the other, a setting in battle-array of interests naturally allied to each other. Its object is the injury of one class; therefore it tends, surely, to the injury of all. As it is a patent and undeniable fact that a strike disturbs previously existing harmony between masters and men, so therefore is it injurious in the highest degree to both those classes, no less than to the public good.

To reconcile Labour with Capital is one of the most important problems of the day, and it is one worthy of the best efforts of those who have the true welfare of society at heart. It is one of those questions ever coming to the front, and imperatively requiring to be answered. The consideration of it is, then, full of interest to every class, and claims the attention of every reflecting mind. The true solution of this great problem must, we think, attract the sympathy of all who own to sentiments of humanity, and are intelligently alive to the best interests of society. The combinations of workmen for the purpose of strikes, and the frequent interruptions to important industries, due to these same combinations, have tended to give the problem a still greater importance; and thus the general



question of Strike-Unions first claims our attention. No one can deny to workmen the right of combining merely to protect themselves and to improve their condition, provided only that the means they make use of be just and expedient for themselves and the whole community. But it cannot be allowed that one class has any right to advance its interests by injuring another. Now, this is the means constantly made use of by Strike-Unions, and therefore we contend they are unworthy of the sympathy of those who have at heart the interests of the whole community. The Strike-Union, by declaring war between labour and capital, has often interrupted trade, business, and agriculture, and injured the capitalists who exist and thrive by means of those pursuits. While loudly professing to exist and act for the benefit of the working-man, the Union does him incalculable injury, no less than the whole community. This fact we hope to show clearly in the course of this paper. But let us not hesitate to oppose the Strike-Union as we would oppose an insidious enemy labouring for our country's destruction. Shall we delay to act till the fatal policy of the agitators results in revolution and civil war? When trade becomes slack and workmen are discharged; when agriculture languishes, and proprietors receive a diminished income from the soil, or, it may be, no income at all; when the angry mob assembles together to demand the bread no longer possible to be earned by the sweat of their brow—when all this shall come to pass in consequence of the universal prevalence of strikes, then shall we learn that the interests of all three classes are intimately connected, that no one class can stand alone or attack another with impunity, but that one depends upon another for social life, health, and well-being. But, although the strike movement tends to produce these disasters, we trust the means may be found to check the evil in time, that thus the country may be saved from all the calamities of civil strife and insurrection. But if we would check the wave of agitation, it must be by energy and action; passive inaction, allowing things to take their natural course, will not, in our opinion, suffice to stem the surging flood which gathers strength as it flows onwards, and threatens to rise still higher each moment. We would ask our readers, if nothing can be done to defeat the aims of the union agitators, and to arrest the further spread of the threatening movement. Although it is true that Agricultural Unions have sprung into existence in several counties of England during the last year, still, as far as the great bulk of the farm-labourers of the United Kingdom are concerned, the agitation may be regarded as yet only in its infancy. Here, then, we would suggest, is a field for profitable investment; here is an opportunity for those whose interests are imperilled by future strikes which, we seriously think, should not be lost.

After a careful study of the Agricultural Union movement, we have come to the following conclusions:—1. The aims of the agitators are neither just in themselves, nor beneficial to masters or to men; and they ought, therefore, to be resolutely opposed. 2. Amid the labourers there existed previously to the agitation, and there exists still—independently of it—a considerable amount of latent discontent with their condition. 3. There are real hardships and grievances, possible of alleviation, in the lot and circumstances of the man. 4. In consequence of the latent discontent with their condition, the men have been in many instances an easy prey to the agitators, and have welcomed these with open arms. 5. The two classes above the labourer, viz.: the farmers and the landlords, have, to some extent, hitherto overlooked the fact that the welfare of the labourer is the true foundation of their own prosperity; in other words, farmers, as a class, and landlords, as a class, have been, during the past, too much inclined to regard their own interest and well-being as a thing apart from the comfort and happiness of the labourer.

The proximate aim of the Agricultural Union is the strike. Now, the evil results of the strike are admitted on all sides, and must be apparent to every impartial mind. Our readers cannot have overlooked the enormous injuries to masters, nor the prolonged misery to men and their families, produced by the quarrel in South Wales, nor the inconvenience, hardships, and injury to trade, during the past winter, resulting from the unprecedented rise in the price of coal; nor will they have forgotten the gas and police strikes in London, or the long-continued strikes in the building trade, which caused so much interruption to a valuable industry during the summer of 1872. And in many a rural district, where, as a rule, peace and good feeling had till then happily marked the relations of masters and men, how sad has been the effect of unionist agitation! What an immense amount of bad blood and ill-feeling has been stirred up by unprincipled agitators! Imaginary statements circulated without contradiction, masters unjustly abused, their work interrupted at a critical moment, and themselves declared to be the natural enemies of the men; revolutionary and Communistic doctrines more or less openly avowed; the worst passions aroused by inflammatory speeches or declamatory leading articles; in fine, the war of classes loudly proclaimed—such has been the handiwork of Strike-Union agitators! What claims to the gratitude of society have men who endeavour by transparent misrepresentation, and by passionate appeals to the pride, covetousness, and anger of the labourer, to arouse the direst feelings of strife and hatred in his breast against the very classes upon which he depends for existence and well-being? And, if we turn our attention to the labourers

themselves, we shall see that considerable misery has already ensued to them in consequence of the strike agitation. We have beheld men throwing up their work, leaving their dwellings, and at length returning to find themselves without work and without a home. And who can faithfully portray the hardships entailed by a strike upon the wife and family of the labourer? It is painful enough to behold strong and hardy men passing days and weeks together in idleness; it is easy to imagine how the attractions of the public house are intensified by such lamentable idleness; but who can estimate the extra amount of suffering which enters, unwelcomed and unbidden, the threshold of the workman's cottage? The sketch of the evils of the movement would be incomplete, did it not call attention to the want of prudence displayed by the unionists in regard to sending farm-labourers out of the country. Brazil, with its tropical climate, its want of roads and means of transport, was not likely to prove a land of Goshen to the English farm-labourer; and thus the emigrants, destitute of capital to cultivate and transport the produce of the country, and ignorant of the language, seem to have suffered much, even if some among them have not been obliged to return to their native land. If, however, great, it would appear, are the hardships to be faced by the English labourer, on arrival in that country, that an English chaplain at Rio Janeiro has taken the trouble to write home, for the purpose of strongly dissuading intending emigrants of this particular class from leaving their native land for Brazil. We have heard it surmised that interested emigration agents have not been unconnected with the agitation; and, indeed, although we have not the means in hand of verifying such an opinion, yet the thoughtless haste which the unionists have exhibited in sending labourers away to such a country as Brazil, certainly, we must admit, lends colour to the assertion.

But what we have seen of the evils of the strike agitation during the past is little enough when compared with what may anticipate in the future should the movement continue to extend, marked as it is by such unjust and selfish aims, leading to such disastrous consequences. Trade, agriculture, and business of all kinds, cannot be continually interrupted; the country thrown into confusion without the most serious injury to the whole community, nor will the seeds of social revolution, now being so extensively sown and assiduously cultivated, long remain dormant, or grow unchecked, without producing, sooner or later, a prolific harvest of disorder, riot, and, it may be, of other evils frightful to contemplate.

But, notwithstanding the unjust and pernicious character of the Strike-Union movement, we freely admit that a considerable

amount of latent discontent existed amid farm-labourers previously to the agitation. This is sufficiently attested by the fact of the rapid spread of the movement among a class so naturally slow to move as the peasantry of England. As Sir Arthur Helps has so well pointed out, in the course of his able work, "Thoughts upon Government," the working man who, conscious that his welfare is not ignored by those above him, has a comfortable home and is content with his lot, will be very unlikely to ally himself with democratic agitators and social revolutionists. It was precisely because the labourer, in too many instances, felt that he was uncared for by his master, and that his own condition was a glaring contrast to the prosperity of his employer, that he became the ready and willing prey to the agitator. Those who have, like ourselves, watched the origin and progress of the movement in any one district, will be able to judge for themselves of the truth of this view of the subject.

The hardships of the farm-labourers of the south of England is a wide and important question. There is so much to be said on either side, that, in order to weigh it equitably, the scales of justice require the most careful and delicate handling. Still, it is a subject which cannot be left out of consideration in connection with the solution of the Labour Problem. We do not belong to the number of those who believe it possible to banish poverty altogether from this or any country. That the minority of any State, or large civilised community, will be rich, and the majority poor, is a proposition sufficiently demonstrated by the whole course of human history. Poverty may be alleviated, but annihilated it cannot be—such is a law resulting from the varying dispositions and capacities of men. Nevertheless, the rich and poor are mutually dependant upon one another, for neither could well do without the other. The wealth of the opulent would avail him nought, were he unable to purchase with it the labour of his poorer neighbour in the shape of the necessities, comforts, and accessories of life. And, on the other hand, the labour of the poor would often lack a profitable field for investment, were it not for the forethought and wealth of the rich. The wisdom and providence of our Creator has established an admirable order of dependence between each portion of the human race. And especially is this true of the various classes and conditions which are visible features of all civilised society. The more perfectly this principle of the dependence of the classes upon each other is recognised in any community, by so much the more will that community flourish, and its prosperity increase; and the contrary will ensue in the degree in which the principle is ignored. Therefore, we argue, the middle and higher classes have some duties to perform towards the lowest class, which

cannot be neglected with impunity. The hard battle of life which the poor have to sustain is too often a subject of indifference to the employer of labour, and is, in some cases, totally forgotten by the landlord. To illustrate our meaning, let us imagine an employer placing himself in the position of the labourer, and considering the wages question from that point of view. We are inclined to think that, upon a calm review of the situation from that standpoint, his feelings of pity and compassion would often aid him to reach a higher level, and to attain to a truer judgment as to wages than has been the case during the past.

Looking at the matter in the light of a commercial bargain, it is evident that the price of labour, like other things, is regulated by the law of supply and demand. But sometimes disturbing causes occur to hinder the working out of this law, and, in consequence the balance, that is, *the price, is not in all cases equal to the real value*. We would ask—has not this happened to some extent in the agricultural labour market; in such cases, for instance, as that of the isolated, or ignorant labourer? Whatever answer we may offer to this question, it is important to observe that the labourer has, in too many instances, answered it in the affirmative by welcoming the Union with open arms.

But there are other considerations which may throw some light on this question of wages. Farm-labourers are unable to provide against a long illness or old age, and are then in the vast majority of cases obliged to seek parish relief. It follows, therefore, that the labourer is by no means self-supporting, but becomes a burden to those around him in his declining years. Can it be really desirable that he should continue so wanting in self-reliance and independence? Is not the man placed thus in a humiliating position, and does not the master suffer, and, ultimately, the landlord also, from enhanced and burdensome parish rates? Another point to which we would invite attention is the effect of low wages upon the actual quality and quantity of work done, and in regard to the better quality and greater quantity *which might be done* by well-skilled hands, as well as in regard to the good relations desirable to be kept up between masters and men. Low prices are not always cheapest in the end, and this is as true of labour as of other things. And who can doubt that extremely low wages tend to slovenly work, and that thus they ultimately react upon the employer. If a man believes himself underpaid, he is scarcely as likely to put forth all his strength and skill as when the contrary is the case.

If our readers will call to mind the events which have taken place in the rural districts during the past year, and reflect on the present relations of the three land classes to each other, they will be able to judge for themselves of the truth of our views, and to

appreciate the justice of our conclusions. It is a fact patent to any but the shallowest observer that, independently of the price of wages, good feeling is always displayed by the men towards the master who treats them with kindly consideration, and interests himself in the comfort of their homes and the well-being of their families. And this is as true of the landlord as of the farmer. In every instance in which a landed proprietor feels that he has duties to perform towards the lower class dwelling upon his estate, and accordingly makes himself acquainted with their hardships and necessities; when finding them wretchedly housed and ill-cared for, he proceeds to provide clean, well-built, and sufficiently roomy cottages, and it becomes apparent that he has at heart the welfare of his poorer neighbours, so surely will he be respected and beloved; and so surely, according to our experience, will Strike-Unionism be unlikely to find there a hearty welcome, or to flourish and to spread.

And the moral effect upon the labourer of living in decent, comfortable houses, is not to be despised. A well-built house naturally promotes industry and cleanliness on the part of the inmates, and a happy home is the best preventive against the seductions of the public-house. Every one acquainted with the rural districts of England knows that the most striking contrasts are to be seen in the appearance of villages and their inhabitants, not only in places as far removed from each other as are the counties of Lancaster and Devon, but also in villages, cottages, and cabins only separated a few miles from each other. A clean, well-cared for, comfortable village, is everywhere a welcome sight; while to come across low, wretched huts, filthy without, and neglected within, can only give rise to feelings of repugnance and disgust, mingled with compassion for the poverty-stricken inmates.

In confirmation of the views we have expressed in the course of this article, we may cite the facts deposed to at a conference of the landowners and labourers, called together at the instance of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester. At this conference—the result of a well-intended effort at conciliation, held in the autumn of last year—the Bishop himself advocated—1, That the labourer should be better educated; 2, That he should be better housed; 3, That he should be given an increased interest in the land which he cultivated; and 4, that his rate of wages should be raised. In the course of the meeting, eight labourers were examined as to their grievances, and of these five declared that they were only then receiving 10s. per week, besides an allowance of cider. House-rent, according to the statements of the men, averaged some 2s. per week. It is very important to our purpose to find that the landowners present—viz.: Mr. Holland, of Dumbleton, Mr. Price, M.P., and Cap-

tain De Winton—all admitted the reality of the grievances of the labourer, and particularly in regard to bad cottages and low wages.

In the course of a speech addressed to the Lancashire Farmers' Club, Lord Derby evinced the most intelligent sympathy for the labourer, at the same time that he wisely remarked that unionism was not calculated to do him much good. He pointed out, too, the prudence of making a reasonable effort to keep the labourers at home, rather than, by neglect, forcing them to fly from their country; and he showed the necessity of landlords providing cheap cottages and allotments for the men and their families. But who can doubt that the amelioration of the hardships and grievances of the lower class is a matter well deserving the attention of landowners? And, looking at the emigration side of the labour question it is evident enough that, if it be desirable, as we believe, to induce our farm-labourers to remain at home, we shall best accomplish this end by an earnest effort to diminish their hardships, to lessen their grievances, and to render their homes more comfortable, and themselves more contented.

A passage of Sir Arthur Helps' so exactly confirms the view we have brought forward, that we think it useful to cite it here for the purpose of comparison, though it refers more particularly to the duties of statesmen. In his opinion, *improvements* are, in consequence of the ambition for fame and name continually dodging the steps of public men, far too often overlooked. He pictures to himself a statesman taking a quiet walk with him through London or some other thickly-populated city, and he proposes to his companion some valuable improvements in the condition of the lower class of the population, such as prevention of injuries from smoke and the pollution of streams, and an amendment of the "absolutely abominable arrangements for habitation" which have to be endured by tens of thousands of our poorer fellow-countrymen. After stating that Radical Reformers would find little work were it not for the failures of statesmen, he continues:—"The statesmen of almost every country might afford to despise the efforts of the most democratic agitator if the welfare of the common people, in what are regarded as comparatively minor matters, had been sufficiently attended to. That man is seldom inclined to be clamorously destructive who has a comfortable home, and who finds that the legislation of his country is directed not merely to the redress of political grievances, but concerns itself with all that can free his condition from whatever is ignoble, unhealthy, and unbecoming. . . . . Wherever and whenever a great manufacturer, or other large employer, of labour has had somewhat of the true spirit of the statesman in him, and has striven to create a happy and contented popu-

lation in the neighbourhood of his works, he has uniformly, as far as my knowledge goes, succeeded in doing so."<sup>1</sup>

Another improvement which suggests itself to us depends more particularly upon the farmers—the extension of the system of piece-work. If this system were only more generally adopted by employers, we feel sure, from practical experience, that the labourer would be materially benefited. As Lord Derby has so well pointed out, at present there is often no stimulus to individual exertion; in fact, a strong, willing hand is often virtually prohibited from doing more than a certain quantity of work, in consequence of the odium attached by his fellows to any excess of zeal in his master's service. Every one practically acquainted with the matter is aware that men will work with far more energy by the piece than by the day. And common sense will suggest the reason. A man working by the piece feels that his reward depends entirely upon his own exertions, and therefore he takes care to develop all the skill and industry of which he is capable. How different is the case when the price of the week's work is already settled before the man begins it! In that case, he knows that whether he may work hard, or lose half his time in looking about him, he will receive exactly the same amount when the pay-night comes. Is it wonderful that day-work and piece-work are carried on in a totally different manner? The more general adoption of piece-work, accompanied with proper supervision of the work done, would not only prove an immense boon to the labourer, but would equally benefit the farmer; for, according to our experience, payment by the piece is not only more satisfactory to both sides, but often actually cheaper. Why then, we may well ask, is not such an advantageous system more widely extended?

Although the evil effect of strikes cannot be denied by unionist advocates, yet it is contended that the fair value of labour cannot be obtained without resorting to this species of class warfare. To this objection we answer, that although we do not deny to operatives and labourers the right to combine for their protection, yet there are other and better means of settling disputes between employers and employed than the widely-organised hostilities so constantly made use of by Trades'-Unions. The identity of interest and welfare existing between employers and employed is such, that the injury inflicted on either class by strikes or lock-outs reacts with sure effect upon the other. Wherein, then, we would ask, consists the wisdom of resorting to strikes? Mr. Lowe has pointed out clearly that this species of warfare can never permanently raise wages. And why should not the market value of

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<sup>1</sup> "Thoughts upon Government," by Arthur Helps, pp. 158-9. Bell and Daldy. 1872.



labour be ascertained, like other things, by mutual negotiation. And, if combination be deemed necessary in the case of master and man alike, we see no reason, when disputes have arisen and cannot be adjusted by mutual agreement, why recourse should not be had to arbitration, or to Boards of Conciliation.

But why have we seen so much obstinacy in trade disputes and so lamentable a disposition to prefer war to peace? We believe the fact to be principally due to two causes. In the first place the Unions have laboured under a mistake in supposing that class warfare tends to benefit the working man. But there is another cause more potent, and more comprehensive still, for it includes the idea of the first, and helps to explain its existence. There are able and designing leaders, who live and thrive upon agitation—men who, an incredibly short time ago, were common labourers now earning their five or ten guineas a-day. Now, it stands to reason that it is to the interest of such men to keep the agitation stirring, or their occupation would be gone. Men, but a short time ago quite unknown to fame, now suddenly become class leaders and heroes of the hour, cannot afford to despise the bridge which has carried them over safely from nothingness to note. Or admit that class disputes should be settled by mutual agreement rather than by strikes, and these fiery demagogues must retire to the background—to the cold shades of obscurity, and to the dullness of every-day life. It is sad to notice that the prejudices of the simple and uneducated labourer prevent him from perceiving that the improvement of *his* condition is a secondary consideration with men of this stamp, that, in fact, it is only the means to be used for another end—the demagogic stepping-stone to power and riches. But we hesitate to believe that men of education and reflection will continue to accord their sympathy and support to a movement so little calculated in itself to benefit the labourer and still less to improve the relations of the classes to each other or to advance the true interests of society.

We are disposed to admit that, independently of the strike agitation, the condition of the labourer has considerably improved during the past quarter of a century. That he is still unable to obtain a regular supply of fresh meat for his family, much less provide for unforeseen misfortunes or old age, is perhaps, in part, to be explained by the fact that he is now better clothed than formerly and that, other new wants having come into existence along with his improved condition, his extra earnings have gone to supply these wants.

Such dire distress as was formerly witnessed in the rural districts has, indeed, been happily unseen by us in the present day. And, doubtless, the cost of labour to the farmer has greatly

creased. At the same time, we must also recollect that the whole wealth of the country has immensely developed during the same period, and that farmers and landowners have been sharers in the general prosperity. It would, then, have been a too shameful fact, had the labourer been deprived of all share of the increasing riches of the community. The spectacle of immense wealth by the side of abject poverty, which the social aspect of England presents to-day, is one well worthy of the attention of capitalists and landed proprietors, and the essence of the matter is simple enough. Is the labourer paid the fair value of his labour? The agitators say he is not; they stir the length and breadth of the land in consequence, and the result is the Strike-Union. On this subject Mr. W. J. Edmonds<sup>1</sup> has given us some valuable facts, which may be compared with those already cited above in connection with the Bishop of Gloucester's conference. After showing that the position of the labourer has materially improved during the past thirty years, and that his work is not only better paid, but, in addition, lighter and more pleasant, he contrasts the rate of wages in the year 1843 with that of 1871-2. The facts are as follows:—In 1843, the rate of wages in East Gloucestershire averaged, including piece-work, 2s. 6d. per week, and wheat was sold at 6s. per bushel. In the year ending April, 1872, the rate had risen on Mr. Edmonds' farm to 13s. 6d. per week (10s. for day-work, and 3s. 6d. extra for piece-work), and wheat averaged 6s. 6d. per bushel. This gives a rise of 40 per cent. in wages, but only 8 per cent. in wheat. Against this Mr. Edmonds sums up thus:—Sugar and tea are cheaper now than thirty years ago; bacon is about the same; some necessaries are higher, in consequence of the action of Trades-Unions; and the high price of meat is merely exceptional, and likely to decline in the course of a year or two.

From a review of these facts, we gather that there is a clear gain to the labourer, for the price of meat affects the calculation but little, precisely because he neither was, nor is able to purchase much of it. This last fact seems to us worthy of consideration, for if fresh meat be really a necessity, it is surely a necessity to the labourer. But it is most important to our purpose to observe that Mr. Edmonds (himself a large tenant-farmer), in the course of his very fair and able paper, admits that the labourer has at least one grievance—he is unable to provide against sickness and old age. Masters and landlords, by thinking seriously on the case of the labourer, and by studying deeply how best they can remedy such

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<sup>1</sup> "On the Labour Question; more especially on Agricultural Labour." A Paper read at the meeting of the Cirencester Chamber of Agriculture in April last.

grievances as are real and evident, will, without doubt, take surest means to solve the Labour Problem. When these two classes have set themselves to work, more seriously and more generally remedy the defects in their duty to the people, then will they be able, with all the more reason and justice, to require the people to do their duty to them. And, in regard to cottage accommodation while the bad legislation of past years, and the short-sighted and heartless conduct of individual owners, have both, it seems, contributed to the erection of the wretched dwellings we are now of us acquainted with—now gradually giving way to decent healthy houses—no one can doubt that something still remains to be done in the way of improvement. But, as the subject has already received a large share of attention, we need not now pursue it further.

But we may be told that our views, as to the solution of the question, are good in theory, but that they will not stand the test of practice, inasmuch as the conscientious and benevolent conduct of individual masters or landowners has not stayed the progress of Strike-Unionism on their farms or properties. We must be on guard against over-valuing the force of this argument. The existence of a general law is proved by the evidence of a large number of facts, and not by force of some few exceptional cases. It is a general law of humanity that benevolence and consideration in others beget the like good-will and consideration in return; that it is not always so—that their operation is sometimes modified by other causes—proves nothing against the truth of the general principle.

Everything built up rests upon its own base; remove this, and the building tumbles to the ground. Now the edifice of Unionism has, we have endeavoured to show, its basis in the real hardship of the labourer. What, then, can so much contribute to the fall of the ugly building as to remove its foundation? It may be true that the spectacle of a good master or benevolent landlord has prevented the entrance of the Union into his particular district; nevertheless, we are inclined to believe it has always tended to check the spread, and hamper the action of the movement. Let us rest assured that the explanation of the phenomena of strikes does not lie entirely at the door of the working class. Capital has something to answer for, as well as Labour; and every class must acknowledge its own duties and the rights of others, or society can no longer exist.

The position of the tenant-farmer, placed, as he is, in the middle between the landlord and the labourer, is no doubt one of some difficulty. He is, it has been well said, the bond of union which unites wealth and poverty, which links together the many and

few ; and, as such, he occupies a most useful and important position. Yet he is restrained to some extent in his action, however benevolent may be his aims ; for he has the landlord above him, who naturally expects the punctual payment of his rent, whatever its amount ; and, on the other hand, he has the labourer below him, who must be paid whether seasons be good or bad, whether gains be great or small, whether he himself wins or loses in the race of life. This consideration will show us how impracticable are the views of Unionist leaders, who talk of raising wages to £1 at a stroke, as if this could be by a word, with mutual pleasure and satisfaction all round ! Mr. Edmonds has indeed far more justice on his side when he remarks, that *a rise of wages must be gradual to be really beneficial to the labourer*. No sensible man can doubt that the prosperity of the tenant-farmer is most important to the welfare of society. It has been to us, therefore, a subject for sincere regret to notice the unmerciful abuse which has been so profusely lavished upon him by unscrupulous agitators. Not only has he been roundly abused, in common with others in the rural districts, but he has been most savagely attacked by the avowed organ of the Unionists (*Labourers' Union Chronicle*), and his class held up to the execration of mankind. Vicarious cultivators ; troublesome subjects ; men who have sought to prey upon the public ; a burden to the nation—thus have they been described. They are painted as tyrants, who have determined that their serfs shall never be emancipated, that their slaves shall continue slaves ; as masters who have offered their servants the alternative of starvation, or submission to unjust terms. Battle is declared, resistance is justified, blood and civil war even are named, class is matched against class, the banners of strife are boldly unfurled. And can such conduct be deemed worthy of sympathy by any thoughtful, and sensible mind ? Can such men be doing any good service to their country ? What are such agitators doing for society, except loosening its foundations ? What can be the object of painting the farmers in such black colours, and appealing to the passions of the labourers, except to raise strife and hatred between these classes ? And let us rest assured that the leaders who have done their best to excite a war of classes are the enemies of our common country, and by no means the real friends of the class whose interest they profess to serve.

The Strike-Union agitation, as far as it appeals to physical force ; inasmuch as it tends to set class against class ; inasmuch as the proceedings of its promoters destroy previously existing good feeling between masters and men ; in that its ultimate effects must be injurious to the men themselves ; because its aims are unjust to employers, and injurious to every class ; because, in

fine, it has a suspicious connection with the Social Revolution—undoubtedly contains in itself dangerous and threatening elements. Nevertheless, were there no latent or active discontent, were there no real hardship or preventible suffering amid the farm-labourers of the country, the movement would wither in the bud, and die a speedy natural death.

Looking at what we have seen taking place under our eyes, it would be simply absurd to maintain that the labourer has been, or is now entirely content with, his position. On the contrary, there is no doubt that the movement has been in many places welcomed with much zest and enthusiasm, and even women have taken part in it. There is no question that the old ties which formerly bound the classes together have been considerably weakened by the neglect of their estates by individual landowners, and through the selfish treatment of labourers by individual masters.

We have heard that in days gone by certain owners of the soil pulled down labourers' cottages, in order to drive the inhabitants away, and thus decrease the poor-rates. In our own time, we have heard of noble landlords in Scotland and Ireland who have done the same thing to create shooting-grounds or grazing farms. Can we wonder at such inhuman conduct producing its legitimate fruit in loosening the ties of wealth and poverty, of the rich and the poor? And we are acquainted with the existence of a proud and selfish spirit among the monied classes. We have heard of masters bargaining for the labour of their men, as if these were creatures of a race lower than themselves, and not men of feelings and wants like their own. We have not the slightest doubt these are some of the causes to which must be traced the effects we are now witnessing. Labour would not have become so rebellious had not the hand of Capital been somewhat heavy upon it. The burdens of the poor would not have become so intolerable had there been no selfishness or oppressiveness on the part of the rich.

The farm-labourer is unable to provide adequately for sickness or old age. The workhouse stares him in the face as he drops slowly down the decline of life. Is this just in itself, or worthy of a civilised and Christian country? We have shown that this grievance has a real existence, no less than the other hardships of bad cottages and low wages. We have proved our position by the admissions and evidences of men of standing, practical knowledge and experience. Let us hope, then, that landowners and masters will give their full attention to the question of improving the condition of the farm-labourer. It cannot be expected that the whole burden of improvement should be undertaken by any one class. Each class has its function, its sphere, and its duty, the performance of which is absolutely necessary for the health and strength —

the whole body social. As it was justly observed by an agriculturist himself, much care, forethought, and energy, have been already bestowed on the bringing to perfection of sheep and cattle, but by far too little on the improvement of the labourer. But we cannot believe that so lamentable a contrast will long continue to be seen.

Nor can we deny that great good may ultimately result from the fact of public attention being turned to the consideration of the case of the labourer. Few persons will be found to maintain that his position is in all respects satisfactory. We are ourselves no determined enemy of Strike-Unions, yet we confess to sentiments of lively sympathy for every just and wise effort to improve the labourer's condition, precisely because we have at heart the well-being of each of the land classes. We have taken great pains in the course of this article to offer for consideration what we believe and feel to be the true solution of the Labour Problem. We have pointed out how the sources of the current of agitation may be dried up, how the onward flow of the disastrous flood may be stayed in time. Looking back upon the conclusions we have come to, we argue that the most effectual way to defeat the Strike-Union agitators will be to take the weapons out of their hands. Let landowners and masters only show themselves in earnest in seeking out and endeavouring to remedy the social grievances which exist, in alleviating hardships by no means fictitious; let every substantial cause for discontent be fairly considered, and thus the most potent allies of the agitators will be disarmed; the occupation of these men will vanish; and, the relations of the three land classes being replaced on a better footing than heretofore, at length the difficult Labour Problem will stand a fair chance of solution, and thus, we will hope, may the dark cloud, now gathering in the distance, and frowning above the horizon of the future, be dissipated for ever.

J. P.

## FAIRY FENELLA.

CHAPTER XI. (*continued*).

"LISTEN to the odious thing," whispered Ellen to Sophy, only look at poor papa's slippers; he's had them on all mornin do wish I had made Tom go to his room and take them yeste while he was away. Do you know what papa said in the gla of his heart when he came to say good-bye (he thought he was for good). The dear, foolish, soft-hearted man said: 'If you ever in this country again, Mr. Steward, you must give a ball.'"

" 'Thanks, thanks, Mr. O'Hara,' said the wretch, 'I hope to be back the day after to-morrow.' I just wish you had seen papa's countenance fell! I had to rush out of the room, for of bursting into a roar of laughter."

The Arab had by this time ceased talking to Josephine, was staring at Sophy and Ellen. "Those girls are whispering," observed he, turning to his left-hand neighbor, "you should tell them that young ladies ought not to whisper company.—at least that was the rule when I was young."

"Tell him to hold his tongue, and mind his own business," cried Ellen, very angrily.

"How can I hold my tongue. Miss Ellen, when I know Kate, there, is dying to hear my adventures. Put over that bag of gooseberries, will you, and I'll begin."

No lady complying with his modest request, he had to get and reach the basket for himself. Laying it down between Josephine and himself, he commenced his history.

"It was very hot, indeed, all morning, and I soon got tired walking, so I caught an old horse, that was grazing in a field near Tarna Chapel. I made a bridle of straw for him and mounted him bare-backed. He was not a spirited animal, but he ran along very comfortably till we got within a mile of Clara, when I overtook a poor old woman trudging under the weight of a bag, groaning and cursing the heat. What could I do? You know, girls, I have always a soft spot in my heart for the ladies; so I bridled, and asked her would she like a ride. 'Yes,' said she, made her mount behind me from the ditch, bidding her clutch me by my waist with both hands, and we rode in that loving style through Clara. I let her down in sight of the Glebe door. We were crowded, I assure you."

"No accounting for tastes," from Reby.

"It was a kind deed," pronounced Josephine.

"Old Rutherford fed and stabled my steed, and I rode him back to his own field yesterday. I gave his owner a sixpence for the use of him."

"Was he satisfied?"

"Not at first, Miss Reby: he stood out for eighteenpence, but at length I persuaded him that sixpence was quite enough. I then went to the shore to look for wild duck, and got so interested that I forgot the hour, and daylight was going when I reached the road again; so I made my way to a forge by the side of the road, and asked the good man of the house for a night's lodging. He had no bed to spare, but he let me sleep with him, (Miss Allen dropped her Berlin work, and edged herself a little further away), and he shared his supper with me—a fine badger, which was simmering in the pot; and what more could he do, I'd like to know," concluded Mr. Stewart, appealing to the group, triumphantly.

"A badger!" ejaculated his audience, in various tones of disgust.

"It was not bad at all, I assure you: hunger is capital sauce. I rose at half-past five with the blacksmith, and walked on here in time for breakfast. There, Kate, are my adventures for you."

"What had you to pay for your badger supper, Mr. Stewart?" inquired Reby, with contemptuous emphasis. But she received no answer: Mr. Stewart pretended not to hear. "I could swear he gave the man nothing," she whispered to Ellen and Sophy.

"Miss Drummond," said Mr. Stewart, "I must show you my specimens. I have been skinning them since I came in—a magnificent *Larus Marinus*—the black-backed gull. I showed you one of the eggs in Tom's collection—an olive green marked with very dark brown. Then I also shot a fine *Fratercula Arctica*, or Puffin, the only one I could get at all near."

"You were very fortunate to get two good specimens."

"But I have not told you of my best luck: the humming-bird moth, *Macroglossa Stellatarum*. It is only in very hot weather that he is to be found up here. I put him in the tin case, and slung the birds over my shoulder. It is so infernally hot that I only got home in time to save the skins."

"I should like to see the *Lary*—what did you call it?"

"*Larus Marinus*; I'll make him into a plume for your hat, if you like. I'll bring him to show you this evening."

"Do, please," said Josephine, though she knew that her mother and aunt detested the youth, and thought he spent too much time in their drawing-room already.



"Are James and Lucy coming to the pic-nic to-morrow?" asked Reby.

"Oh, yes," replied Jane, "and Lucy's cousin, Miss Elton—the loveliest little creature! Now, do you know, she's just the loveliest little creature you ever saw!"

"Is she? but you go into raptures over every new person, Jane."

"Fairy Fenella (that's what I heard Lucy calling her) is worthy of any raptures. She is very tiny: she'd hardly reach up to Kate's shoulder. She has black, black sparkling eyes, and a quantity of black hair, which she wears plaited round and round her little head; and the whitest skin you can imagine, with just a tinge of pink in her cheeks when she speaks or laughs; and then her wee, wee hands and feet!—she is a little fairy princess, whose like was never dreamt of in Ballyshandra."

"She must be something out of the common to have inspired Jane in this manner. Why did they give her such an outlandish name?"

"Lucy says her grandmother and great grandmother were both called Fenella: I didn't hear how the name came into the family. Everybody at Finn Hill is crazy about her; you should see how Mr. Fitzpatrick attends upon and flatters her; and, as to Lucy, you'd think she had got a new plaything. I never saw anything like the way she watches her and runs after her."

"Is not she very delicate?"

"Yes, you see that at once; no healthy girl could have that transparent complexion."

"What is Mrs. Elton like?"

"She is a good-humoured, stupid woman, who talks a great deal without saying much. She idolised Fenella; I should think that is her only strong feeling. When I asked them to the picnic, she said her daughter was too delicate, and she could not let her go; but Fenella declared she was strong enough, and she'd like to go so her mother gave in, as a matter of course. Mr. Fitzpatrick said he'd carry her in his arms up the cliff, rather than let her be disappointed. That from him! The revolution that the fairy has effected in Finn Hill should be seen to be believed in."

That evening as the Drummonds were finishing dinner, M<sup>r</sup> Steward appeared at the lodge, and walked into the house with ringing, according to his own charming, easy habit.

The party in the dining-room heard him prowling about the drawing-room, whistling jig tunes. He had been known to find his way to the kitchen, and ask for a drink of butter-milk, a liber which Aunt Harriet deeply resented.

"He's rummaging your basket, now, most likely, Harriet, and unfolding your work to see what you are making."

"Well, Reby, let him : he'll see nothing there but old Nancy's under garments."

"Now he is at the chimney-piece, opening the spills, and piecing them to read the writing. I caught him at that one day. He beats everything for curiosity. What letters did you fold into spills last, Josephine?"

"Any letters in your table drawer, Josephine?" asked Kate and Sophy.

Josephine did not appear to notice their insolent questions.

"If he were *my* friend, I'd try and teach him better," remarked Reby. "How I wish I had left Kate's note open in the drawing-room! I saw it inside a book. She calls him a nasty little mean creature in it."

"We shall have his company all the evening," sighed Mrs. Drummond; "really, Josephine, you are very tiresome for being so unnecessarily civil to him."

Whatever he might be, he was her admirer, so Josephine gave little heed; she merely rose from the dinner-table in a more dignified manner than usual, and sailed into the drawing-room.

Mr. Steward had completed his tour of inspection, and was reclining at full length on the sofa, close to her particular window. There he remained all the evening, and only left in time for tea at the Castle, seeing plainly that Mrs. Drummond was not going to invite him to drink tea with her.

Josephine talked and listened with graceful self-possession, although Reby, stationed directly behind the "Arab," and in Josephine's full view, made the most hideous grimaces at him nearly all the time, shaking her hand in close proximity to his mop-like head, and otherwise distinguishing herself, and exciting Kate's and Sophy's admiration. They were bursting into fits of ill-stifled laughter every few minutes, but Josephine did not seem to heed them; she was gaining a good deal of information on the subjects of botany and natural history—interesting information, which the youth was able to furnish particularly well; and she was leading him on by the unnecessary civility, which provoked her mother and aunt so much.

It cannot be said that he amused her very much, after all; but he wore a coat, and he admired her more than he did the other girls; therefore, she was ready to encourage him. *Propos* of that coat, Mr. Steward had not yet accomplished the chief object of his visit that evening, and, without accomplishing it, he had no intention of quitting Mrs. Drummond's roof.

"Where is Lionel, do you think?" inquired he of Reby.

"I really have no idea."

"Well, I wish you'd look for him, and tell him I want him."

Reby tried to look dignified, but only succeeded in looking cross ; however, Lionel chanced to pass the window at that moment, and Mr. Steward darted after him, saying a hurried "All right! There he is! Good night, Miss Josephine."

Passing his arm through Lionel's, he held him fast.

"Why, Steward, where in the world have you dropped from?"

"From your drawing-room, where I have been sitting with your sister Josephine all the evening."

"The devil you have!" muttered Lionel, under his breath.

"I must stop Miss Josephine's little game," added he, mentally.

"You must lend me some clothes to wear at the picnic to-morrow, Lionel, like a good fellow: you see these are rather too much scuffed for an affair of the kind."

"A cool request, Steward! I am going to the party myself."

"Come, now, Lionel, don't be a churl: you have two good suits. Come, like a generous fellow, lend me your second best. You can't wear them both at once, you know. What's that interesting and instructive tale about the dog in the manger?"

Lionel looked towards the drawing-room window. Had his aunt or Reby been within hearing, he should have summoned courage to refuse; but, being soft-hearted, like his sister Sophy, he had no chance against the "Arab," who, guessing his weakness, walked him further away from the window.

"I'm in a fix—a regular fix! You really must lend me the suit for to-morrow."

"Only for to-morrow?" questioned poor Lionel, doubtfully. His finances being low just then, he saw no prospect of being able to replace the second best suit, supposing anything should happen to it; and the fate of Mr. O'Hara's slippers and Tom's studs was before his mind's eye. But he could not bring his easy nature to say "no." "You will give me them back to-morrow night without fail, Steward?"

"Undoubtedly! I only want them for the day. You're a right, good chap, Lionel!"

"Well, come away to my room, and you shall have them."

## CHAPTER XII.

### FAIRY FENELLA.

JANE O'HARA had said to Lucy, when inviting the Finn Hill party to the pic-nic, "You must come, if it is only to see Mr. Steward: he's the queerest creature! Now, do you know, you never saw any one half so queer;" and forthwith she launched out a recapitulation of his oddities.

Lucy had not yet seen him, except at church; she had been a good deal occupied at home since the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Elton, and Mr. Steward was out shooting the only time she called at the Castle; but the Drummond's and O'Hara's all talked to her about him; his rudeness and eccentricity were the favourite theme of their discourse.

"You seem very proud of him, Jane," remarked she.

"He makes us laugh, dear; he is ever so queer. We laugh, though we can't help being angry with him, too. Mamma says we shall have him all autumn, for papa will never have the heart to turn him out; and it won't occur to him that anybody could possibly grow tired of him."

No expedition to the Atlantic had taken place since the memorable one so long ago, when Mr. Oliver had proposed to Mary, and Mr. Sinclair frightened Josephine nearly out of her senses. It was natural that Lucy should remember that day, as she climbed the steep, grassy bank to the edge of the cliff. A merry group of her young friends stood where Geraldine and Cecil had been then—her darling Geraldine, so blooming and so gay.

"I suppose," thought she, "the joy of earthly love must be faint and poor compared with the spiritual joy she is feeling now."

James, who was at her side, divined the cause of the half-sad, half-speculative expression in her changeful face, and endeavoured to turn away her thoughts from the past.

"Let us read 'The Brown Rosary,' Lucy; Jane wants to hear it read aloud, for she declares she has neither time nor patience to read to herself."

Jane, Carrie, and Lucy were speedily encamped on the wild thyme bank, listening to his reading, which was always pleasant to hear, since he possessed the gifts of a well-modulated voice, and a good deal of taste and feeling.

Jane and Carrie listened at first; but the latter, not being very literary, soon strayed from the group to station herself at the brink of the cliff, and look down cautiously at the rocks below—a vast way below—where Mr. Steward, Lionel, and Tom were scrambling about, trying to shoot wild pigeons in the caves. Most adventurous, not to say rash, was Mr. Steward, and poor Lionel's clothes were getting many a scuff and tear on the sharp rocks. Their owner could not help following them with anxious, prophetic eyes. He felt sure they would be of little value to him when he got them back.

At the first pause in the reading, Lucy placed her hand on James's arm. "We are forgetting Fenella," said she; "perhaps she might like to hear 'The Lay of the Brown Rosary!'"

"Never mind her," replied James, laughing; "she is amusing herself very well with Josephine. Just look there!"

Lucy turned her head and saw her cousin seated by Josephine's side, at some little distance. She was laughing at something Josephine had been saying.

"Let her alone," persisted James; "she doesn't want us, and we don't want her."

"That's very uncivil of you, James; men are the rudest creatures!" put in Jane.

"But Lucy keeps me on such hard duty, looking after her cousin. I am obliged to carry Miss Elton over streams."

"Now, James, be accurate; you only had to lift her over one drain, and to run into the house for shawls for her many times a-day."

"Excellent occupation for you! It is all you are fit for."

"Is it, indeed? Thank you, Jane, for your flattering opinion."

"She is sitting on the grass," interrupted Lucy. "Aunt Elton would be dreadfully uneasy about her, if she knew. Do ask her to come over and share our rug, James."

"Well, Lucy, if I must I must;" and he got up with an air of pretended languor. "Do you see how she tyrannises over me Jane?"

The embassy was successful. James returned with the lovely little cousin upon his arm, and Lucy tenderly received her, making her lean against her, and rest her head upon her lap. Thus placed with her cousin's arm fondly encircling her, Fairy Fenella was very much at her ease.

"Lucy thought you might like to hear our reading, Miss Elton; do you like poetry?"

"When it is not too grave, Mr. Galbraith; I think I like a pretty things."

"Sweets for the sweet—lovely things for the lovely," said Jane looking very admiringly at the beautiful little creature before her. "Now, haven't I said a nice thing? But James should not have left it to me to say."

"Mr. Galbraith does not pay compliments, and I like him the better for it," returned Fenella.

James laughed and looked at her with more interest than he had yet shown in her. In truth, he had not paid her a single compliment; he had not been so taken with her as the rest of the party at Finn Hill. His sour guardian was all suavity where she was concerned; Mrs. Fitzpatrick roused herself from her languor to pet her, having even been seen to offer her the use of her own particular sofa, and Lucy hung delightedly over the fragile little cousin who had loved Geraldine so well; but, although James admitted that she was beautiful, he did not pay her much attention, declaring that she was nothing but a shallow little beauty, selfish and uninteresting.

"She has been accustomed to have her every fancy consulted, James," replied Lucy, when he uttered this unfavourable criticism; "but I do not think she is selfish at heart; consider her disadvantages in being an only child, a beauty, and an invalid. Study her a little, and you'll perceive what a number of amiable qualities she has, notwithstanding."

"Study her, must I? You are becoming a severe task-mistress, Lucy. I shall rebel if you persist in setting me such hard lessons."

This he said to tease her, but he obeyed her slightest wish; and though not yet one of Fenella's admirers, he was ready to serve her at all times, and was exceedingly gentle and kind to her.

"I like Mr. Galbraith the better for not paying compliments," said Fenella; and James, who had, as we have hinted, no mean opinion of himself, began to think he had possibly been a little unjust to Fenella. He stole an occasional glance at her as she lay against Lucy's lap, and thought within himself that he had been slightly mistaken in calling her uninteresting. "She likes a sensible man who rather despises compliments," proceeded he, in his mental discourse, while he was reading out Mrs. Browning's strong musical lines. There was every excuse for the frequency of his stolen glances, for so fair a creature had never before appeared in Ballyshandra. Josephine, the beauty of the parish, was merely a handsome, but rather coarse-looking girl by her side; and, as to the other maidens, Fenella eclipsed them totally.

Her tiny figure was beautifully rounded, her hands and feet and little well-poised head all in the exactest proportion, and every feature in her face perfect.

One admirer went wild about her dark eyes; another praised her luxuriant coils of hair; a third raved of her pearly teeth and coral lips; and none who looked upon her, of either sex, ever denied her beauty.

Her remarkable loveliness was enhanced by her careful toilet—the fresh, perfectly-fitting muslins, the delicate white lace for evening wear, the pretty boots and gloves, the like of which had never been dreamt of in Ballyshandra.

Josephine expended a good deal of careful thought upon her dress, but the result was very different from Fenella's, and she could not help envying the little stranger.

James read on, and when he came to passages he particularly admired, he glanced first at Lucy for sympathy, as of old, but he looked also at the lovely little face upon her lap, expecting to read grave thought and tender emotion there too. Fenella, however, was not literary: she thought "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" a

most stupid production, and her dark eyes closed in the midst of her companion's comments upon it.

"Dear God, and must we see  
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to Thee?  
We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear Thee in the wind,  
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind."

James made a pause after reading these lines, and re-read them more slowly.

"How fine!" was his remark.

"Yes, dear James, but so sad—oh, so sad!" faltered Lucy—"Let me confess that I'd keep my cedars, though I should never see the light behind."

"You do not really think so, Lucy, I fancy; but, if you do, God will not suffer you to keep them. It is well for us, darling, that His wise, merciful hand can be unsparing. For me, I am content to think that necessary trials will not be withheld. What he saddened you so to-day?"

"I believe I can tell you what ails me. You remember the last time we were here, four summers ago, how very happy and hopeful we were! Geraldine and Cecil stood just there. I can, think, see their graceful, upright figures against the sky. What followed? I have been living through it again since we began to climb the cliff, and this poem happened to chime in with my train of thought." She went on dreamily quoting from "The Brown Rosary":

"I'd choose, perhaps a love-lit hearth, instead of love and heaven,  
A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven-times seven."

"I should choose thus. I am looking down the years, James—I cannot spare my cedars: no more of them must fall."

"How do you know that you or I shall have many years to spend? 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,—or, stay! he are words I like even better. 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Faithless and cowardly, Lucy, to despond in the face of such a promise as that!"

"James, dear, you are right. Speak to me in your clerical capacity. How do you set to work to encourage your poor people when they are desponding like me?"

James was nothing loth to comply; he spoke in his official manner and little air of authority, which might have tempted many another listener to smile; but Lucy heard him with the humility of a learner: she looked on him as her appointed teacher, no longer merely her fellow student.

His decision of manner served, instead of the personal experience which, as yet, he did not possess; and Lucy wondered at his goodness, believing he must feel very deeply what he said so well.

Fenella slept through their talk, with her lovely head still resting on Lucy's knee. There was a faint flush on her oval cheek

and her lips were slightly parted ; one shapely arm rested on the grass ; the other was laid negligently across her breast. She looked like a beautiful sleeping child.

James and Lucy both gazed at her. "I admit," said the former, "that she is interesting, as well as very lovely."

"I am glad to hear you have so much perception at last," replied Lucy, smiling. "It is becoming rather chilly. I must wake her, lest she take cold.—Fenella, love!" and bending over her cousin, she awoke her with a kiss.

Fenella opened her soft, brown, velvet eyes, and the delicate flush deepened a little in her cheek as she raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Have I been asleep, and did you spread this warm shawl over me? You are very kind to me, dear Lucy!"

"Is not everybody kind to you, Fenella?"

"Yes, indeed: I don't believe that I was ever crossed or contradicted in my life; but, please, do not let me be exacting and selfish with you, Lucy. You were talking the other day when you did not know I was in the room, and I overheard Mr. Galbraith say that people who are always given their own way are sure to become selfish. Don't let me be selfish, Lucy."

"My dear child, we were not thinking of you! We were merely talking in the abstract, as we often do."

"The abstract? What does that mean?"

"Oh, something very stupid and hard, Miss Elton!" cried James, laughing.

"But I like the way you talk, though I don't always quite understand what you mean," said the little beauty, with a wistful look. "You make me wish to be better than I am; and I never felt that wish until I knew you. The people in Dublin do nothing but pay me compliments, and talk frivolously."

James was observing her minutely while she spoke; and the interest she had aroused in him for the first time that day, rapidly deepened. He had thought of her as of an expensively-bound trashy volume, which he would not be troubled to open; but he now perceived that the beautiful binding was not all—the book contained some attractions of its own that might well repay perusal.

Fenella was quite sincere in saying that she wished to be better. She had been paid so many compliments that she no longer cared to receive them. She knew she was beautiful, but was so accustomed to the knowledge that it ceased to give her pleasure. Several men had asked her to marry them, but none of them had succeeded in touching her heart, or filling the void there, which was aching just a little as she said, "You make me wish to be better than I am."



"You are not selfish, darling," said Lucy, tenderly.

"I don't know that, Lucy; I am afraid I always think first of pleasing myself; for instance, I should not have gone to sleep while Mr. Galbraith was reading aloud for my amusement."

"Did not I fail in amusing you, Miss Elton?" inquired James, his eyes dancing with mirth.

"Yes, it was very dull and sad; and you and Lucy began to talk so gravely, I could not listen. Why are you always earnest and grave?"

"I have juvenile spirits when I am encouraged a little, Miss Elton—quite juvenile, I assure you;—now, Lucy, haven't I? Do speak a good word for me. It is Lucy who is earnest and grave—you must teach her how to trifle."

"Here come the girls from the shore! They are not minded as any of us should be grave much longer," said Lucy, smiling her quiet smile, as she got up and went to meet her friends.

The evening was growing very chilly, and a mist began to creep up the mountains from the sea,—a swift, ghostly, grey veil enveloped the breakers, and the rocks they roared over where the gentlemen had been scrambling a couple of hours before.

A light, mist-like shower was falling, and, together with the cold cloud rising from the sea, warned our party that it was time to bend their steps towards Shanna, where the cars and phaetons awaited them. But ere they reached the little village of Shanna they must defile through sand-hills for the distance of half-a-mile since there was no road leading to the ocean any further than the village. It was rough and difficult walking through that deep sand, and Fenella was right glad of James's arm, which he offered of his own accord, without waiting for Lucy's commands. It was the first time he had freely chosen to be her escort, but then he had newly made the discovery that she was interesting. So he supported her with one arm, and on the other he carried the shawl and wraps of the other ladies, for Mr. Steward, Lionel, and Tor were gone on in advance of the rest.

"I declare I am sorry to go home," said Fenella, looking back at the Atlantic from the last turning of the road winding through the bent-grown sandhills; "just see that sunny gleam between the showers—not warm, but so bright!"

"You like fine scenery?" inquired her companion.

"I am not sure that I appreciate scenery in general; but I like everything about this country: I am so happy here!"

"Do you like the people, too, Miss Elton?" asked he, bending his tall head so as to look into her face.

"Yes, very much indeed," returned she, with a blush, and

a coy look in her brown eyes: "you are all so kind and so good."

"Are we, really? Which of us is so very good? Mr. Fitzpatrick or my aunt,—or—I am afraid to hint such a vain thing,—but do tell me, am *I* good?" with an amused smile.

"I think you are, and Lucy is good: she is nearly perfect, I am sure. I never met any one like her."

"Granted! There is but one Lucy in the world!"

"What are they all doing?" cried Fenella, pointing to the rest of the party, who had walked on in front, and were now standing still gazing intently at something.

They had reached Shanna Lough, a mountain lake, about half-a-mile in length, and rather more than a quarter-of-a-mile in breadth, which was surrounded by heathery hills that bounded your view as you stood looking towards the Lough, with your back to the village.

Shanna village—a collection of miserable hovels,—was perched on a slightly rising ground overlooking the Lough.

When Fenella uttered her exclamation, the O'Hara and Drummond girls had come to a standstill on the sandy road directly beneath the village, and were gazing at the Lough; while old men, and women and children (all the inhabitants of Shanna, in fact, who had not gone to the turf-cutting), were out before their doors, staring fixedly in the same direction.

"What is it?" repeated Fenella.

"Look there!" cried James, pressing her arm somewhat closer to him—"don't you see something on the Lough?"

A two-masted vessel was sailing steadily down Shanna Lake, her sails swelling in the breeze, and her sailors climbing the rigging, or running about the deck—a ghostly, silent crew, for no sound reached the land. The ship was approaching the extreme end of the Lough, where a thick forest of rushes, flags, and water-lilies grew in the shallow water. The excitement of the spectators culminated. Would she turn? Where would she go now?

While they were looking with starting eyeballs, some all amazement, others with terror, the vessel made steadily for the rushes, sank down suddenly among them, and disappeared.

"What was it?" whispered Fenella, catching her breath, and hanging more heavily on James' arm.

"What was it?" croaked an old crone, who had crept close to them from the village; "what was it, honey? It was just them that was here afore now, an' it's well seen it's no gude they're after."

"Has that ship, then, been seen here before?" asked James.

"The saints preserve us! Aye, sir. It was sailing the rest the

time o' the small-pox, when I was a wee cutty, the length o' stick; but I mind it bravely, bad luck to it! I mind my mither an' my grannie fetching me fornenst the door to see it, an' I the big wheen o' coffins that left this town after it, for many' woefu' day."

"Did it ever come back until to-day?"

"Troth, ay, sir. It was the spring afore the big famin that's nigh hand eighteen year ago—we'er praties got blac melted in the ground, an' the want brought the fever wi' it. There was plenty coffins leavin' this street thon time, too. Our Tom amang them, an' Jenny Dugan's man, an' little red Croonie the Bryans that lived at the door wi' us, an' a wheen mair I dinna mind. Lord save us! What's all this! What's this!" and she hobbled back to her village cronies, groaning muttering.

The hum of voices was growing louder every moment. In the progress of the ghostly vessel, a silence like that of the grave had reigned in Shanna; but now each tongue was loosed, and people were talking and gesticulating all at once.

A group surrounded the young ladies, and some of the old people were telling them the same story that the old woman told James and Fenella. All agreed that the appearance of the ship was a portent of evil.

The shoemaker, with an unfinished shoe in his hand, was in the midst of the group: he was a Protestant, and a man of some education, but he was not much less superstitious than his ignorant neighbours.

"Is'nt this a poor thing, your reverence?" said he, touching his hat to James. "Thon ship's allowed to be very unlucky. The Lord only knows what's afore Shanna folk, for we canna know."

"My good Duncan, we may say that every moment of our lives is in the hand of God. God knows what lies before us, though we are completely ignorant of the future. You, a member of my own congregation, must be a better example. I did not expect to find you so superstitious. What if I were to tell you that that ship was only the reflection of some other ship somewhere out on the ocean. Listen, and I shall try to explain what I mean."

Duncan's look told that Mr. Galbraith's explanations were wasted upon him; but he came nearer the group of ladies, and surrounded James. Fenella trembled: she was very pale, her eyes were wide with terror. James, feeling her tremble, clasped her little arm with a more protecting touch, and looked down at her reassuringly.

Lucy was grave and thoughtful : she did not raise her eyes from the ground when her young friends exclaimed in chorus, " Yes, James, do tell us what it meant ! "

" I'll tell you what I think it was, Jane. I think the ship was the *Fata Morgana*—an appearance caused by reflection in a certain state of the atmosphere. The ship was sailing out at sea,—was reflected on a cloud, and then its shadow was cast upon Shanna Lough, as on a clear looking-glass. Just notice how very bright the shine is, between these misty, drifting showers ! Look at those curious, low-hanging-clouds, which seem to have risen out of the ocean all of a sudden."

" Dear me, Mr. Galbraith, did we merely fancy the ship was there ? it looked so real," faltered Fenella.

" It's a fine thing, surely, to be book-learned, your reverence, observed Duncan, with a melancholy, incredulous shake of the head. " I'm only a poor man : the Lord send you may be right," and he took leave of our party, and went slowly back to his shoe-making.

" My dear James, your science was thrown away upon Duncan," remarked Lucy, as they proceeded on their way.

" So it appears, Lucy : I must take him that new Treatise upon Light, and try to explain myself better."

" Indeed, you may save yourself the trouble, James. Better show us the treatise ; we believe in your learning, even though we don't quite understand."

" Don't laugh at me, Lucy : I shall not permit it."

" I was not laughing at you, I assure you : I spoke in all sincerity."

" Speak for yourself, Lucy ; I don't believe in his learning, and I choose to believe in the phantom ship," cried Jane O'Hara, laughing.

Fenella whispered to her companion, " I understand a little bit about the reflection on the cloud, Mr. Galbraith ; but still I am so foolish as to feel frightened. That was so strange that the woman told us,—I mean the small-pox and the famine fever coming just after the ship had been seen."

" Merely a coincidence, my dear Miss Elton : don't think about it. I am grieved that the people's superstitious folly should have frightened you. You are tired ;—this long walk has been too much for you ; but here we are close to the phaeton."

There was something very chivalrous and winning in the Reverend James's manner with women—a subtle charm consisting, probably, in the union of gentleness with physical strength. Fenella was not insensible to it. She liked to be assisted in to the phaeton, and tenderly wrapped up in her warm shawl ; and she felt very

glad when he took the place beside her, and proposed to drive home.

Her remarkable beauty had, as we have said, won her a great many admirers; in fact, James was the first young man who had seemed quite insensible to her charms. He had not appeared to admire her at all, and this indifference of his had rather piqued the little lady, and caused her to think about him as she had never before deigned to think of any man. She would not have admitted it to herself, but she certainly was beginning to like him, and wished to make him like *her*. And she had so often provoked her mother by being cold to her frivolous, but, in a worldly point of view, very desirable admirers!

James talked to her that night as he was in the habit of talking to women whom he liked: the coldness and ceremoniousness of his manner was quite gone. Lucy, from the back seat of the phaeton, joined in the conversation sometimes: she was glad to see that James began to understand and like her cousin better. But James did most of the talking. Fenella lay back luxuriously, answering his remarks from time to time, satisfied to let him soothe and amuse her, two arts in which he was a considerable adept.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A SHADOW.

"I AM come to make myself useful."

"And amusing, too, I hope, Mr. Galbraith?"

"As far as in me lies, Miss Elton. I fear my capacity for amusing may not be very great."

"I shall not say whether you are agreeable or not, and I would let Lucy say either. I disapprove of such barefaced fishing," cried Fenella, gaily.

"I am not appealing to Lucy, for I am aware that I sometimes do succeed in amusing her," replied James: "the question is, Do you amuse *you*? Come, Miss Elton, be generous."

"The question must remain a question," returned she, thoughtfully.

"Then I don't read to you—not a single word, and I came prepared to read aloud all morning, though I ought to be at St. John's looking after my schools. Lucy knows how kind and self-denying it is of me to turn my back upon them."

"Eh?" said Lucy, glancing up from her painting—"Oh, you are displaying self-denial."

"She is pleased to be satirical, Miss Elton: now, is that kind of right?"

"She must be right—always."

"Too bad, too bad! You have pretty speeches for Lucy, and none for me. I want you to soothe my feelings a little. Am I amusing? Do say I am!"

"Well—perhaps—you may be a little tiny bit amusing, sometimes," admitted she, with her piquante smile. "Now you will read to us. Please do!"

The time was noon, the place the book-room at Finn Hill, where Lucy was employed in copying an old painting, and Fenella, reclining at her ease in a most comfortable chaise longue, was making a tatting collar.

These had been their occupations for many previous mornings; and James had generally found time to read aloud to them. He was obeying Lucy's injunction of some days before—that he should study Fenella: and the study grew pleasanter and easier every hour.

It must have been for the purpose of prosecuting the study, that he took up his station exactly opposite her on the morning in question. Nothing could be more negligently graceful than her attitude, or more charming than the colour of her fresh, exquisitely-fitting pink muslin, except it might be the colour of her cheeks, which were brighter, as well as rounder, since her arrival at Finn Hill. The painful look of delicacy was almost gone, and she was now able to endure a fair amount of exercise.

James' eye took in every item of her charms, from her ebon coronal of plaits, down to her tiny French slipper, which kept appearing and disappearing under the border of her dress.

"'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,'" thought he; "but this beauty would have driven Keats crazy."

He wondered why everything about Fenella was so enchanting and how it came that the Ballyshandra ladies could not produce the same effects with their toilets.

"Since I am to read, ladies, you must choose the book: what shall it be?"

"More of Mrs. Browning," said Lucy.

"No, no, a novel, or something else very light!" cried Fenella.

"The novel, be it," said James. "I think we have given your cousin an overdose of poetry, lately, Lucy: she looked rather tired of 'Aurora Leigh,' yesterday."

"Yes," assented Fenella, "I was tired of it: I don't much like poetry, however beautiful. I have only a flimsy, little mind. I am but a trifier, you know."

"I don't know that at all," replied he, glancing at the delicate lacework her left fingers were accomplishing; "but supposing you are a trifier, it does not follow that your mind must be flimsy. It is the most difficult thing in the world to trifle gracefully. What

are you making? I assure you that the manufacture of that open-work thing would be no trifle to me."

"This is a collar for Lucy: why my work is called 'frivolité'—that is its French name."

"You have not chosen a novel, yet."

"No," she answered, "but I have thought of one: you promised to read me all about Elfin Fenella."

"So I did. I think, however, you might find Sir Walter Scott heavy. I shall tell you the story some day when we are in the boat."

"Kingsley, then," suggested Lucy.

But James was prepared with an objection here, too.

"Kingsley," said he, "in all earnest—painfully earnest—not trifling about him. Choose once more, Miss Elton."

"Let us have that other book you said I ought to read;—oh! forget—it was some name that began with a V!"

"Villette? Yes that will do charmingly."

Lucy did not hear much of the first few chapters. She had smilingly agreed to James's amendment with regard to the poet—but she did not feel quite happy or satisfied. It was such a new thing to her to hear James deferring to the opinion of any other than herself! Her tastes, her wishes were wont to weigh too much with him, that it caused her a strange sensation when he persistently consulted the tastes of another, even though that other should be Fenella, whom she had entreated him to please.

And she wished that Fenella should be pleased: she would do for the world have had any book read but the one she chose. She acknowledged that James was obeying her own directions in being attentive and kind to her cousin, yet was she conscious of a vague uneasiness,—too vague to put into words, but none the less perplexing and horrible for all that. She was utterly bewildered, and her brain whirled, while she sat at her drawing motionless, and outward appearance as calm as usual.

The vague uneasiness remained with her, and soon took form. Fenella was an accomplished musician. No pains or money had been spared in cultivating her beautiful voice—such a rich voice pour forth from the slender throat of so small a creature.

Lucy's voice was sweet, but it was like a thread compared with Fenella's, and she was perfectly and painfully aware of her inferiority.

The new songs Fenella brought from Dublin were a great treat to the party at Finn Hill; even Mr. Fitzpatrick was beguiled into remaining awake to listen, and musical evenings were much more frequent.

It was Lucy who first proposed that they should get up some

trios, Fenella taking the first, she herself the second, and James the bass, and the practisings were very pleasant and merry, and the result extremely good. At length James, who always acted upon the whim of the moment, asked Fenella to sing one of his and Lucy's duets with him.

She at first refused, saying it was unfair and unnecessary that she should take Lucy's part; but James, as usual, very eager to carry out his fancy, pleaded with her so earnestly that Lucy joined in with her persuasions, and Fenella's consent was gained. From one duet they went on to another, until Fenella learned all the songs in Lucy's old fashioned repertoire. The change of singers was undoubtedly an improvement to the music, as Mrs. Fitzpatrick naïvely remarked. "My dear," said she to Lucy, "I never thought those duets so pretty before."

"Poor Lucy could not but agree: she thought somewhat bitterly that Fenella's music was not the only advantage she possessed over her. She was not wanted at the piano since Fenella had learned the duets; so she sat apart pretending to read, but in reality undergoing the horrors of an inner conflict—battling bravely with the vague uneasiness which had been her unwelcome companion now for some days. She was unwilling to let it take the dreaded name of jealousy, and bravely, bravely indeed, did she fight her battle.

The chandelier shed a flood of soft light upon the thoughtless two, James in his comely youth and strength, and Fenella in her beauty,—attired in white lace, with an enormous bouquet of scarlet geraniums in her sash, and another in her hair, just behind her little ear. She was enjoying herself extremely, that triumphant beauty, while the pale, quiet girl drooping over her book in the background was suffering heroically.

Mrs. Eton did not play at chess, but she liked a rubber of whist, and Lucy was seized upon to make up the game.

"They don't want you at present, Lucy," said her father; "you may as well take her hand."

Ah! could it be that James did not want her? So Lucy took her place at the whist table, but she endured so much that evening that she detested the very name of whist ever after.

First of all she played very badly, and excited Mr. Fitzpatrick's wrath so much that his scolding frequently rose above the music.

She could not resist looking at James and Fenella very often: she might, it is true, have changed her place at the whist-table so as not to see them, but there was a fascination in the sight which prevented her doing so.

Fenella had her back towards her, but James was standing sideways, bending a little over his accompanist as he always did, and



she could see the entire play of his expressive face, as he sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or asked the tender question "Lassie, wad ye luve me?"

It was the self-same tender look he used to bend on her when they sang the song: she could not perceive a shade of difference in his manner.

Could it possibly be that Fenella was supplanting her in more than the music? Why did James look at her and talk to her so much? Why did he drop his voice and lean closer to her during those delicious little pauses between the songs? (How delicious they were poor Lucy remembered well!)

Why did he so seldom seem to be aware of her presence in the room, and why were the looks and tones, which used to be hers alone, now diverted to Fenella? While asking herself these terrible questions, was it any wonder that the unhappy girl forgot to count the trumps, thereby incurring Mr. Fitzpatrick's heavy displeasure?

These suspicions of hers did not take form all at once: it was a fortnight after her first uneasiness, that she was forced to acknowledge how Fenella seemed to be taking her place.

The growth of her agony was gradual: had it reached its climax suddenly she must have gone mad.

And James?

He hardly gave her a thought. She, who had engrossed all his thoughts for so many years, was now little more to him than Fenella's cousin.

His nature was a very perplexing mixture of enthusiasm and fickleness. He had taken up many a furious hobby, and let drop again, during the course of his short life: his love for Lucy had been the only very lasting emotion he had ever known;—and now it was melting away, totally eclipsed by a new passion.

Ardour without constancy—a man of one idea, which idea grew and grew until it became gigantic, and fell of its own weight. Our Lucy had indeed been building her dearest hopes upon the sand.

The workmen at St. John's Vicarage were at the most critical and interesting part of their work, viz.: the finishing touches, but James appeared to have forgotten them; at any rate, he rarely went to superintend their operations. The schoolmaster wondered why Mr. Galbraith so seldom visited the school; and the choir felt aggrieved because they had twice assembled for their practice, and he was not forthcoming. Never before had their teacher failed them since St. John's choir came into being.

The choir had been James's pet hobby, but change was coming o'er the spirit of his dream.

To do him justice, he was still almost quite unconscious of that change. He had never yet thought of asking Fenella to take the place at the Vicarage which he had so long dedicated in his own mind to Lucy; indeed, he had no idea that he was falling in love with her—he merely knew that he liked to look at her and talk to her; and, as usual, he simply followed his impulse, without any attempt at mental questioning.

Thus it never for a moment occurred to him that he was neglecting Lucy.

Nobody dreamt what an ordeal those lengthening evenings were to her; how she longed for the singing and whist-playing to come to an end, that she might run away and hide herself, and her strange, new pain, and relax her features from their iron calm.

But her gentle cousin was wont to follow her to her room for the confidential, nocturnal chatter so dear to most maidens, and Lucy took herself to task severely for feeling inclined to repulse her innocent caresses. For Fairy Fenella was honestly fond of her, and continued to overwhelm her with marks of affection. At last, however, Aunt Elton's knock was heard summoning her daughter to bed, and Lucy could unbend. We are very sorry for her, and willingly draw a veil over that unbending.

She rose early morning after morning from unrefreshing sleep, hoping to find James alone in the breakfast-room: they might read or talk together as of old, and he might, she thought, say something which would show her she was mistaken in thinking him changed.

"It cannot be that he does not love me now; I won't believe it; it is impossible."

She made this resolution afresh each morning as she went down stairs; but James was never there alone;—never there at all until the whole party assembled, and then he used to follow Fenella into the deep embrasure of a window, and stand talking to her while Lucy assisted her mother with breakfast.

Oh, the jealous agony, the miserable restlessness the horrible uncertainty with which she watched them!

They were beginning to talk a good deal about themselves. Fenella told James stories of her school-life, and her experiences of Dublin society; and he in turn related his favourite views and plans. We know by this time, that the Reverend James did not at all dislike to talk about himself, although he never was offensively egotistical. One morning he appeared from the garden with a pale, pink rose, which he presented to Fenella, who was stationed in her window, with the tatting collar in her hands.

"What an exquisite shade! I never saw any colour like it," said she.

"There is only one colour in the world to be compared to it,"

## *Fairy Fenella.*

replied—"only one pink as delicate and lovely," and laid it lightly against her cheek.

The lauded pink grew several shades deeper, but she did not look displeased. It will be seen from his audacity that their intimacy must have been progressing very rapidly since the day of the picnic. And Lucy, glancing up from her occupation of brooding at the moment, witnessed this little scene.

We have described Lucy's state as one of restlessness: she could not settle down, and perhaps it was well for her that at this time she had a good deal of work upon her shoulders.

First of all, providing for the increased household demands of time and thought from the housekeeper; and, although Hanna was a faithful prime minister and coadjutor, she could not do the thinking for Lucy; secondly, there were more invalids than usual in the village of Finn, where Mr. Fitzpatrick's labourers lived, and they had to be looked for and visited.

All looked to poor Lucy for comfort. She was able to pity them, and hear the outpouring of their ailments and afflictions, but at this time her words of spiritual comfort were very few indeed. How could she speak sincerely of Heaven while her thoughts were chained to earth with James and Fenella, who were probably amusing themselves happily without her?

Then, on her return home, her mother and aunt used to claim her attention, and prevent her joining the young people.

"My dear," said her mother one day as she was following her cousin from the room, "won't you wait for your aunt? She says she'd like to walk with you."

"Oh, yes, mother, certainly."

"And amuse her, Lucy: she says you are very grave."

"An old charge against you, Lucy, is it not?" asked James laughing. "Perhaps," continued he, dropping his voice lest Fitzpatrick should hear—"perhaps Mrs. Elton is not easy to amuse."

"I know I was a stupid companion the other day when we were walking together," said she.

"Nonsense, Lucy, I know better: we won't say you are stupid," returned he. "Are you going to wait? Then, I think I had better follow Miss Elton, and tell her you are coming. She wants to sketch while the day is bright."

Lucy sat down resignedly beside her mother's sofa to wait for Mrs. Elton. She could not repress a jealous pang as she remembered the alacrity with which James left the room to hasten after her. She saw him take her shawl and sketching-book from the peculiar gallant and gentle manner, and then bend to offer his arm,—that arm which used to be her own and which seemed to belong to Fenella now.

sat where she could watch the pair out of sight ; and then to her mother, she inquired—

"Now, how am I to amuse Aunt Elton?"

"I don't know, dear : what does she talk to you about?"

"She tells me about rings and brooches, and this dowager's that bride's wedding presents, and describes dinner and balls, and talks of people I never heard of before."

"I say she can't find out what you care for, Lucy : she is so unable to understand a young person who does not love dress and what. You can talk to clever people, my dear : Dr. Corrie are very agreeable. You should tell your aunt about books and schools."

"But she does not care for that, mother, dear. She asks questions about the country sometimes, and I answer as well as I can," said Lucy, with a patient smile.

"Well, darling, smile when you answer her. I don't like to see my only daughter called too grave for her years."

"I try, mother ; but why does not papa walk with her sometimes? He might take her to see the short-horns."

"Your father!" cried Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in unfeigned astonishment. "He would never be troubled walking with her : he thinks it too much to talk to her in the evening. Men don't like to be in the way of their way ; they think women's society a trouble. Different, but then he is one in a thousand : just notice how attentive he is to Fenella!"

By the fir-tree avenue, so soft to the foot with its fragrant dry fir needles, James and Fenella paced slowly. They came to that stage in their friendship when words were not needed between them ; they were close together, and they felt their companionship was very sweet ; so they traversed the avenue in silence that was unbroken until they reached the

where they found McPherson's son, Jack, busily employed in the path. He touched his cap to James, and said, "Good-morning, sir. Is Miss Lucy at home? John Callaghan is very

"Then, Jack, there's no use in saying a word to Miss Lucy, now: it would only grieve her needlessly."

"These scenes make too deep an impression upon her," remarked he to Fenella, as they walked on.

"She is so good, Mr. Galbraith; she makes me wish to be like her."

"She is good, indeed; but I think you cannot be altogether bad, my dear Miss Elton, since you are able to admire goodness so much," replied James, with a quizzical smile.

"Ah, you don't know me," returned she, earnestly—"my education has been quite different from yours. When I see you and Lucy and the Miss O'Hara's all contending who will do most for others, it strikes me what a selfish little creature I am. I never did a generous thing in my life. Every body flattered and petted me. I led a frivolous existence, never thinking of the poverty and suffering there was in Dublin, perhaps close to our own house. Even mamma—poor mamma, I let her think for me, and wait upon me, I never do a single thing for *her*; and to see how Lucy takes care of Aunt Fitzpatrick!"

"My dear child," began James, and then he stopped short in confusion, and stammered, "I beg your pardon!"

"You need not beg my pardon, Mr. Galbraith: a great many people call me 'child,' perhaps because I am so little. I like to hear you say 'my dear child.'"

"Your humility is very child-like, Miss Elton: humility is a rare and beautiful quality; there is no reason why you should not become all you wish."

Here was a fine opportunity for teaching, and James was not slow to avail himself of it. He thought he never had so delightful a pupil. Fenella raised her soft, brown eyes to his face, drinking in every word with the utmost reverence and devotion, and he felt charmingly self-complacent, and, at the same time, indulgent to her ignorance. Indeed, he was quite surprised at his own flow of eloquence, and the clear way in which he conveyed his meaning.

Lucy had very frequently applied to him for instruction, and had been submissive enough as a pupil; but then he had always had a dim, uneasy suspicion that she was almost his equal, which suspicion had taken somewhat from the pleasure of teaching her. This new disciple, however, took up a very lowly attitude; he saw that she was beginning to accredit him with not merely wisdom, but all the cardinal virtues; it was extremely pleasant to have so lovely a worshipper.

Fenella was perfectly sincere in her wish to become better than she was; but how much of it was owing to her growing love for James she had no idea. Meanwhile Lucy and her aunt had set out

hair walk. Mrs. Elton was a great talker, and it was occasionally hard to keep up attention. Lucy did her best to day—she answered a little at random, while she was trying to watch him far on in front.

It was the nicest reception of the season,—all the officers in uniform. They do not like to wear their uniforms, I'm sure I don't why; but the Lord-Lieutenant makes a point of it, and all the balls at the Vice-Regal Lodge are quite brilliant in consequence.

There had been at three of them—fairy-like scenes—oh, Lucy, the diamonds you see there! There was Lady Partridge in her jewels, worth a fabulous sum—really I am afraid to name the exact sum, but I think General Mountjoy told me they are worth at least £6000; or—no! was it £8000? No, it must have been less. A row of brilliants upon her skinny neck, for she is pretty advanced in life now; her eldest daughter, Mrs. Trevor, is fifty, if she's a day."

When her aunt's conversation took the ring and brooch directly, Lucy's attention wandered still more. It was suddenly recalled by hearing Fenella's name.

It was Fenella who was the means of getting us invitations to the Vice-Regal Lodge."

How did that happen, aunt?"

His Excellency is a great admirer of beauty; and he was wonderfully struck with Fenella at Mrs. Fitzgerald's concert."

"I don't wonder," replied Lucy, with the ghost of a sigh, "I don't wonder at all: she is extremely beautiful."

Mrs. Fitzgerald told me that he made inquiries about us—'lovely girl,' he called her: she gave directions that we should receive invitations to the next ball at the lodge. Was it not very kind?"

Indeed it was, aunt."

A good dance would do you all the good in the world, Lucy; you'd put some colour in your cheeks, and you'd dress up very prettily. You'd look very well with your hair more fashionably dressed: pink silk and pearls would be your style. No girl can afford to despise dress and fashion."

"I don't despise it, Aunt Elton, but I need very little dress."

As to a dance, I dare say I should like one very much, but there are no dances in Ballyshandra."

No, my dear, nor any other parties that I can find out. I don't see, your father, what do you mean to do with Lucy? You don't entertain the county—get young men to stay at Finn Hill: you're giving her no chance of settling advantageously in this life. It is horribly selfish of you." He was angry and said nothing odd—what's this he said? oh! it was, 'The county may

go hang before I entertain it.' It was a strange expression. I'm sure my remark was a natural one, and was made in good part."

"Oh, dear Aunt Elton, you must not mind papa: he never means the rough things he says."

"I don't mind it, Lucy: I was doing what I thought my duty to you. The carelessness of parents with regard to their daughter's establishment in life always surprises me. I can never reproach myself as far as Fenella is concerned. It is not my fault that she is still unmarried. She has had every advantage; constantly in the best society since she was seventeen. That she is not settled, and well settled, too, is purely the fault of her own perversity—she would not marry the men who asked her. But it is quite different with those poor girls at the castle and lodge: they are fairly good-looking, though rather countrified; but they cannot settle here,—their parents give them no chance."

"But is there not a providence in all those things, Aunt Elton?"

"A providence, Lucy? Stuff-and-nonsense, my dear! Would Fenella, pretty though she is, have had three good offers had she spent all her life in Ballyshandra? I won't say anything against your father, but I must say I think Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara quite culpable for remaining here: they are rich enough to go away sometimes, and those eldest girls are getting on in life."

"They are good, contented girls, Aunt."

"I daresay they are: I'm not saying a word against them. I know they are friends of yours. Where was I? Oh, I was telling you about the Viceregal Lodge, was I not?"

"Yes, a most interesting history," replied Lucy, with that patient smile of hers.

"Yes, my dear, you may be sure I took immense pains with Fenella's toilet for the occasion. I got her a fresh white lace over white silk, trimmed with bouquets of snowdrops, and snowdrops in her hair. She looked exquisite. His Excellency did me the honour of complimenting me upon her appearance. 'Madam,' said he, 'your daughter is exactly like a fair snowdrop to-night.' It was the next day that one of his aides-de-camp, Colonel Farquhar, proposed for her. He is a good deal older than Fenella, certainly; but he is good-looking and has a clear £3000 a year. However, she would not hear of it—cried when I urged it. I have been brought to giving her her own way about matrimony, as well as about everything else. What a pleasing young man Mr. Galbraith is!"

"Yes, indeed," replied Lucy, recalling her thoughts with a start.

"Your father tells me he is independent of his profession. How much has he, Lucy, do you know? What is the amount of his income?"

"He has five hundred a year, Aunt Elton."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Elton walked on a little way in silence—a rare thing with her. At length she said as if thinking aloud, "I never before saw Fenella so pleased with any man."

It was well for Lucy that no reply was necessary, for she was quite incapable of making one. Mrs. Elton asked many more questions before she reached home, such as "Where does that lane lead to? Whose is that farmhouse? Where do the Miss Drummonds have their dresses made? What makes the flax have that horrible smell? What is done with it when it is taken out of the water? Is it a profitable crop?" &c., but happily these questions were easier to answer.





## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

## THE WAR WITH THE ASHANTEES.

WAR with a numerous and powerful race like the Ashantees, a crafty, turbulent, and blood-thirsty people, sheltered by inaccessible fastnesses, and a climate fatal to Europeans, is no more than what must occasionally be expected to arise under any circumstances where European settlements are placed as are Cape Coast Castle and the quondam Dutch factory of Elmina. A war broke out in 1819, soon after the King of Ashantee had subdued Abrah, the capital of Fantee, upon the occasion of a misunderstanding relative to an article in a treaty of peace negotiated by Mr. Bowditch in 1817. When, in 1822, Sir Charles M'Carthy took possession of the factories on behalf of the Crown, the Coast tribes looked upon him as their deliverer from internal and foreign oppression, whilst the King of Ashantee, stung by the revolt of his vassals, threatened extermination both to the Fantees and other coast tribes, and to the English. Captain Laing marched against the common enemy, and repeatedly defeated them, but, in such a country, without any decided result. Sir Charles M'Carthy was himself less successful. The civil servants at Cape Coast Castle were armed to go out with him to encounter the king, at that time within fifty miles of the coast, and sacrificing eight or ten virgins every day to propitiate his war *fetishes*,—and they returned no more!

After the defeat and death of Sir Charles M'Carthy, the Government of the time came to the conclusion that the wisest course to adopt was to retire from the Gold Coast. But the merchants trading with it entreated that our factories might be retained, and offered to rule the coast in peace and prosperity for £4000 a-year. Captain M'Clean (known to literary men as the husband of Miss Landon) was appointed administrator, and under this arrangement it is generally conceded that every thing went on with eminent advantage to the natives, to the extension of legitimate commerce, the suppression of the export slave-trade, and to the honour and renown of the British flag.

The Colonial Office, instigated apparently by such successes, reassumed the protectorate, at, it is said, a greatly increased expense, and without a well-working definite policy. The Fantees, a vain, contentious, and turbulent race, got up a confederation, and cobbling up a constitution, required that their independence should be recognised by the authorities. This was resisted, and some

leaders were placed in confinement, but this act of spirit was approved of, and the governor was recalled. The Ashantees took advantage of the indecision thus manifested, and re-opened war with the Fantees, whose obedience they claim while, on the part of the English, to whom the Dutch had conceded the faculty of Elmina, they claimed the tribute previously paid by their predecessors—an act of submission to a barbarous potentate which was very wisely refused. It would only, indeed, have led to other demands of a still more debasing character.

The King of Ashantee has hitherto been successful in his hostilities carried on against the Fantees, but there are not the slightest grounds to suppose that he can be equally so against the English. It is one thing to go forth and fight semi-savages in a poisonous and impenetrable rampart of vegetation, and another to wait for them behind the ramparts of stone. To disclaim (after imprisoning Fantee chiefs and to treat them as subject to British authority) the full protection of the people, and say they can only look upon us as benevolent friends, as expounded by Lord Kimberley and Mr. Gathrell Huggesson, is quite a new phase in English inter-colonial politics, and one we are happy to say to which a common sense, justice, and of national honour and dignity, will never put up with, or adopt.

The Haussas, a coast tribe, armed and disciplined by the English, under the command of Lieutenant Hopkins, first inflicted punishment upon the Ashantees. A detachment of marines (that branch of the service which is always employed upon "forlorn hopes"), and negro troops from the West Indies, have been sent to the reinforcement of Cape Coast Castle and Elmina. The native town of the latter town has been burnt by the marines under Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, in consequence of the inhabitants giving arms and shelter to the Ashantees, and since that, the combined forces under the command of Captain Freemantle, R.N., and Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, R.M.A., have inflicted condign punishment on the Ashantees, who it is only to be regretted cannot be followed up to their fastnesses. They are indeed said to be in force within 15 miles of Cape Coast Castle, and to be threatening that place, but with the forces at hand, and reinforcements sent by the *malaya*, no apprehensions need be entertained for the safety of the place.

Considering, however, the absolutely fatal character of the Gold Coast to European constitutions, there is only one way of saving it, if worth holding, for purposes of commerce, civilisation, and putting down the slave-trade—in other words, of really benefiting the natives—than training and employing negro troops (the experience of America, and of the West Indies, has shown that alone

of wild men, the black African can live among men civilised) gradually improving the condition and conciliating the friendship of the natives, and, equally gradually, opening strategic roads into the interior.

#### SPIRITUALISM.

*What is Spirit? Being an Essay on the Origin, Development, Attributes, and Destiny of the Human Spirit.* By Clement Pine.—James Burns and E. W. Allen.

THIS is an ambitious title to but a small tract. It is not, however, the sole cause that what is aimed at is not satisfactorily carried out, for St. Paul put the real pith of the argument in a few words: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

The "venerable Clement Pine," as the *Banner of Light* designates the author, tells us that "some respectable Spiritualists are already striving to organise and establish a creed, in imitation of the churches, to define what subjects shall be discussed, and what rejected. But the spirit-world confounds them in all such attempts. Spirits set no bounds to the expansion of the human mind." The fact itself is not to be wondered at, when a report of the London Dialectical Society on Spiritualism has a catalogue of the books and treatises on that subject, which occupies eleven or twelve pages, and the number of Spiritualists in the United States alone is now estimated at eleven millions. But the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of such an undertaking in the present elementary state of the inquiry, is shown by the fact that no work has been written upon the subject which, while containing many truths, has not also points that are open to doubt and criticism.

There can be no question as to the existence of a spiritual body, and the existence of a spirit-world—a world of departed humanity—is a fundamental article in every religious creed, and is admitted by all—savage or civilised—save by a few stubborn materialists. But it is not so clear that spirit is a force of nature—applying to all matter—as argued by Mr. Pine, who traces the lengthening and shortening of a bar of iron to spirit, and the working of a spiritual law. It is not for us to say that such a thing is impossible. The very doctrine of the correlation of physical forces may one day lead to such a result as logically established. But in the meantime it is utterly opposed to all that is known of energy and force, which, as far as is known, is a purely physical phenomenon. Some scientific men, devoted to the study of these laws of nature, even go so far, like Professor Tyndall (and as the phrenologists did, but upon other grounds), as to argue against the efficacy of prayer, since it cannot be supposed that the laws of nature can be altered by the solicitations of human beings. But the fundamental prin-

of Spiritualism is a belief in the existence of a spiritual body in which, at all events, the existence of which places him outside of physical laws, in one point at least, and brings him into relation with his Creator. The philosopher himself is indebted to this gift, to his very power of studying the so-called laws of nature. If this is conceded, gratitude is due as expressed in words to the Almighty, and the prayers of the spirit may not only be acceptable and efficacious, but are due to a spiritual Creator and Director. If the spiritual part of man is admitted, as by Mr. Pine, to be the same as the spirit engendering energy, force, and activity, an unintentional countenance is lent to the doctrines of the materialists.

Mr. Pine also argues that intuition can obtain such results as are arrived at by the long and tedious processes of the scientists. It may be with regard to the knowledge of self, and the faculties of the human mind,—to what Aristotle justly designated as metaphysics, or that which follows the physical laws—but not to the physical laws themselves. A few German adepts alone have gone so far as to suppose that they could eliminate out of their own consciousness an idea of what the forces and the works of nature are. These two things are apparently distinct—possibly one in origin; it is in the distinct nature of the soul or spirit of man from the operation of ordinary physical forces that the whole strength of the spiritualist argument lies against the pure materialist. It is not possible that the truths arrived at by intuition may be more important and valuable for the elevation and happiness of humanity than can be obtained by the inductive process; but it is more probable that with the progress of time the two may be found to lend one another mutual support, to be, if not the same thing, results obtained from the same cause, and both establishing in several worlds, material and spiritual, a further advance in knowledge of a First Great Cause, and strengthening confidence in omniscient and almighty power. It is opposed to any idea that humanity can form of such a power to conceive otherwise, and all materialists, as the Spiritualists like to designate the students of the laws of nature, are not materialists, nor do they all doubt or deny the efficacy of prayer. On the contrary, many of those who have endeavored most to extend the boundaries of human knowledge have had a deeper and far more reverential idea of the power and goodness of the Creator, than those who are bound by established creeds to decide what subjects shall be discussed and what rejected. It is not true that such a reverence may exist, independently of a belief in the efficacy of prayer, but it is exalted, if a sense of the dependence of spirit, from the physical laws (and it must be independent to live for ever) can be conceived and admitted. For as it would then apply to the spiritual part of humanity, is not

the same as that which would apply to the other laws of nature, *et* is prayer to He who has established and permitted the distinction is dutiful, good, and efficacious.

Spirit as an universal element is, even as conceived by Mr. Pine, different from spirit in man. Whilst the body is decaying, the mind may continue to increase in strength and clear perception of truth, and it is a beautiful and affecting instance of this, that the author, now an octogenarian, was once a confirmed materialist and that he now looks forward to a spiritual state of existence after the separation from the body as fully demonstrated, and anticipates the change with pleasurable emotions. But it would appear that a belief in such spiritual existence, established as it is by all human intuition and by all human experience, and adopted by all creeds, can be quite independent of a belief in mediums, in clairvoyance, in spirit-rappings, in the power of healing, of moving ponderable bodies, in vocal and instrumental music by spirit-power and in various other so-called manifestations, many of which are in their very nature offensive to the deep and reverential regard entertained by most of spiritual nature; others are inconsistent with the ideas that a pure intelligence would conceive of spiritus existence, and almost all are capable of being used by corrupt intelligences for the worst purposes. It is all very good for Mr. Pine, in the exaltation of a new conviction, to say to those who do not believe in such manifestations of the spirit—"We don't ask you to. It is your loss, and not ours. We can get along better without you, until you are prepared to seek truth for the good of humanity, instead of a class." This is as intolerant as the most intolerant creed devised by man. The humble believer in spiritual existence would, after gratitude for such a gift, for his own sake and for what he has to encounter hereafter, seek to benefit humanity at large. He can only do this by the modest and steadfast pursuit and dissemination of knowledge, not by admitting a once that he has arrived at that which has never been arrived at yet—the only and sole truth—and contemning all who do not at once admit his version of that truth.

Mr. Pine refers us in his tract to several other works, in which he says we can obtain a definite idea of the spiritual realms—"Summer Land," as A. J. Davis calls it—"Spirit Land," according to Mrs. Maria M. King. But these can, at the best, be only of a very speculative character. The state of mind among many so-called Christians of the present day resembles what was presented to us by the Jews in the time of the Ptolemies. They had never clearly defined the immortality of the soul, until after the return from the Babylonian captivity; but when they got to Egypt, where this important doctrine had been received from the most remote

times, they began to speculate wildly on the world of spirits and the nature of the future state of existence. Thus time revolves, and yet the mind returns to the same state of doubt and confusion. It would seem that upon one great point it will have to remain so for a long time yet, if, even it is ever intended that, for all-wise purposes, we should know by revelation, by inspiration, or by progressive inquiry, what the future state really is, save that it is spiritual. As to the possible communion, under certain circumstances, of the spirits of the departed with the living, far too great an amount of evidence in favour of such has been accumulated by the experience of past ages, that such possibility should be dismissed, as it is by many, with a sneer. The only thing that can be reasonably asked is, that such spirits should not come in "questionable shape;" and the literature of Spiritualism might do much good, if it laboured sometimes in defending the cause of what is justifiable evidence, and exploding all that might possibly be explained away upon reasonable grounds, and, still more, what may possibly be tinctured with charlatanry. Even Mr. Pine admits that there are "good and true Spiritualists," which is admitting that there are bad and false advocates or pretenders.

AMERICAN POLAR EXPEDITION—NINETEEN PERSONS ON AN ICE-FLOE FOR OVER SIX MONTHS.

THE results obtained by the latest American Polar Expedition are not favourable to the many ardent advocates in this country of Smith's Sound as a route to the North Pole, or to the supposed Polynia, or open polar Sea. They are not, indeed, encouraging to polar expeditions at all. The *Polaris*, under Captain C. F. Hall, aided by the United States Government, sailed from New York on the 29th of June, 1871. "Never," said the enthusiastic commander, in his last letter from Tossac, in Greenland, "was an Arctic expedition more completely fitted out than this." A statement which, compared with the results obtained, speaks volumes as to the difficulties which are now familiar to all who do not close their eyes as to their perilous and almost insuperable character.

The *Polaris* followed Kane's route into Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel, passed beyond Kane's winter quarters, and in September, 1871, was laid up for the season at what was designated "Polaris Bay," in lat.  $81^{\circ} 38'$ , long.  $61^{\circ} 44'$ . It is even said that the ship had, previous to laying up for the winter, gone as far north as lat.  $82^{\circ} 16'$ , further than any ship had ever been before—others say this was a first sledge expedition.

After the *Polaris* was moored in her winter quarters, Captain Hall made a sledge journey of two weeks, and he is described in the *New York Tribune* as having crossed the supposed Polar Sea,

which was found to be a strait about 15 miles wide, with an appearance of open water, however, to the north. This open sea is like the tailed race of Central Africa, always receding the further the country is penetrated into. Kane's companion, William Morton, reached this strait twenty years ago, in lat.  $82^{\circ} 27'$ ; and as Captain Hall crossed it, he is supposed to have gone nearer to the Pole than any previous explorer from the American side—possibly, it is even ventured to surmise—than Sir Edward Parry, who reached the latitude of  $82^{\circ} 45'$  north of Spitzbergen. This is after all but a small grain of comfort.

Captain Hall died soon after his return from this expedition—possibly from fatigue and exposure. There is nothing in a man perishing under such circumstances, even in the prime of life, to warrant the discreditable rumours that got abroad as to the decease of the gallant explorer. One more effort was made after this to reach an open Polar Sea, and this having failed, the *Polaris* started for home. On her way (in August, 1872) she was beset with ice, and drifted to lat.  $77^{\circ} 35'$ , where a portion of her crew, having been employed getting provisions out upon the ice, in the expectation that the ship must go to pieces in a gale, the ice broke up, and the *Polaris* was driven from her moorings, and disappeared in the darkness. There is nothing in this to warrant the further absurd rumour which appears to have got abroad in the United States that the men deserted. They could have gained nothing by such an act of folly. As it is, they were drifted southward for more than six months through the Arctic night. Occasionally they launched the boats they had with them, and tried to pull toward the Greenland coast, but they were driven back to the floe. A portion of their provisions had been saved, and they eked them out by killing an occasional seal and a few birds. Snow huts gave them some shelter, and the fat of the seals fed the fires and lights. The floe upon which they floated was five miles in circumference when they were parted from the ship on the 15th of October. It was reduced in April to a little fragment of twenty yards diameter when they were happily picked up by the *Tigre*, forty miles from the coast of Labrador. The ice-floe with its living freight is said to have been driven far up Baffin's Bay, somewhere near the entrance of Lancaster Sound, before drifting southward to nigh the latitude of Liverpool. Some allowance must be made, however, for possible errors of position under such circumstances. It certainly is a most wonderful story, and the anxiety and sufferings of the men upon this long ice voyage, until they saw their floating island melt away to some seventy yards in circumference, must have been terrible.

Of the fate of the *Polaris* herself, in which were Captain Bud-

lington, chief navigating officer, and thirteen others, nothing is yet known. Her bow is stated by the survivors to have been somewhat damaged, and she was making water, yet her condition was by no means desperate, and there is every hope that she may get clear of the ice during the summer—may arrive, indeed, ere this appears in print. She had, unfortunately, no boats left; but her stock of provisions is said to have been abundant.

The American papers—which jumble up Captain Hall's progress by ship to lat.  $82^{\circ} 16'$ , with a sledge expedition, to which credit is given for having demonstrated that Kane's Open Sea was merely a strait not ten miles wide, attained by Morton in lat.  $82^{\circ} 27'$ , and consequently several miles more to the north—do not think that even the discovery of an open sea, which must (if such exists at all) be sought for nearer the Pole, would repay "further expenditure of life, suffering, and money." The pursuit of what may be but a fleeting mirage, adds the *New York Times*, is a question which the death of Captain Hall, and the sufferings of his gallant companions will incline most people to answer in the negative; and the *New York Herald* chimes in with the ominous consideration that "while the paltry advantages won have been attained only by Herculean labours, and weary toiling over ragged mountains of ice, and the personal lustre won by the adventurers themselves has only served to reveal, like the fragments of some noble wreck, the rocks on which the fondest hopes have been stranded,—it would seem that the famous apparition of the Portuguese poet (Camoens) which lifted before Vasco di Gama at the Cape of Good Hope, and hovered thwart his ships, threatening death and ruin as the penalty of discovery, has winged its way to the ice-guarded border of the open Polar Sea. Let us hope that for the present, no new attempts will be made to invade his vengeful and perilous domain."

#### THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

THE Rock of Cashel is one of the great historical landmarks of Ireland. Its Celtic name, it has been justly remarked, singles it out to the ear, as its peculiar aspect does to the eye, as pre-eminently the Rock of Ireland. A block of limestone with a surface of a few acres, and an elevation of not more than a hundred feet, softened by an inclined plane to an easy access, rising as it does out of a vast fertile land, it is visible from an immense distance. From its summit may be seen the Galtees and the Knockmilldown mountains to the south; the Devil's Bit, Keeper, and the hills of Clare, in the remote north; Slievenamon, from the east, frowns down on it; while the basins of the Suir, and the Lower Shannon spread out on the west and south, constituting altogether a landscape of some fifty or sixty miles, unsurpassed in verdure and fertility.



It was from the Rock, that, viewing the magnificence of the prospect before him, Cromwell cried out, "Verily, this is a country worth fighting for!" and hallowed as it has ever been in the national memory, Mr. O'Connell, the great advocate of the repeal of the legislative union between England and Ireland, who left few historical spots in the three southerly provinces in which he did not call together and harangue vast multitudes, held one of his monster gatherings at the spot. Innumerable, indeed, are the historic recollections associated with these few acres of rock, and magnificent are the noble ruins that attest the former splendour of "Cashel of the Kings."

Upon this spot, the national apostle, who did not recognise the Church of Rome, nor was he canonised by it, or is he admitted among its saints, baptised the princes and people of Dalcassia more than fourteen centuries ago; and it must have had a history prior to that, or it would not have selected for the predications of him whose venerated name the parish, "St. Patrick's of the Rock," still bears.

A church was founded here beside the residence of the King, and in the course of time, not a few of the monarchs united in their own persons the regal with the episcopal dignity. Cormac Cailinan, King and Bishop of Cashel, founded, or rather restored, the Cathedral early in the tenth century, while Cormac MacCarthy, King and Bishop, wrought that exquisite gem of early Christian art, known as "Cormac's Chapel," and which was consecrated, with great pomp, in 1134. Founded in times anterior to the Roman sway over Irish Catholicism, it was, indeed, maintained for a time in imitation of, rather than in subservience to, the see of Rome, until it passed, like other national churches in the south, beneath the ascendancy of the day. It was here, that in 1172, the Irish princes made submission to Henry II., and it was here that tithes were first decreed in Ireland, the Anglo-Norman clergy feeling that the natives would not voluntarily contribute to their support. In 1495 the Earl of Kildare burned the Cathedral, for which he was cited before the King, and on being asked the motive for the deed, he answered, "Because I expected the Archbishop was in it."

A third, or what might, indeed, be considered a fourth, epoch if we reckon Celtic or Pagan times, early Christian, and Roman Catholic times, came with the rebuilding of the Cathedral at the period of the Reformation, when Milor Magrath was appointed to the see, and ever since that the Rock has been in Protestant hands. The noble buildings which crown the rock have, it must be admitted, been much neglected, but there still stands the Castle or Royal Palace, beside it, and the Cathedral, Cormac's Chapel, a round tower a remnant of early Christian times, a college, and a burial

round, while at short distances from the foot of the Rock, are the ruins of Hore Abbey, and of a Dominican priory.

It is characteristic of the state of feeling among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, since the Protestant Church has been disestablished, and concession after concession has been wrung from the Legislature, that aiming step by step, assiduously, stealthily, and yet unceasingly, at ascendancy, they have got bills into the House of Commons and House of Lords, praying for the restoration of this historical landmark, as a kind of type of ascendancy, to what they designate as its legitimate owners—a peppercorn of restitution from the plunder of the revenues of the Catholic Church—as it has been also termed. But it was Pagan before being Christian, it was Christian before being Romanist, and it has been Protestant ever since the Reformation. York Minster or Canterbury Cathedral might with greater justice be claimed by the Romanists than the peculiarly early and anti-Roman site of the Rock of Cashel. The transfer of the Rock to the Romanists would, indeed, have been a wanton act of aggression on the part of the Legislature on the property of the lately disestablished church, an uncalled-for and tyrannical interference with a settlement of property only recently accomplished, and as Lord Middleton justly remarked, it would destroy the archæological interest in ruins which extended to a time anterior to the establishment of Romanism in Ireland.

#### A MEDICAL PAPYRUS.

A GERMAN traveller, Dr. George Ebers—has recently purchased a roll of papyrus at Thebes, dating, it is supposed, as far back as the seventeenth century before Christ, and which is entitled a "Work on the Preparation of Remedies for all parts of the Human body"—an Egyptian pharmacopœia or dispensatory, in fact. The margins of the papyrus have suffered somewhat, but the writing is perfectly legible. It comprises no less than 110 columns, with eight additional pages of text on the back, being a kind of double papyrus. Each page is eight inches in width and contains 22 lines. The writing is black, but the heads of chapters are in red ink, and the characters are declared to be magnificent.

Dr. Ebers determines the age of the papyrus by the form of the letters, and the name of the King Ra-Ser-Ka. It is said to have been found at the feet of Anubis, at Sechem (Letopolis), and according to a paragraph in the manuscript itself, presented to Amenhotep, King of Upper and Lower Egypt.

The origin of diseases are attributed, in this primeval medical work, to the evil working of demons, and their cure can only be effected when divine power comes to the aid of human art, and assists it in the struggle against evil spirits. Hence by the side of

The following is an example of one of these antique p  
tions, or rather invocations :—" May Isis relieve me, as Horu  
Set in his afflictions, when he killed his father, Osiris.   
great enchantress, deliver me, relieve me from all evil things  
tions of the god and goddess of evil, and from the god and  
of the disease, and of the impure demon by which I am po  
as thou emancipated and delivered thy son, Horus."

Further on are prescriptions or directions for the cleanli  
houses, and against the great pests of hot climates, snakes,  
flies, and fleas. An essence is recommended against bad  
and secret remedies for nervous diseases. So learned a pap  
said to contain, as might have been anticipated, some h  
groups of hieroglyphs hitherto unknown, and the decyphern  
which will give plenty of work for ardent Egyptologists.



# V MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## PLANTATION:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY F. FENTON.

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### CHAPTER IX.

She returned to the substantial house occupied by Sir John at Killina, with its newly-made garden, the flower-beds she herself had laid out, the sparkling dairy with its tins of cream, the green fields winding around, and the woods so far away up towards the distant mountains. Sad, indeed, met Carew when she once more re-entered that house. Sir John's anger at her self-will, and disobedience to his commands, was manifest in every word he addressed to her, and in almost every look he gave her.

She wench, to set up her wishes against those of her father! to be the hand of an honourable gentleman whom her father had chosen out for her on account of his fitness to be her husband! not that Ned Champernowne was twice too good for her, although she would not say so, except to herself."

She made few replies to the tirades of Sir John. She stood silent in awe of her father, and loved him too, being without brother, or sister. His rough, unkind manner, and contradictions, made the poor girl utterly wretched, and often as she sat in her favourite dairy superintending her maidens, the golden drop unseen into the bowl of milk or cream beneath her hand and throughout all this unhappiness the strange, unaccountable storm of a hopeless love flooded her heart with melancholy sensations.

But Carew found no comfort in religion. The doctrine she had been taught had consisted chiefly in hatred to Catholicism; and as she found it impossible to cherish that hatred in its purity, the complication was a difficult one. As practice usually  
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languishes without doctrine, Juliet, never accustomed to guide life by religious rules, was now thoroughly stranded; cross, miserable, and with no one to whom she might impart her mis- surely the most hard-worked female kerne about Killina need have envied the daughter of Sir John Carew.

There was a hillock in the wood near Killina, where flowers bloomed in profuse beauty among moss-grown stones around a small granite cross of a great age. From this hillock which rose above the tops of the surrounding trees, the distant mountains could be seen, faintly traceable against the pale sky in their deeper blues and greys; and to this hillock Juliet loved to take her way, unseen by any,—to sit down beside the old cross and lean on her elbow, and fix her eyes on the far-off heights of Ara. In her obstinate character, that extraordinary, and as Charpernowne considered, unnatural attachment had become engrained and increased every day. It wore away the once blooming cheeks of the Saxon lady, and dimmed her once bright eye; yet the more it made her suffer the stronger became its power over her, and the oftener did she go to the hillock and watch the hazy, yet cloudless sun of a warm bright autumn and winter bathe the hills in gentle light. Often she would try to fancy herself once more seated in the halls of the mountain fortress, listening to Cahal Ban's wonderful harp; even the grey-haired priest was a delightful memory to her now.

One day, in the return of summer, as Juliet sat on the hillock, she saw the waving of female garments in the wood beneath, and was little startled, knowing that some of the Irishwomen, driven to desperation by their miseries, would think nothing of robbing, or perhaps murdering an English girl, if in their power. She prepared to make a good fight of it, should such aggressors be near, but still she felt rather uncomfortable as she saw the green kirtle draw nearer and nearer, till at last a young woman appeared at the foot of the hillock seated on a beautiful mountain pony. She was handsomely dressed in the costume of an Irish lady, her dark hair flowed in wavy masses over her well-formed figure; and as she raised her face Juliet involuntarily uttered a cry of astonishment and delight on recognising Nora O'Brien.

The girl alighted, like a fairy, from her horse, bounded up the rough hillock as easily as if it were a level sward, and threw herself down on the grass beside Juliet with warm expressions of joy at the meeting. And all in that moment poor Juliet's heart ceased to ache as the bright presence of Redmond O'Brien's sister dried the heavy tears with which her eyes had been filled before. Nora's resemblance to her brother, though not complete, was still enough to make Juliet gaze on her features with eager eyes, and the sweet voice common to all the family powerfully soothed her distress.

"I know, dear Mistress Juliet, you little expected me here," said Nora, in the French language, which had been the medium of their conversation at Ara. "I could not help coming to have talk with you, for Conal Oge, my foster-brother, is often in these woods, and has many a time seen you sitting here all alone; why should not I come and spend one half-hour with my Saxon friend?"

"You can never know the pleasure you have given me by doing so, dearest Lady Nora," said Juliet, whose pale face was flushed with delight. "My only fear is for yourself—so far from home, and so near the settlements."

"Oh, you need not fear for me," replied the Irish princess, gaily laughing. "I have an escort near that would shed the last drop of their blood—yes, and of the Saxons' blood too,—in defence of their chieftain's sister. I am armed, too, myself, and a mountain girl knows no fear."

"I am sure you know none," said Juliet, smiling in admiration, and half in envy, of the brilliant, light-hearted girl at her side. You are brave, and kind as brave; but we English women also have courage."

"Yours is not so often called forth as ours," said Nora.

"Do not think but that we need courage at times, Lady Nora," returned Juliet.

"Ah, but call me 'Nora,' and let me call you 'Juliet,' darling," said Nora, in her sweetest tones. "But stay—perhaps you are already Mistress Champernowne."

Her smile faded, and she looked up earnestly in Juliet's now flushing face.

"No, I am not Mistress Champernowne," said Juliet. She was far shrewder than her father, and she detected at once that Nora had come on an exploring expedition; but whether with political objects, or whether, as she could not help wildly hoping, with reference to herself, she was not as yet quite sure. She resolved to be very cautious should Nora touch on the designs of the English, of the projects of the settlers at Killina, but to give her full information as to herself.

"I am not Mistress Champernowne, nor ever shall be. Edward and I agreed that we did not care for each other—at least that I did not care for him, so I am no longer his betrothed."

"Ah?" said Nora, musingly, and without showing evidences of any particular feeling, though Juliet could not help intently watching the expression of her face. She thoughtfully stroked a rosary which hung at her waist, but for a little while she said nothing. Then he appeared to change the subject of conversation, as she observed, "I suppose I may trust you, Juliet Carew, without danger of

your causing an attack to be made upon our fastnesses; I think we are quite able to repel it yet."

"I am too grateful for hospitality," replied Juliet, "that any evil upon the halls where I was so kindly treated, and on I—so often think. You do me scant justice, Nora."

"We are not so well protected as we were," said Nora. "Redmond has marched for the north with half his clan."

Juliet's heart sank once more. He was then no longer near, may be he was about soon to be exposed to all the perils of war and warfare, for Tyrone had refused the Queen's tardy pardon, and a truce had been agreed upon. She could now only look at the mountains as Redmond's birthplace and his home, no longer the spot where he was.

"I wish I could have gone with him!" said Nora. "I would much to fight for my dear religion and dear country! But we are not so anxious about him as you would suppose, how much the whole clan loves Redmond. You see we are accustomed to his being in danger, either in warfare, or in the arduous climbing the mountain sides. And vigorous action and the change of scene, will be good for him; for, Juliet, he has been unhappy lately,—his step less springy, and his heart less light."

Juliet looked up quickly, whilst Nora went on. "Some time, ever since August, this has been the case. I have noticed he has something on his mind. And you, too, dear Juliet, have been looking ill—how is that? Have you not been well?"

"I have not been ill," replied Juliet, "but very unhappy."

"Not about the Champernowne?" said Nora, a little reproachfully.

"No, surely," returned Juliet, with indignation. "My father is unkind—I am quite alone—I am not loved by any one."

"Oh, yes, it is impossible that you should be quite unhappy," said Nora, taking Juliet's hands in hers, with great tenderness. "Saxon as you are, it is among our fastnesses that you must find love—because I love you," she added, hurriedly. "Come, my dear Juliet, you sit at the foot of the cross, look up to think of it, and learn to suffer with patience till deliverance comes."

Juliet thought this a very Popish speech; yet she never remembered hearing anything more truly religious than that direct lesson learned by the Cross to suffer. And, looking at Nora, she saw a serious, pathetic look upon her hitherto laughing face.

Juliet felt no doubt that Nora had come at her brother's desire to find out whether or no she was married; if she returned and went to Killina no more; if she was not, to find out how matters stood; for, certainly, Nora had implied that her attachment to Juliet existed in the heart of Redmond.

though Juliet blushed that he should have detected her feelings on her departure from Ara, yet her heart danced for joy at the thought that Redmond loved her. She confided to Nora her present great unhappiness, and though of course she forbore alluding to her affection for Redmond, a girl of Nora's quick perceptions could not feel much doubt as to its reality. She encouraged Juliet's confidence by referring to little sorrows of her own, such as the mutual attachment of herself and Arthur O'Molloy, the son of the redoubted O'Molloy, who was at feud with the O'Briens.

"Redmond would put no obstacles in the way," she said; "for he told me he did not think feuds, even between hostile races, should bar the marriage of two young people whose love was good and true; but the O'Molloy is not so sensible as my brother.

"Courage!" said Juliet, in her turn. And the Saxon maiden and the Celtic princess embraced and kissed each other like sisters.

This was not the last perilous visit of Nora O'Brien to the hillock in the wood. Nora's visits were the only delight which Juliet had during that summer; and great, indeed, was her joy when she saw Nora's mountain pony cautiously approach between the trees. While the bees hummed around and dreamed upon the flowers, the two girls sat on the hillock beneath the old cross, talking eagerly, and even confidentially. Soon each knew the other's secrets so well that they were able to confer freely and without restraint, like sisters who had never had a quarrel.

Juliet needed the solace which she derived from Nora's occasional companionship, and from the way in which she talked of her brother Redmond. She never regularly praised him up, but the warm love for him which she evidently felt, as well as little incidents casually dropping from her lips, which threw a light upon his thoughts and habits, confirmed the opinion which Juliet had formed of a character pure and fresh as his own mountain air. Juliet brooded over all these things with melancholy pleasure while Sir John growled at her across the table, until sometimes her very passiveness roused his ire, and he scolded her heartily. His object was to put down her will, but he succeeded only in forcing it to assert itself more positively than it had ever dared to do before.

One day there was a great *fracas*, which ended in Sir John's declaring that he would send her to England, to her relations the Cecils, who would get her married and off his hands. She pleaded in bitter tears to be allowed to stay where she was.

"Why, when I bade you come with me to Ireland, you begged to be left; and now when I bid you go back to England you cry that you may stay; and 'tis all wilfulness and perversity, which will break. Return you shall!"

The next day, Sir John growled because his daughter was late



at dinner, or rather because she did not appear at dinner at all.

"Go, and tell Rose to bid her mistress descend," he said.

"Rose is not to be found, Sir John; has not been seen all the afternoon.

"Then bid Margery go."

"Margery cannot find Mistress Juliet anywhere, Sir John."

It was true Juliet Carew had disappeared.

## CHAPTER X.

OVER the old primatial city beside the shining waves of Avonmore, the August sun arose in fiery splendour. Not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple on the water; there was every promise of a fine hot day to do hot work in. Already the English army, in three divisions, had left Armagh, to meet the Irish under the Earl of Tyrone and Hugh O'Donnell, who had waited for the morning light. Defiling past Grange, the Saxon forces presented a goodly sight; and even Edward Champernowne, as he rode in the immediate suite of Marshal Bagenal, felt his heart shake off its depression, and bound at the notes of the bugle and the sight of glinting arms in long and bright array. In those days it was not always requisite to have gone through a long and regular military training in order to establish a military reputation. At times, a young man hardly out of school was hurried to the command of a legion or a fortified city; and at times, again, it happened that one who had reached a tolerably mature age without doing much more than toy with a volunteer's sword, attained, like Spinola, to the baton of a commander-in-chief. And Champernowne, though his martial experience was not as yet a large one, hoped by conspicuous valour to inaugurate well a military career which was more suited to the disturbed state of his mind than farming and planting, even with a chance of having to resist demands for black mail.

Marshal Bagenal was all on fire with impatience for the battle. He had personal reasons for detesting O'Neil, whom his sister had married against her brother's will; and he had public reasons for detesting him, as had every Englishman. Besides which, the Marshal felt that keen anxiety to serve Queen Elizabeth well which preyed on so many able and valiant subjects of a most ungrateful monarch.

"The beginning!" he exclaimed, as a sharp volley of musketry suddenly poured in upon the English ranks defiling between thickets of fir and shrubs. "Press on! St. George for merry England!" And so resolute was the charge of his fearless and well-disciplined troops that he drove the light-armed tirailleurs out of their shelter, and pursued them headlong into the plain, where O'Neil's main force

awaited him, drawn up in silent and motionless lines. There was that army which the most talented, if the most crafty, of his race had been so long preparing for the victory which he hoped would be his; like a host of statues, still, firm, without a war-cry, or a note of martial music, they stood behind their entrenchments, with a solid patience foreign to the Celtic nature. Only the light-armed sharpshooters fled before Bagenal's charge, and took refuge with the main army.

Champernowne was riding furiously close behind one Captain Segrave, an inveterate foe of all Irishmen, whose great object it seemed to be to charge into the very midst of the Celtic army. Edward was prepared to follow him and share his heroism, whatever might be its direction, and was pressing rashly forward, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Stay! Segrave! a pit! a pit!"

But the warning came too late. With a shriek from man and beast, Segrave and his horse rolled over, plunging and struggling in a trench cunningly prepared and concealed with wattles, like those which had engulfed so many English cavaliers on the field of Bannockburn. Not only Segrave, but a large number of the cavalry whose impetuous charge had been begun so splendidly, fell into the snare. Champernowne only reigned up his horse just in time, nearly throwing him down by the sudden violence with which he checked a career so nearly fatal. Yet, undismayed, the flower of the English, who were possessed of artillery, in which the enemy was deficient, persisted in the brave attempt to carry the entrenchments, whilst O'Neil's army remained obstinately on the defensive, not sallying forth to repel the assailants in the open plain. Champernowne, blackened with smoke and gunpowder, was among the fiercest of the Saxon warriors.

"They yield!" he exclaimed, as he led a body of men right over the defences, and succeeded in forcing back the Gaels who had so fiercely contested the point which he had bent all his energies to gain. "Come on! come on! Victory will be ours."

Even as he spoke, and flung himself upon the Irish, who receded inch by inch, the silence which had pervaded the Celtic ranks was broken by a sudden tumult of war cries, among which the terrible sound of *Lamh dearg!* and *O'Donnell abu!* rose loud and resonant, awfully familiar to those who were accustomed to Ulster warfare; and as if sudden life had been infused into the host of statues ranged behind the entrenchments of the main army, foot and horse advanced, and with that fiery eagerness which Champernowne had before noticed as so peculiarly Gaelic, rushed in well-ordered array upon Bagenal's army. Champernowne, now separated from the Marshal, found himself and the band of volunteers whom he led forced back by the furious onset. Yet they well contested their ground. His great object was to keep the little troop to-

gether; but a regiment of the O'Donnell clan, pressing fast, swept them onward in headlong career. These Celtic warriors were led on by their chief, the well-known Red Hugh, famous for his extraordinary beauty and valour, and for his disinterestedness, only too rare among Irish princes altogether, which he had consecrated himself to the service of his country and his faith. The loss of four years in the Castle of Dublin rendered him eager to make up for wasted time.

This fiery young patriot headed the onset of the picked men of his clan, and as his sword whizzed for a moment round and then descended, with force and skill, he cleared a wide path for his advance. As he passed Champernowne, he made an attempt to cleave his brains; but the Devonshire man suddenly turned himself back, the powerful blow fell on empty air. He turned as soon as he could, and fixed his eye on Champernowne through all the smoke and dust, calling out, "I missed you, but you have it out! Come on, for I see you are not afraid!"

"I am afraid!"—and Champernowne swore a very profane oath. "I come, thou Popish rebel." He tried hard to reach Champernowne, who was tossing his radiant and ringletted hair over his eyes, in order the better to give his enemy the death blow. But, alas! the tide of flight and of pursuit, which no man could resist, swept between the would-be combatants. Champernowne found himself forced backward by his own men, whom he cursed and rebuked in vain, and was soon more than fifty yards and more from the fiery Hugh of Tyrconnell.

Marshal Bagenal had already laid down his life on the field so well contested; and his death gave the final blow to the hopes of his army. A waggon of gunpowder suddenly exploded, to the confusion of those usually invincible ranks, and the rout became an irrecoverable rout.

"Rally, men, rally! run not like cowards from your enemies!" shouted Edward Champernowne, as, his sword dripping with rebel blood, he strove to stem the flight. None listened to that voice; the explosion of the powder followed by a terrible charge of the Gaelic cavalry, was the turning point of the English disasters, and groups of fugitives streamed past Champernowne, little heeding his taunts and reproaches. And as he stood, a mark for all, a ball lodged in his neck.

On pressed the Galloglasses, revenge for all their wrongs burning in their eyes, as though about to trample on the brave warrior, who lay perfectly conscious, whilst Tyrconnell alone remained like a rock beside him, but unable to withstand the victorious multitude. On Edward's ear, not for the first time, that day, pealed a cry which he had heard before, ring

mountain gorges in Munster—the terrible war cry of the O'Briens—  
—“*Lamh Laidir au nuthair!*”

“Back! kernes, back!” shouted a young chieftain with raven locks, who, springing forward, aided Tom Harvey to keep Champernowne from being trampled to the ground by holding his drawn sword before him as an impassable defence. “You, Art, and six others, guard us while we carry him into the shelter of that little copse. He is my dear friend, Edward, the brother of my heart. Thomas, help me to bear him off. *A cara mo chroidhe!* What will I do if thou art slain?”

Tom Harvey and O'Brien of Ara lifted Champernowne between them, and, protected by a small band of clansmen, they pushed their way to the little grove of fir-trees, where the tide of pursuit swept past them as they laid him on a couple of cloaks such as the Irish kernes carried in battle rolled round their left arms. Edward had not lost consciousness, and he recognised Redmond O'Brien, who, remembering the day when their positions had been reversed, kindly and speedily stanchd the flow of blood, with no unskilled hand. But consciousness was no source of comfort to the wounded man, who, in that awful moment, feeling as he had never felt before, had his eyes suddenly opened to the things of eternity. He forgot that it was his successful rival, possessor of the love of Juliet, who was bending over him; forgot all the evils associated with an Irish Papist; he clung to him as a living, visible being, as though anchoring himself to vitality could make him live. The man who had been so careless all his days, who had led the reckless existence common to so many of his time and class, was now in his agony of body and soul seized with so fearful a dread of the death which appeared imminent, that only a remnant of his former pride prevented him from shrieking with alarm.

“Hold me up higher, O'Brien!” he exclaimed, “hold me—let me not die if you can help it—let not the blood flow! Oh, heavens! your face grows black; the blue sky is reeling!” Then he was silent, being for the moment exhausted, whilst Redmond pressing a kerchief tightly on the wound, prevented the blood from gushing forth. Thus Champernowne could not faint, though strange and horrible fancies flitted across his brain; it seemed to him as if the form of Juliet stood near him, and, in a manner quite foreign to her generous nature, mocked and laughed at his overthrow.

“Cruel wench!” he murmured—“pitiless one, to rejoice at the fall of one who loved thee so well! I hate thee—oh, I do hate thee! No, I can never hate her, foolish though I be.”

“Edward, by all that is holy, think of your immortal soul,” pleaded O'Brien, in a low and solemn voice. Tom Harvey had

fetches some water from a stream hard by, and with this they bathed Edward's burning and empurpled forehead, and moistened his lips.

"My soul!" exclaimed he, wildly—"I do think of it. Is it ready to go *there—there?* I cannot die yet. My life has little fitted me for this terrible moment, and I know nothing of Him into Whose presence I hurry. Let me not die—let me not faint—Oh, death! spare me yet awhile."

That heartrending cry appalled the very soul of O'Brien, and he felt as if he would gladly have bought with his own life that which the warrior, who had lately been so dauntlessly brave, now thus tremblingly desired. In low, earnest tones, he prayed, out of his fresh and simple heart, for mercy on his friend, by the merits of the Passion, and asking the accompanying intercessions of the saints.

"*Regina Virginum, Virgo clemens,*" he murmured, "*ora pro nobis!*" "Saint Mary Magdalen, now glorious in the skies—*ora pro nobis.*"

"Saint Peter, who in thine own agony didst hang head downward on the cross, *ora pro nobis.*"

Champernowne's limbs ceased to writhe. "I fear," he whispered, painfully, "that praying for me, who have prayed so little for myself, will avail me nought. Yet I like to know that you love me well enough to pray for me—though 'tis in your own way."

"Master!" almost shrieked Tom Harvey, "better not! let not the Papist befool you! answer him but with a curse."

"Have you nothing better to offer him?" said Redmond, glancing at Harvey with eyes of deep reproach. "Edward, friend of my heart, take care not to exhaust yourself. Ignorance is your excuse—lift up your eyes to the Cross, and ask for mercy from the depths of your soul."

He still kept on pressing the kerchief on the wound, knowing this to be the only way of saving Champernowne's life, and the unhappy man submitted willingly to whatever might preserve him from the death he so much dreaded. By degrees he grew quieter, and his knitted features relaxed, whilst his attendants revived him by every possible means. At last he spoke again.

"I am happier," he said. "I thank you, O'Brien, for your love for me. I hope I may live and improve; but whether I live or die, send me back to the English as soon as you can, for I dread the tender mercies of your terrible leader, O'Neil, and I would fain live to be good and great."

"He has proved himself to be merciful," said O'Brien.

"Send me back to my countrymen, I conjure you, Redmond, by your own life, which I once saved," repeated Champernowne,

his eyes with intense earnestness on those of the chieftain, promised that he would do his behests. A small house stood to the little wood, and thither Champernowne was removed might be possible to restore him to his own people.

As for that grim and impious Saxon," said Redmond, "the at of Edward, you had better keep him away from his master,

Use him kindly—I like not that prisoners should be cruelly d. Remember, Art, you have my orders."

Brien, who had been all day in the thick of the fight, did not the foe through the "Bloody Loaning," as a certain spot the carnage of the flight was thickest is called to this day. iery chase had been interrupted by his tender care of the , for whom he felt so chivalrous an affection that the glories day would for him have been quenched had Edward Cham- wne died. The battle being over, he had leisure to think how e might fulfil his request to be sent at once to the English. s a difficult matter to do this when the foe was flying headlong O'Neil's army, and Redmond greatly wished to have retained pernowne under his own care. But he would not break his se, and at last accomplished his friend's wishes in a manner teristically Irish.

efore dark all the remainder of Bagenal's army had taken e in Armagh, which was at once invested by O'Neil. Cham- wne got better during the night, and in the morning O'Brien messenger to O'Neil, asking permission to deliver up at once oner whom he had taken, whilst, at the same time, he had pernowne laid on a litter, and escorted him through a part of ish lines, formed chiefly of the clans of a close friend of his to one of the city gates, where, under protection of a white Champernowne was safely transmitted to his own countrymen. e time the Prince of Ulster received O'Brien's message, the er was in Armagh; and Redmond resolved to see the wily n in the evening, and find out whether that subtle intellect ed his manoeuvre. Tom Harvey he retained, though he meant re him, too, ultimately sent back.

Thomas," he observed, "you shall stay a little while with my nen, till you have learnt to curse Irish Papists, as you please us, no more."

Then I shall stay with them for ever," growled Tom, who, hstanding that O'Brien had saved him as well as his master ; the flight, was as sturdy in his faults as in his virtues, and would be reconciled to the rebel whose brains he had pro- to dash out on the banks of Nenagh.

hen in the evening the chieftains assembled in council of war l Tyrone, who had chosen a shady copse as the pleasantest

council-room on that hot, breathless August afternoon, Redmond O'Brien saw at once that the subtle Northern chief knew of the way in which his usually ingenuous young ally had got his prisoner out of the way. He was, however, naturally attached to the very few Munster chiefs who as yet adhered to him, and greeted O'Brien with a smile playing on his massive, but rather crafty countenance. Hugh O'Donnell stood at his side; and though he extended a courteous hand to the Southern chieftain, a shade of severity lay on his polished brow.

"Welcome, brave Dalcassian; you fought yesterday, as did your great master, on the field of Clontarf. I hear you killed many Sacsanach, and took some prisoners."

"Not many," replied the blushing Dalcassian. "I have but one."

"You had two," said O'Neil, smiling, "and I give you full leave to send him back at once, though my leave is quite unnecessary. Nay, blush not; I will show you when we take Armagh how merciful I can be."

Hugh O'Donnell here fixed a searching eye on O'Brien's face. "It is well," he said, "to be kind to the defenceless; but you are an officer under the command of military superiors, and would have done better to have asked their leave first, and not afterwards."

Even as he spoke O'Donnell's brow contracted with pain, for since his escape over the Wicklow hills in deep snow, his feet had been tortured by occasional shooting pangs, which were for ever reminding him of that awful journey. His brow soon cleared, however, and his usual kindly, if royal manner, took the place of that momentary sternness. His character, pure and fiery as a star, shines all the more brightly in that age of selfishness, corruption, and a crooked policy; and has left a track of glory on the firmament of Ireland's history, which time, it may be hoped, will not efface.

## CHAPTER XI.

A STORM of war had passed over Munster, and many of the planters' stolen mansions, including that of the "gentle Spenser" lay in ruins, for the South had at last arisen from the frozen trance which succeeded the Geraldine war. But Killina, where Sir John Carew spent half the year, had never been despoiled or touched. And when the fatal battle of Kinsale had eclipsed the glories of O'Neil and O'Donnell, and the young patriot warrior had met his early death in Spain, and O'Neil had submitted on his knees to Mountjoy's feet, the fields and orchards of Killina flourished still.

Sir John Carew sat in the verandah of his house on a beautiful summer's afternoon. Years had passed since Juliet's disappearance.

and very lonely did her father feel. He made a good governor and good manager of his own estate, and that of every one else; but he had never been happy since the day when Juliet had been missed from the garden, the dairy, the house, and fields. The thought that she had killed herself first weighed on his mind, but from that thought he had been relieved by an Englishman who had come through all the Ulster war, and who had been released on condition of giving certain information to Sir John Carew.

The Englishman had been taken prisoner by O'Brien of Ara, in the autumn of 1598, when half Munster arose under the leadership of the Lugawn, Earl of Desmond. The Saxon, Sir Peter Anshawe by name, passed an exceedingly merry time at Ara, and witnessed the wedding festivities of its chieftain with Juliet Carew, who had for some time previously been living under his mother's care, awaiting his return. The ceremony, Sir Peter said, was a very beautiful one, though Popish, and performed in a highly ornamented chapel; the notorious Father Mahony, assisted by four other priests, officiating, and a whole train of lovely maidens bringing the bride, who looked happy as a queen, to the altar.

Sir John would have been sorry to think that Juliet was dead; but to know that she had, of her own free will, been married by Popish priests to an Irish chieftain, caused him, if not to tear his hair, to swear many fierce oaths, to kick his men-servants in a most undignified manner, and to forget the business of two or three whole days, except his dinner.

His resolve to massacre the entire Irish race was stronger than ever; but, unfortunately, they would not be massacred. After the death of O'Donnell, Redmond O'Brien had come out of his fastness and submitted to the President of Munster, who was Sir John's cousin; but this had occurred during a visit of Sir John's to Limerick.

So Sir John Carew sat in the hot afternoon in his verandah, with a table of choice wines and fruits at his side. He meant to go back to England soon for good, and exchange these hated Irish scenes for those of his childhood. He watched the far distant hills rise in the hot greyish sky, and the dark green woods shine in the twinkling sun. He saw the flowery meadow thickly strewn with well-looking cattle—and the little footpath which led from the wood between tall living walls of luxuriant grass.

Sir John was just heaving a sigh, large and heavy in proportion to the frame from which it broke, when he saw, to his surprise, a dog-haired Irish galloglasse coming down that path, leading by the hand a little girl, and followed by two mighty wolf-hounds.

"Who the devil are they?" growled Sir John, for they made for the manor house, as the substantial building was called. "I



hate that galloglasse, but I see he has a white handkerchief, and the men are out, and I am now no match for those wolf-hounds. I suppose he means no harm as that little delicate slip of a girl with him.

"Hi! what's your business, kerne?" he shouted, as the galloglasse, a clean, superior-looking mountaineer, stopped gracefully at the garden-gate, and asked, in good English, for permission to enter.

"You may let the little girl in, but not yourself!" said John, half-laughing at his own joke; but this arrangement happened to be just what the man wanted, and he pushed open the gate and let in the child alone.

She walked up the garden path with the proud, dainty step of a princess, and coming fearlessly near Sir John, stopped at a few paces from him, and looked up in his face, much to his amazement. She wore a pretty green frock, dashed with the yellow pollen of the flowers among which she had been walking, and shoes buckled with pure gold. She pushed back her fair hair as if oppressed by the heat, and gazed at Sir John with a pair of large grey eyes fringed with black lashes of great length.

"Well, my pretty little wench!" exclaimed the astonished Sir John, who felt somewhat drawn towards this lovely being, though why he knew not. "Art thou a fairy princess?"

"No," replied the child, solemnly, looking back at her conductor, who stood at the gate, as if she wished to return to him.

"Thou lookest like a fairy and a princess," said Sir John, forgetting all his bad humour as he gazed at the little thing, who seemed much more amicable towards him than children usually were.

"I am a princess, but I am not a fairy," said she, in good English, but with a strong Irish accent, which sounded sweet when pronounced in her peculiarly soft tones, and by her infantile lips. Then the strange scene and the strange appearance of the great fat old man, with his loud voice, seemed to take away her courage, and she turned from him, saying, "Let me go back Conal! Conal, come and fetch me, and take me home!"

"Not just now, my little maid," said Sir John, enjoying the unwonted softening of his own heart at the sight of her, and wondering in his slow mind what could be the cause of so fair an apparition in his desolate domain. "Conal, as you call him, may come in and guard you. Here, kerne! come here and see that the old Sam does no harm to your little princess, whoever she be. What is your name, fair maiden, prithee?"

"Juliet O'Brien, the Maid of Ara," replied the child, proudly raising her little head.

"My Juliet's child!" exclaimed Sir John Carew, and before he had time to consider whether he ought to hate her or not, he seized

his little granddaughter in his arms, kissed her and hugged her to his broad breast, in the strong impulse of rough tenderness, inspired by the sight of his own flesh and blood after so long a period of loneliness. The child, a little frightened by the suddenness of his embrace, at first set up a slight struggle, but soon yielded amicably to be tumbled on his knee, and covered with the kisses of the great red-whiskered old man. She was reassured, too, by the smiles of Conal, who seemed much pleased at her grandfather's manner of receiving her.

"You've got your mother's hair, child," said Sir John, as he laid his broad hand on the blonde head, much dishevelled by his own caresses. "As to those grey eyes and that round forehead, and that decided little mouth, they are none of Juliet's—not but that she was obstinate-looking, too. But I'll forgive them for the sake of the hair and the plump cheeks;" and, as he spoke he settled her on his knee, and found that the decided little mouth had no objection to opening itself for the choicest of his strawberries, which he pressed into it well dipped in cream.

Conal, meanwhile, stood at a little distance, smiling at the picture of the rugged old gentleman with his great burly frame, holding on his knee that lovely mountain fairy, and feeding her with fruit off the rustic table.

"Now do you know who I am?" asked Sir John, bending his head down over her, and looking in her eyes. Her spotless face, which had won every tender and brilliant tint from the moist air of her native climate and the soft water of her mountain streams, was rippled with smiles.

"Grandfather," she said.

"Thou art right, maiden," said the old man, delighted with her avowal of their relationship. "And who told thee that I am grandfather, and bade thee come here to see me?"

"My mother and my father, and everyone," replied the little Maid of Ara. "And mother told me to give you this—" and she dived into the bosom of the green frock, and drew out a written fold of vellum, which she gave to Sir John.

"Juliet's writing," said he, as he turned it over. "I know well her J's; she never would form them right, after all the pains that poor Master Browne would take to make her write the first letter of her own name well!"

He opened the letter, and waded through a page of Juliet's laboured writing, which testified by its carefully corrected errors the slight application she had bestowed on her lessons in penmanship.

She called him dear father, and begged his forgiveness if she had in any way wronged him. ("If," murmured Sir John, a little in-

dignantly). She had heard that he was going back to England and longed for his pardon and blessing before he went, added that she was sure dear father would be glad to know that she was the happiest of women in her mountain home, and could not regret having married O'Brien of Ara. His relations were always kind to her, and he let her have her own way in everything ("Trust her for that," commented her father with a grimace). So she sent her little daughter with her letter, hoping he would be kind to the child—darling of her heart—as she called her—for his elder Juliet's sake, and would let her and her foster mother freely return. She ended by begging that they might have a meeting before he went, at a holy well between Ara and Flesher, so that she might see him once again with her own eyes.

"She shall!" exclaimed Sir John, with vehemence. "I will and bless my daughter again if she were married to the Emperor of China! Ho, Margery!" he shouted to a serving wench who was saw laying his dinner table within the room which opened on the verandah. "Bring me ink-horn and pen, and a bit of parchment. It's easy to see," he muttered as he wrote, having set down Juliet to play with a spaniel puppy, "that she leads her foster-chieftain in her leash, or never would he have asked such an favour of his race as Red Carew to come up to the holy well of Brendan. I'll go, nevertheless, and she shall never rue that she trusted her old father."

That was the happiest afternoon poor old Sir John had for a long time, playing with his grandchild, his own dogs and wolf-hounds, which were as quiet as lambs when they saw that his intentions were pacific. Juliet clung lovingly about them, and fearlessly climbed her grandfather's knee, whence she ate her dinner with an appetite undestroyed by the fruit she had previously followed in the verandah. But when the slanting sunbeams began to show all the gossamer threads on the meadows, and the stars shone faintly luminous through

"The golden mists that drape sloping woods in magic dyes,"

Conal asked leave to take his little foster-daughter away. He must sleep, he said, that night at O'Molloy's house; for O'Molloys were no longer at feud with her clan, the chieftain having married the sister of O'Brien of Ara. Carew was very loath to part with the sunbeam-like maiden, and at first made many objections to letting her go so soon.

"Your honour must let me take the Maid of Ara home," said the galloglass, resolutely. "I had the strict orders of my lord and chieftainness not to let her remain here after the sun had set to within thirty yards of Slieve-na-Capall."

"What! will the night air give a mountain maiden cold?" said Sir John.

Conal could only plead his orders, and the Maid of Ara seconded him warmly, for she was beginning to feel, as evening drew on, that strange, vague alarm which oppresses young children when far away from home. She clung to her foster-father, and insisted on going to her parents.

"But thou wilt not see them to-night, wench?" said Sir John.

"I shall see Nora, dear—darling Nora," replied the little princess, meaning her aunt, who was married to Arthur O'Molloy; "and I shall have a game with the little Cormac before I go back, and I shall be at Ara in the evening."

"Well, take my letter to your mother," said Sir John, tucking it into her frock, "and give me a kiss before you go, though you be anxious to leave the old man."

For a moment Juliet turned away with a little pouting air that reminded him ludicrously of that elder Juliet; then the other side of her nature became dominant as she approached him again and put up her face. With a sort of courteous gratitude she kissed him, and said,

"I thank you, grandfather, for the nice fruit, and for being so kind."

"Ah, and the spaniel pup you like so much, with the silver collar! Thou shalt take it, to add to thy store of pets," said Sir John, much pleased, "if thy foster-father can carry it and thee—no such great weight."

"*Caith milia grâsias!*" exclaimed the child, as she kissed her grandfather's hand and the little spaniel alternately. This was the first Irish she had spoken since she came; but Sir John, though he frowned a little, soon forgave her, as he saw that the brilliant little sunbeam was about to be taken away. Her attendant wrapped her up carefully in a beautiful velvet cloak clasped with silver, and hoisting his little foster-child in one arm, the spaniel pup in the other, he marched off through the flowery meadows into the adjoining wood, where no doubt a good escort awaited the Maid of Ara.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE holy well lay in a moist valley, surrounded by hills of no great height, and with trees on all sides. A small granite arch was built over the well, surmounted by a cross, and the lady-fern and the *lastræa* grew luxuriously by its side, and dipped their feathery tips in its pure water. It was regarded with great veneration by the

Irish, having been blessed by St. Brendan, and endowed with precious properties ever after. It was situated in the O'Molloy territory, and access to it sedulously denied by them to any friends and allies. The close connection now existing between themselves and the O'Briens of Ara had once more opened the members of that tribe, and O'Molloy gladly allowed the valley to be made a neutral meeting-ground for the Saxon chieftainess and her father, though he strongly garrisoned the glen, in case Sacsanach should bring too many followers and attempt to seize him as the Northern sheriffs annoyed the Earls of Tyrconnell. Carew, indeed, half doubting, half relying on the honour of his Celtic son-in-law, was accompanied by thirty armed men, whom he strictly enjoined to remain at peace with the Irish, unless these should be the aggressors. The Saxon, however, received them amicably, and the surly frowns of the race-proud Saxons were somewhat relaxed when they saw that the Irish were called on to share.

Sir John had not been seated long beside the holy well of St. Brendan, before he saw another party of Gaels, descending from the head of the valley.

"Here comes my sister, the Beantighearna of Ara," said Arthur O'Molloy, the husband of Nora O'Brien, a sprightly Irishman, who had welcomed Sir John to the territory of his clan.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Sir John, eagerly, as he turned his eyes to catch a sight of his long-lost Juliet.

"Yes. She is there; I see her on her beautiful white steed, the most splendid lady's steed for miles around. My brother-in-law of Ara, bought it for her from MacCarthy More for twenty cattle."

Whilst Arthur O'Molloy's head ran on horses and cattle, his own secret vexation that he had not himself been first to see MacCarthy More's beautiful horse, that much-coveted prize, brought nearer and nearer his fair freight, the Beantighearna, or Saxon chieftainess, as she was called by the mountaineers. Sir John Carew strode to meet her. His great heart was full with the tenderness which perhaps all his life had really borne, but which he had not known how to manifest until years of adversity had bitterly taught him the lesson. And as she came, he held out his strong arms to lift her from her horse.

Redmound O'Brien had not accompanied his lady. He thought it better that the father and daughter should not meet in the presence of one who might seem to come between them. Juliet wished that he should go with her to the holy well, to show openly that no one, not even Sir John, could see him and

him, and yet be his enemy. But Redmond on this occasion persuaded the "pulse of his heart" to let him have his own way for once; for he knew, better than she did, how easily a man with Carew's hatred for his race and religion might drift into a quarrel. And the "Chieftainess Dowager," if so we may style O'Brien's mother, pronounced that "the boy was right, and the girl was wrong; and so the girl had better take only her children to meet her Saxon father in the glen."

So the Devonshire knight and the Irish prince never met.

Sir John strode up to his daughter's horse, which was held by the foster-brother of the chieftain, whilst Juliet placed both hands on her father's shoulders, and he lifted her to the ground. Eagerly did he gaze into the face of his daughter, whom he had not met for so long. There was certainly a change, and it was much to her advantage. Instead of the pallid, unhappy, wasted countenance of the girl whom he had last seen on that morning when his ill-humour had driven her to desperation, he beheld a blooming, happy face, plump as that of his child should be—the eyes radiant, the teeth brilliant, the complexion improved by soft air and soft water. Her hair was carefully dressed up in the English fashion, as she had worn it when living with him, but it was now adorned with a small pearl comb which she had not then possessed, but which gleamed forth among the fair braids when her hood was thrown back. Beneath her riding-habit she wore a tunic of blue silk, and her dress was altogether rich and becoming.

"Dear father!" she said. It was thus her letter had begun.

Sir John muttered a blessing, and led her to his previous seat, on a stone beside the well, from which all others had now retired.

The father and daughter were silent for a few moments. A shrewder man than Sir John would, even in that short period, have observed the change in Juliet's manner and mien. There was none of that half-feverish, discontented restlessness which had marked the betrothed of Edward Champernowne, and had called forth so many peremptory speeches from her father in the old house at Lancombe. Even the self-possessed manner in which, with the assistance of her handmaiden, she removed her heavy habit, oppressive in the moist heat of the dell, showed the ease of mind which she now enjoyed. She sat quietly on the wall in her silken attire, gazing scrutinisingly into Sir John Carew's face.

"Father, it rejoices me that you came," she said, a little timidly. For though she always spoke English with her attendant, Rose—now married to a long-haired galloglasse—with the children, and often with Redmond himself, she was yet afraid that she might have acquired some slight Gaelic accent, which would displease the ear of Sir John.

He, however, detected none, and answered cordially, "rejoices me, dear wench, to see you once more, blooming like a rose in June! It seems as though you had been in these savage wilds since you left your poor old father alone."

"Speak not thus reproachfully," pleaded Juliet, taking great rough hand, bristling with red hair, respectfully between them. "Yes, I am happy indeed, father. The English little know how much humanity exists among the Irish whom they call savages. There are among them very learned clerks, and many gentry, who are not clerks, know French and Latin. Music is beautiful, too, beyond compare, as you would feel could hear our *ollamh*, Cahal Ban, and the——"

Juliet almost laughed as she spoke, remembering that Sir John was in general somewhat impervious to the strains of music.

"And I *am* happy among my savage wilds," she was growing light of heart as she perceived her father's good humour. "You know that Redmond is a prince among the Irish, and he has his bride entreated as a princess; and he sets a good example by entreating me as one himself."

"And you have your own way?" grimly smiled Sir John.

"Yes," replied the princess, much amused, "he does as he will in all matters: 'only that he will not love the Saxon, nor devote a subject as I would have my spouse to be. But there is neither of either nation to be compared to him in honour, in valour, nor courtesy, in virtue—indeed, father, there is none like him.'"

Juliet quite flushed with eagerness and with pleasure strove to impress Sir John with the good qualities of her partner; and Sir John could not be angry with her for a little pride which sprang from so pure and legitimate a source, but he struck his closed fists sturdily on his knees as he remembered his son-in-law's nationality. And suddenly another thought struck itself to his mind, and slowly turned round the oilless wheel of his brain.

"Juliet, my daughter," he said in low voice, "one would gladly know of thee—surely, surely, thou art not going—Stay—" he added with unwonted celerity, as he saw a fair indicative of summoning up courage, overspread Juliet's serious face—"stay, answer me not! I wish to love thee, and would not willingly hate mine own offspring; but I fear to answer, and thou hadst best answer me not at all."

"I had not much religion in me before," said Juliet; "I can remember well, dear father, how ill at ease and out of humour a rebellious daughter ever was. But you will be hungry," she went on, nervously changing the subject, and hoping to mollify

knight by flattering his weakness, "and you must taste our mountain delicacies. Rose and Ellen, bring breakfast, and Roderick—you have not seen my little boy, father; he is like you, and should be your favourite."

"But grandfather has seen me!" cried the voice of little Juliet, who had all the time been fretting because she had not been summoned to renew her acquaintance with the kind old man who had given her the spaniel pup.

"Stay, Mistress Juliet!" said Rose. She always adopted this mode of address, in spite of the remonstrances of the Irishwomen, who did not like the Maid of Ara to be spoken to "as if she were all out a Sacsanach!"

But little Juliet, passionately wresting her diminutive hand from that of her attendant, rushed forward and bounded to the knees of the old knight, who speedily hoisted her thereon. Meanwhile, a woman of the mountain, a fresh, healthy, ruddy creature, brought forward Roderick, the little Tanist of the clan. He was a very young boy, younger than his sister, and much more like a Carew; indeed, Sir John pronounced him to be quite a Carew, and dire was the indignation of the vivacious Ellen when her mistress translated his remarks. Roderick was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and, young as he was, he had a way of looking out from under his eyebrows that bespoke a descendant of the Knight of Lancombe. He was talkative, but lacked the fiery lightness of the Celtic mountain child, so conspicuous in his fairy sister; and it might well be imagined that sixty years would make him like his grandfather.

Juliet was not jealous at being displaced to make room for her brother, whom Sir John hoisted, in her room, on his broad knees.

"Well, my man, you seem to be of warlike disposition," said Sir John, as he saw the tiny child's fat fingers close on the hilt of the great sword which his grandfather wore by habit and also *par precaution*. "What would you do if anyone were to harm your mother?"

Roderick glanced up curiously from under the streak of down, which boded a genuine Carew eyebrow.

"Couldn't; she'sh a princess," he said, in rather guttural English.

"But if some enemy were to harm her," persisted the knight, a little disconcerted by Roderick's way of pronouncing his s's; "what would it do then?"

"Kill him," replied the child, not fiercely, but in a low, determined, half-sullen tone.

"Good boy!" shouted Sir John, laying his whole expanse of hand on Roderick's head; and everyone around, both Saxon and Gael, was pleased.



"Grandson," said Sir John, as he put him down, "I well. Thou wilt make a good Carew, and thou lookest

It may be mentioned, as a matter having no influence on other matter, that Roderick's foster-mother never forgave these last remarks.

"The little darling, *cushla mo chroidhe*, is as true an branch of the Thomond tree as ever budded!" she poetically; "it's he that has the beautiful Irish face an Irish heart, and it is he that will grow up to love and fig Holy Faith and for Inisfail."

[If anyone cares for the matter, they may know the dictions both of Sir John and of Ellen were verified as it along. Roderick did grow up fat and fair, and he did it good Carew; and he died in the Breach of Clonmel, at the Bishop of Emly, defending his corpse from (soldiers)].

"And so you go back to Lancombe, father. I hope not be lonely," said Juliet, a little regretfully.

"Lonely I must be," replied the poor knight, with a "Ah, Juliet—if thou hadst wedded Champernowne——"

"Oh, father! to speak of it even—but where is that? After the battle at the Blackwater, Redmond gave him English, and you know that the Earl of Tyrone sent all in Armagh safe to the Pale; but I know nothing of what the young man afterwards."

"Neither do I. I heard that he was wounded at Blackwater, but none seems to know anything of him have questioned scores of men, but heard nothing of nowne."

"I hope he still lives," said Juliet; "but as to you. feel guilty as to you. What if you took my little daughter Juliet—darling of my heart though she is—what if you with you!"

Sir John's eyes beamed as he gazed first in astonishment at his daughter, then at the fairy who played with her brother's slope, the loving sunbeams flecking her fair golden-thrill and her green frock.

"Alas!" he said, "a jewel so bright is not for me over-harsh to my own child!"

"You will not be harsh to your grandchild," said she smiling, though sadly; for it was plain that her heart was conflicting feelings, and she gazed with hungry love at the maiden whom she offered to her father. I have meditated on this matter; and Redmond, though he is very fond of her, considers you have the sweet damsel in compensation for the :

pleasant daughter whom you have lost, if you will send her back at the age of sixteen."

"Ay, that will I; in twelve years or so I shall be too near mine end to wish to keep a comely maiden prisoner at dusty old Lancombe. This is good of thee, Juliet, and——" he was about to add a word of kindness for his son-in-law, but pride choked his gruff utterance.

"One word more, if it please you, before the compact is concluded," said Juliet. "Promise, on your word of honour, not to say a syllable on one matter to my daughter. You know how the Cyrils of Holt keep surreptitiously, in their manor-house, a priest, whom none but a few knew of. You never betrayed the secret for your friendship's sake with Sir Charles Cyril. You must send Juliet to him for instruction, father."

"That will I not!" exclaimed Sir John, thumping his knees, as was his wont when excited. "I will not stir a finger to make her——"

"Then, alas, you cannot have her!" said Juliet.

"Thou wilt not let me have her, barring such a promise?"

"Neither of us would: we are agreed, and will stick by it."

Sir John got up, and paced the grassy glade. He glanced at the sunny form of his little grandchild, gleaming among the tree stems, and pictured to himself that beam of light illuminating the long dark passages and the great hall at Lancombe House. And then he thought of an old and lonely man, sitting moping in his grand arm-chair, eating his great dinners all alone, lying, perhaps, alone at the last hour, when all his dinners had been eaten. He pictured himself at Lancombe, without any Juliet at all.

A long time did Sir John pace the level grassy space in front of the Holy Well, wrinkling his forehead into tremendous furrows, before he came and sat down once more at his daughter's side.

"And if I agreed, Juliet, you would trust me to keep the iniquitous pact?"

"I can trust to my father's honour," said the Princess of Aragon quietly.

"'Tis well, Juliet. I agree to the terms. I'll have your daughter!"

## THE HOOD CONTROVERSY ON "A POEM RECLAIMED."

SUCH is the title of a paper in a late number of "Temple Bar," to have here occasion to refer. It appears that in the month of August a letter was addressed to the editor of the *Athenæum*, the writer impugned the claim of the deceased poet, Hood, to be the original author of the poem "Morning Meditations," as published in the collection of his works. The writer affirmed that he was himself the author of the stanzas, entitled "Early to Rise," and that "Morning Meditations" was a plagiarism by Hood from those stanzas. The *Athenæum* publishes the two poems side by side, and it was quite evident, to any person with an ordinary mind, that one was little else than a copy of the other, with a change of metre.

This appropriation of another person's thoughts and ideas, even in a well-determined case, by the eminent humourist, was at once suggested by Mr. T. Hood and by Mr. Lyall—the former alluding to a book of the contents of which do not appear to have been yet unveiled; pointing out an error in the claimant's case, in which he noticed having been sent to *Punch*, which was not started till 1841, while Hood's poem appeared in the "Amaranth," in 1838. The article in "Temple Bar" is written to clear up this apparent discrepancy. The writer acknowledges, as, indeed, he had acknowledged before, that he was in *Punch*, and he gives a number of curious details, by which he was able to trace its origin to the meetings of a few congenial spirits, held in 1829 and 1830, in May Fair.

We are happy to have it in our power to give a further specimen of one whose poetry was deemed worthy of plagiarism, by so undeniably a generally original and most versatile author—Mr. Hood. It affords an admirable counterpart to "Early to Rise," being entitled

### EARLY TO BED.

WHY should men go to bed at dark  
Because the sun is fond of setting?  
Because this most tremendous spark  
Goes out, and, all our wants forgetting,  
Steals off somewhere and takes a lark,  
Dark thoughts and all dark ways abetting?

But no, he's gadding all the night,  
Smiling so gay in other skies ;  
While we are left in dusky plight,  
He's charming pretty women's eyes.  
If gadding out for him's so right,  
Why's staying in for us so wise ?

Why is so wise the sleepy head  
Just as our evenings begin ?  
The bird of wisdom is not fed  
On saws, or any thing so thin.  
When owls are getting out of bed  
Why are we to be getting in ?

Such hours the tired beasts may keep,  
The lower ones, and so the upper ;  
And tuneless birds may westwards creep  
At dusk, as Phoenixes, like Tupper,—  
But why are we to feed asleep  
On air, and have no song, no supper ?

The monkey in ten thousand years  
Has never made a scrap of fire ;  
So when the sun goes off he fears  
Dark Gorgons and chimæras dire.  
Some philosophers with cutting shears  
Will make him cut a figure higher.

Suppose us all between the sheets  
At dusk, when Sol has dowsed his taper :  
Why there would be no evening meets  
For pretty feet to cut a caper,—  
No evening paper in the streets—  
For sheets are not a sheet of paper.

Of course our beds are to be slept in  
By folks who fever have, or gout ;  
And they're good places to be wept in  
By lovers, sick with aching doubt,—  
But if our beds all night we're kept in,  
How are young ladies to come out ?

The very rabbits like to roam  
At dusk, and so do water rats ;  
The crickets, too, they seek the gloam,  
And bats, and loving tabby cats ;  
Then why should we go stumping home,  
Like cricket-stumps and cricket-bats ?

Some things are happiest in their beds,—  
The leeks at home content abide.  
A carrot to be pulled out dreads,  
And onions like their skins to hide,—  
But does a man of soul who weds  
Desire a vegetable bride?

In sacred stall the monkish wight  
Sleeps happily at vesper call;  
The stalled ox, when fades the light,  
Lies down content by stable wall,—  
But why are we to sleep our night  
Abed in operatic stall?

The sages teach of early rocks  
In early beds beneath the sea;  
Such bedroom all our nature shocks,  
To pundits though it charming be:  
Why should we sleep with stupid blocks?  
Do water-beds with all agree?

Rocks may enjoy the rudest health,  
By long repose be wealthy grown;  
They're never gadding out by stealth  
With roving spirits on the town.  
Yet, spite of all this bedded wealth,  
They're broken up, and broken down.

Let students o'er their volumes cower,  
Pour midnight oil to Hermes' ghost;  
Let others at the witching hour  
To some sweet Houri quaff a toast;  
Who bends the knee to neither power  
Is only fit for bed—a post.

G. T. L.

## CLERICAL MARRIAGES.

WE should approach this topic with great reverence. We do. We only propose to select a few specimens of the loves and marriages of holy men, out of mere curiosity, to observe to what degree human nature is modified or improved, to what extent its weaknesses are subordinated or extinguished among those whose exalted business it is to cure us of our follies, not only by their rhetoric, but by their example. Without further preamble, let us proceed to our inquiries.

Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, born in 1605, has left a very curious poetical protest against a certain Mrs. Mallet "an unhandsome gentleman that made love to him." "Have I," he exclaims :

"Have I renounced my faith ? or basely sold  
Salvation, or my loyalty for gold ?  
Have I some foreign practice undertook,  
By poison, shot, sharp knife, or sharper look,  
To kill my king ! Have I betray'd the state  
To fire or fury ; or some newer fate,  
Which learned mutterers, those grand destinies  
The Jesuits, have miss'd ? If all of these  
I guilty am, proceed, I am content,  
That Mallet take me for my punishment ;  
For never sin was of so high a rate,  
But one night's hell with her might expiate."

He cannot be said to compliment her elegantly :

"Whether her wit, form, talk, smile, fire, I name,  
Each is a stock of tyranny and shame.  
But for her breath, spectators, come not nigh,  
That lays about, God bless the company !  
The man in a bear's skin, bated to death,  
Would choose the dog's much rather than her breath.  
One kiss of hers, and eighteen words alone,  
Put down the Spanish Inquisition."

He thus concludes :

"No tiger's like her ; she feeds upon man  
Worse than a tigress or a leopard can.  
Let me go pray, and think upon some spell  
At once to bid the devil and her farewell."

Another bishop, Fletcher, made a match that in one sense gives him a title to be enrolled in the list of unfortunate husbands. Who his first wife was I do not know, but his second was the wife of Sir Richard Baker, the author of a "Chronicle of the Kings of England." She was a handsome, but an inordinately vain woman.

Her love of display, her passion for admiration, made her very desirous of being near the court. She therefore urged her husband to use his utmost endeavours to get translated from Bristol to London. Queen Elizabeth was notorious for her extreme antipathy to the marriage of the clergy. The news of the bishop's marriage greatly offended her. She thought the union extremely indecent in an old man and a bishop who had been already married; and sent him a message prohibiting him from coming any more to court. The poor bishop, tormented by his wife, whom disappointment would naturally make quarrelsome and bad-tempered, appealed to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh for his influence to mollify Her Majesty. Burleigh did his best; but that best was useless: for, in a short time, the Queen ordered Archbishop Whitgift to suspend the bishop. Fletcher remained for some months under Her Majesty's displeasure, and was then restored. Yet a twelve-month elapsed before the Queen would suffer him to come to court. At last, to his wife's delight, the prohibition was removed; and Her Majesty even condescended to pay him a visit at Chelsea. "There was," says Sir John Harrington, "a stayre and a dore made of purpose for her in a bay window, of which pleasant wits descanted diversely; some said that was for joy, to show he would (as the proverb is) cast the house out at window for her welcome; some, more bitingly, called it the impresse or emblem of his entry into his first bishoprick, viz., not at the door, but at the window." The bishop did not long survive the honour. Camden says he died of the immoderate use of tobacco; others through the Queen's displeasure at him for his marriage. When he was Dean of Peterborough, in 1586, he attended Mary Queen of Scots, and endeavoured to win her over to Protestantism; exhorting her thus: "Madam, change your opinion, and repent of your former wickedness, and settle yourself upon this ground, that only in Christ Jesus you hoped to be saved." She answered, simply, "Good master Dean, trouble no more yourself about this matter, for I was born in this religion; I have lived in this religion; and I am resolved to die in this religion." Camden severely and justly censures him for this excess of duty.

Another unfortunate marriage was that of John Boyse, an eminent divine, and one of the translators of the Bible in the reign of James I. He married, in 1596, a young girl, who was so utterly unable to manage her house, that they got heavily into debt. In consequence of this he had to sell his library, a wonderful collection of books, which, we are assured, comprised every Greek author extant. The sum realised fell far short of the value of the books, which so angered him that he quarrelled with his wife. What with their poverty and their wars, they lived for some time very

but at last they were reconciled, and we are told by of Boyse's life, that, "notwithstanding this accident at ng of their wedlock, yet Mr. Boyse continued to leave affairs to his wife's management." She seems to have n this experience, for they prospered after their recon

hn Donne, an eminent poet and divine, married the Sir George More. The match was clandestine. Some en Sir George a hint of the intended marriage; and the cked off post-haste from the residence of the Lord Chan- ton, where she was then staying when Donne met her, orge's house at Lothesley, in Surrey. Good-natured pped in and did their utmost to persuade the young ive each other up; but they remained true, and, by some trived to get married. The Earl of Northumberland ews to Sir George, who was so enraged that he would til he had got Dr. Donne dismissed from the service of hancellor Egerton, who, on taking leave of him, declared arted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to g than a subject."

his did not appease Sir George's resentment, who was d till Dr. Donne, the clergyman who married him, and an's brother, were locked up in prison. The doctor's t, however, was not of long duration; and his first act on erated was to procure the release of his companions. he death of his patron, Sir Francis Wolley, his fortune nely narrow. In a letter to Sir Robert Drury he painted ortable picture of his home: "There is not one person," 'besides myself, in my house well. I have already lost ld, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife has fallen idisposition which would afflict her much, but that the her children stupefies her; of one of which, in good faith, ; much hope. This meets a fortune so ill-provided for l such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I how to perform even that. I flatter myself in this, that g too; nor can I truly die faster by any waste than by children.—*From my hospital at Mucham.*"

s asked by his friend, Sir Robert Drury, to accompany aris. Mrs. Donne, who was in a bad state of health, some reluctance at her husband's intended journey, say- divining soul boded her some ill in his absence." Sir nportunities, however, prevailed, and Mrs. Donne gave a unt to her husband's absence. Walton says: "Two days arrival there (at Paris), Mr. Donne was left alone in in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had



dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour; and, as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Dr. Donne declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Dr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake!' To which Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer than I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure that, at her second reappearing, she stopt and looked me in the face and vanished.' Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said, 'that desire and doubt have no rest.' And it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drury House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account, that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And upon examination the abortion proved to be the same day and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

Mrs. Donne died in August, 1617, seven days after the birth of her twelfth child, and was buried in St. Clement's, Strand. She left the doctor with seven children on his hands, to whom he pledged his word, which he kept, that he would never bring them under the subjection of a step-mother. The first sermon he preached after the death of his wife was in the church in which she lay buried; his text was from Jeremiah: "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

We are also indebted to Walton for the story of Hooker's courtship and marriage. This "judicious" divine had been appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross, "in order to which sermon to London he came, and immediately to the Shumanite's house; which is a house so called for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John

urchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling Street, on whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour, for he is a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to his house Mr. Hooker came, so wet, so weary and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion than against a cold that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding it no easier a horse (supposing the horse trotted when he did so); and also at this time such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded that two days' rest and quietness, by any other means, could be used to make him able to preach his next day's sermon. But a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper to a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581."

Poor Hooker was so grateful to Mrs. Churchman for curing him his cold "that," says Walton, "he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all she said; so that the good man came to be persuaded by her 'that he was a man of a tender constitution,' and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him—such an one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile because he meant none, did give her such power as Eleazer was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis), when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising, upon a fair summons, to return to London and report of her choice; and he did so, in that or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her condition, they were, too, like that wife's which is compared by Solomon to a dripping-house," which Wood explains by saying that she was a silly, clownish woman.

How miserable poor Hooker was with his Joan may be gathered from an account given of a visit he received from his two pupils, John Sandys and George Cranmer.

'They found him with a book in his hand (the Odes of Horace), being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small flock of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, to assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But

when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him into his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was like this, that they stayed but the next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But, at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have wearied yourselves in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour (as, indeed, I do daily) to submit more to His will, and possess my soul in patience and in peace.' "

He was not only badly treated by his wife when living, but she strove to injure his literary fame when he was dead. About a month after his death, Archbishop Whitgift sent one of his chaplains to inquire of Mrs. Hooker for the three remaining books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. Of them she could not, or would not, give any account. Three months afterwards, it was proposed to examine her in London before some of the Privy Council respecting the disposal of these books; but the day before the examination the Archbishop invited her to Lambeth, where she confessed to him "that one Mr. Clarke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her and desired that they might go into her husband's study and look upon some of his writings; and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her that they were writings not fit to be seen, and that she knew nothing more concerning them."

Mrs. Joan must have married again within four months of Hooker's death, for we read that on the morning following her interview with the Archbishop she was found dead in her bed in her lodging at King Street, Westminster, "and her new husband was suspected and questioned for it, but was declared innocent of her death."

Robert Nelson, the friend of Archbishop Tillotson, a zealous Protestant, and so eminent for his piety that he was styled "the pious Mr. Nelson," met with a cruel disappointment in his mar-

age. During his travels abroad in 1682, he made the acquaintance of Lady Theophila Lucy, the widow of a baronet, and the daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, who fell in love with him. They returned to England, and he married her. The marriage was hardly consummated when she avowed herself a Roman Catholic. This was a terrible blow to the poor man, whose invectives against the Church of Rome were at least as formidable as, if a little more logical, than Dr. Cumming's. Tillotson wrote a letter to her ladyship, of which he apologised for the length, saying he feared she might imagine that his time lay heavy upon his hands; but the truth was that everything which related to Mr. Nelson lay so near his heart that he could not say less upon such an occasion. But either Tillotson's letter, nor a yet more formidable production by her husband, entitled "*Transubstantiation contrary to Scripture; or the Protestant's answer to the Seeker's Request*," affected her opinions in the slightest degree, "the strength of her prejudice," says Birch, in his life of Tillotson, "being superior to the goodness of his cause;" and she continued in the communion of the Church of Rome until her death in 1705.

It is remarkable that this lady, in the first zeal of proselytism, put forth a plea for the Pope which was either reasoned too well or too badly; for it reconverted the famous Mrs. Catherine Cockburn back from the Romish persuasion into Protestantism. In spite of Nelson's violent prejudice on the one hand, and of his wife's on the other, his devotion to her was lasting.

Oldmixon, in his "*History of the Stuarts*," tells a curious story of Frances, the youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The singularity of the narrative must excuse the introduction of so obscure a person as the hero of it.

"One of his (the Protector's) domestic chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a sprightly man, and a top wit of his court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young lady did not discourage him, and this piece of innocent gallantry in so religious a court could not be carried on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concerned at it, obliging the person who told him to be on the watch, and told him if he could give him any substantial proof he should be very well rewarded, and White severely punished.

"The spy followed the matter so close, that he hunted Jeremy White, as he was generally termed, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with the news. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his

daughter Frank. White, with a great deal of presence of mind, ~~said~~ 'May it please your highness, I have for a long time courted ~~the~~ young gentlewoman there, my lady's gentlewoman, and cannot ~~pre~~vail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, 'What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such.'

"My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, 'If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him.'—'Sayst thou so, my lass?' cried Cromwell; 'call Godwyn; this honour shall be done presently, before I go out of this room.' Mr. White had gone too far to go back. The parson came, Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion; and that, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except in one thing, which was, that he never loved his wife nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards. I knew them both, and heard the story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it." Commenting upon Oldmixon's story, a writer in the "*Biographia Britannica*" (vol. iii. p. 1579) declares that "the facts upon which it depends are absolutely true, and were often related by Mr. White himself, and, if I have not been misinformed, by his Majesty King Charles II."

Bishop Burnet's first wife was Margaret Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. In his life, written by his son Thomas Burnet, the author says that as there was some disparity in their ages, the bishop being anxious to prove to the world that his marriage was wholly owing to inclination, and not to avarice or ambition, delivered to the lady on the day preceding their wedding a deed, in which he renounced all pretension to her fortune, which was very considerable, and which would have fallen into his hands, as she had no intention to secure it. She died in 1698, and the bishop supplied her place by a widow, Mrs. Berkeley.

"Dr. Ducarrel," says Grose, "told me that Dr. Butler, Bishop of Oxford, was originally a printer's boy, styled a devil; and that when Lidiart's naval history was printing, he attended Sir Joseph Ayloff with the proof sheets. He was afterwards apprenticed to Wilcox, a bookseller; and in order to obtain a woman with a good fortune, who had declared she would marry none but a clergyman, he officiated as such, though unordained. The acquisition of fortune with his wife, enabled him to get a real ordination; but she having secured her money for her life, he was constrained for a livelihood to keep a lodging-house for Westminster boys. This wife

he married a second, also possessed of a good fortune." r. Butler is not to be confounded with the celebrated Bishopham. *He* was never married, though mention is made of an c he once wrote on a certain female cousin, which testified, vents, that he had once been in love. That the author of alogy should ever have written verse is as wonderful an tion of the power of love as has ever been given. mfret, the poet, whose life is written by Johnson, was pre- to the living of Malden ; but when he applied to Dr. Comp- shop of London, for institution, he found himself objected to grounds of a malicious interpretation of the following passage poem of " The Choice :"—

" And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
Some kind relation (for I'd have ne wife)  
Should take upon her all my worldly care,  
While I did for a better state prepare."

lines are rendered somewhat odd by those which precede it :

" Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose . . .  
Near some obliging, modest fair to live . . .  
To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire :  
Her conversation would new joys inspire ;  
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare  
Near my retreat to hide one secret snare," &c.

e bishop's inference seems really justified, that Pomfret here as happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a s than a wife. Still, the accusation was not without its ' ; for whatever meaning poor Pomfret might have intended ey by his verse, he had himself conformed to the usage of , and married. The delay, however, proved his death, for it l him to remain in London, where he caught the small-pox, d in 1703, aged 36.

erbert, the poet, married a daughter of Mr. Charles Danvers. entleman was blessed with nine girls. It is not unreasonable ose that he would be anxious to find husbands for them. rt united to a delightful simplicity of character the most g disposition. Danvers, knowing his friend's qualities, went telling everybody that it was his great desire Mr. Herbert marry one of his nine girls, and rather his daughter Jane ny other, because Jane was his favourite. He also told Jane ger he was to have her married to Herbert, and praised the gentleman so heartily, that Jane, whether from obedience, dmiration of Herbert's character, or from the feminine desire riage, fell in love without seeing the object of her passion. ane was not wanting in good-natured friends, who set to

work to complete the scheme which had lain so close to Mr. Danver's heart; the younger people met, and, says Walton, in his singular way, "a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview." Mrs. Herbert is represented as a very charitable woman. "He was most happy," says his biographer, "in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform." She appears to have loved her husband very tenderly and for six years bemoaned his loss, declaring that she had lost the delight of her eyes, and the spiritual guide of her poor soul, and would lament that she had not treasured up all his sayings in her heart, and often exclaim, "Oh, that I had died for him." After which she married Sir Robert Cook, whom she survived fifteen years.

Dr. Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, when a widower, paid so much attention to Mrs. Carter (known in the last age by her translation of Epictetus, and in ours by her charming letters), that it was supposed by many of her friends that he wished to marry her. The same thing was also said of Dr. Hayter, Bishop of London; but it is not stated that either of these prelates ever made the lady an offer. Once when they were all three together Dr. Secker very ungallantly remarked to his Brother Hayter, "The world says that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter; now I have no such intentions, and therefore resign her to you." To which Brother Hayter with a bow to the lady replied—"That he would not pay his grace the same compliment, and that the world did him great honour by the report."

It is remarkable that John Wesley, who had for several years avowed a strong preference for celibacy, and persistently exhorted his unmarried congregations to remain single, married himself at last, though at an advanced age. The union was an unhappy one. His wife was passionately in love with him, though his behaviour to her was certainly not lover like. His manners were severe. His letters to her seem the language of a schoolmaster irritated by a disobedient pupil. His correspondence with female penitents, particularly with one Mrs. Sarah Ryan, made Mrs. Wesley very jealous. She had reason, it must be owned; for to Mrs. Ryan he wrote with an *unctuousness* we may look for in vain in the letters to

his wife. Wesley's character and habits were ill-calculated to make a woman happy. He had so much to say to the numerous females who crowded round him with their endless cases of conscience, that he had no time to be civil to his wife. Though he rose at four in the morning, his day was all too short for the discharge of his duties. He preached twice and often thrice in the twelve hours ; and his excursions, we are assured, never extended less, by sea and land, than 4500 miles a year. She lived with him for some time, every day increasing her petulance. At last she left him. They lived together again for a short time ; but they were certainly separated at the period of his death.

In 1820, were published the works of the Reverend William Huntingdon, S.S., minister of the gospel at Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, in twenty volumes ! Mr. Huntingdon was the extraordinary individual who, when his trousers were worn out, used to pray to God for a new pair, and get them. All his breeches, he used to say, were got by the special interposition of Providence. But our business is with his love-making.

He has himself related, with a comical mixture of sense and cant, a very curious amour of his. He became, when a young man, intimate with a tailor, who had a daughter, a very pretty little black-eyed girl. She was the tailor's only child. Our reverend friend became familiar with the girl without having a thought of courtship. One evening, when he and some companions were going to ring the bells, he went into the tailor's house to light a lanthorn, and said something to the girl, which the tailor overheard. Mr. Huntingdon was given to understand that his visits would be no longer agreeable. This offended him. The mother sent for him, but he refused to go. "Some time after," adds he, "the mother came herself, and gave me to understand that she had no desire to see me herself, but that her daughter had ; and in apparent trouble, she said that she was entirely ignorant of there being any courtship between us. I told her I was entirely ignorant of it also, for I had never courted anyone, nor did I ever mention any such thing to her daughter, nor had I any thought of it, nor could I believe the girl had any affection for me. For though I was both proud and conceited, yet pride itself could never persuade me to think that any such thing as beauty had ever fallen to my share ; and, to be honest, my being destitute of this vanishing shadow has been matter of grief to me in the days of my vanity." (The truth was, he was singularly ugly). "But to return. I went with the woman to the house, and waited till she had got her daughter up ; and when she came downstairs, and I saw the reality of her affection, I was much moved. I took her on my knee and endeavoured to cherish her all I could, and while I was performing



no likelihood of his ever being able to support her; moreover was fully persuaded that her beauty would gain her a husband. After two years and a-half of what he calls "lingering happiness," his brother-in-law offered to teach him the trade of gun-making. He accordingly left his old place, and applied himself diligently to his new calling. But his brother-in-law became a drunkard, and ran away. Huntingdon was destitute; the tailor and his wife began to look coldly on him, and wish that their daughter might give him up. Though she remained constant, Huntingdon had no hopes of ever making her his wife; he engaged himself to go to a distant part of the country; she vowed constancy at their parting. He, too, took many oaths of fidelity, though with a resolution to see her again. In due time he received a visit—from the officers; he engaged to pay a regular sum for the maintenance of the child; but finding this was out of his power, he ran away and changed his name.

Our friend married some years afterwards, and then began preaching. Meanwhile he had carefully preserved his secret name; but preaching one day at Sunbury, he was recognized by a carpenter, who had been his schoolfellow. The carpenter came to Cranbrook, called upon a poor sister of Huntingdon's, and told her that her brother was alive and flourishing, and advised her to leave her poverty known to him. Whether Huntingdon helped her, I don't know; but the carpenter could hardly do more than tell her for Huntingdon had already proclaimed his secret to his wife and many persons of his congregation. Of that congregation an anecdote of a man himself, the character is shown by the manner in which he reconciled himself before them to the remembrance of his old name. "Notwithstanding every sin I have committed,"

His first marriage was an unhappy one. His wife had been educated by maiden aunts in all the scrupulous notions and straight-lacedness of antiquated virginity. She was self-witted and malicious. She tormented her learned husband, and drove him out of the house. One who knew him intimately, says, "His great pleasures at home were his daughters. His favourite he had named Catherine—Catherine Parr. She was taken from him by death, and he was almost inconsolable. He kept her body in the house before him until it was no longer safe to do so from decay. He had a picture taken of her in her coffin, on which he gazed with a sigh to the last; and one of his best Latin epitaphs is upon her monument. Yet of his first wife he was never heard to speak without respect. With his second wife, though his marriage was late in life, he tasted the pleasures of domestic tranquillity, and enjoyed the society of a kind and amiable woman." Dr. Parr, in spite of his numerous excellent qualities, is represented as a man hardly likely to inspire violent love in a woman in any way fastidious. He was very negligent in his toilet, and when he left his bed in the morning, clothed himself in the first things that lay at hand. On horseback he presented the most grotesque object that can be conceived: his solid awkward figure wrapped in an old great coat: his legs encased in coarse worsted riding stockings, and one rusty spur: on his head an enormous cauliflower wig, crowned with a little cocked hat. A friend of his once saw him come out of his carriage with his worsted riding stockings drawn over his legs, a flannel dressing-gown, the skirts of which dangled to his heels beneath a great coat buttoned close to the chin, and his hands thrust into a small silk muff. Dr. Madden declares that Parr would empty forty pipes of tobacco at a sitting. His delight was to smoke a pipe in the kitchen before going to bed, and argue with the curate. His tastes were as coarse as Johnson's. At dinner, after the fish had been removed, he would pour the whole of the shrimp-sauce on to his plate and greedily lap it up. Like Johnson, his grossness might have been due to his poverty in early life; for he used to say, "At one time in my life I had but fourteen pounds in the world, but then I had good spirits—I owed no man sixpence."

**I.**

THERE is told a tale on the Koelens,  
Of the south land a saga is sung,  
That was found in the fiords and the gorges,  
Woven by breath of the west wind,  
Won from the waves of the Waal-sea,  
Gathered from stalks of the heather,  
Snatched from the song of the sea-waves ;  
Drawn from the hidden fountains  
Far generations.

Like snowflakes, they fall,—the sagas,  
Like fluttering starlets of snow.  
The mother, set at her distaff,  
Weaves them in gladness and woe.  
And the father tells them at nightfall  
Unto his listening sons ;  
When the happy hunting is over,  
When the door of the hut is closed,  
And the ruinous rains are pouring  
Drear through the da

I sing of gloom and of gladness ;  
Of the victor Sons of the Sun-god ;  
Of the languishing land of the south,  
Where the ruddy glow of the sun's orb—  
The eye of the world—looks down  
Scorching on deep and on desert.

But lonely, mid vapour and fires,  
Spreads, with its wide weary sandwaves,  
Tundra, the snowless.

I sing of the Son of the Sungod,  
His bright hair curls o'er his forehead ;  
Mild are his eyes as the moonlight,  
His face as the face of the sun ;  
But far rings his voice like the sound  
Of the roar of lions in rage.

The reindeer ran to the Norland,  
The white bear to desolate fiords.  
Tracking, o'er plains and meadows,  
Peiwar followed their footprints ;  
And hears of the land Kalewala,  
Of the giant-maiden,—of Kalla—  
Beaming with beauty.

Her, only seen in sagas,  
He is fain to bring home as bride ;  
To rob from her father in rapine,  
To snatch from her brethren, to set her  
By his bright hearth-side.

A tale is told of the maiden,  
A saga is sung in his ears :  
That far from the Waal-star, westward,  
Apart from the sun's orb eastward,  
There lies the glittering glimmer  
Of sea shores silverly shining ;  
And peaks that gleam as with gold,  
Cliffs that sparkle with copper,  
Heavenward rising, their edges  
Twinkling with tin.

And friendly is Kalewa's fireside,  
Fishful is Kalewa's sea-stream ;  
Never, in vain, to the sea-depth  
Sinketh the netstone.

And bright in the mirror-like sea-waves,  
The lighted sea cliffs glow,  
With the fiery flames of the sunlight,  
With the coloured rain of the sun-rays,  
Gleaming above and below ;



SUITOR SONG.

*As with hawk-wings, wishes hurry,  
As on snow-shoes over plains,  
As the reindeer-chasing hunters  
Onward sweep with loosened reins,*

*But thy wishes thou must master,  
Curb them ere too strong they rise,  
Never tease and tire thy maiden  
With complaints and yearning sighs.*

*And when thou dost woo thy maiden  
Never e'en in dreaming, dare  
With unholy thoughts besiege her;  
See thy words pure reverence wear.*

II.

Lo! to the front of the ship,  
Goldenly gleams a strand;  
Rough red ridges jut forth,  
Silverly laughs the land.  
Peiwar reins in his gladness,  
He lingers, the Son of the Sungod,  
Till dimness and darkness come down—  
Darkness kindly to suitors.  
Then up the glimmering inlet  
Of the coast of the land Kalewala,  
Glideth the gold ship.

What see the Sons of the Sunland?  
They behold the beautiful maiden  
On shore; on a lovely height  
She stands in the sleeping forest,  
Mighty, gentle, divine,  
A mystic beautiful maiden.  
Nearer they sail and nearer;  
Full two heads taller they found her,  
Than all the many fair daughters  
Of man's generations.

Through the glare of a crackling fire  
She stept with one foot in the tide,  
And yonder, a flaming pine-tree,  
Blazed on a rock beside:  
While on sticks and staves the maiden  
Spread out white flaxen raiment,

Stood wringing the dripping raiment,  
Stood swinging the heavy beater,  
While the echo ran round the sea-marge  
To the sounding ends of the land.

From the lofty deck of the goldship  
Gazed Peiwar in glee and in gladness,  
Made glad by his great good fortune,  
Wondering, speechless.

Then from the shore clomb the maiden,  
Girding her garments white,  
While the sheen of her hair blown bright  
Beamed in its beauty ;  
While with uplifted right hand,  
She smoothed her hair, gold-brown,  
And set on its braided band  
Her glancing crown.

Slips the ship's anchor ashore,  
Now is the favouring moment ;  
Shouts with loud lips the hero,  
" Hail to thee, noble maiden !  
We sons of the Sunland greet thee !"  
Fearlessly forth from the strand  
Looked the maiden as in a dream,  
Lazily leaning her head  
On her hand.

Then took the burning brand,  
The crackling, flame-raining fir-tree,  
That was unto her as a flambeau,  
And gazed at the sons of the Sunland,  
And marvelled to see their beauty,  
And spake—with the rolling of thunder ;  
Ah, nay ! with a loving voice,  
Mystical, tender !

But feeling her bosom pulsing  
With a strange emotion, she hides it  
With roguish derision :

“ What seeks my lord from the Sunland,  
Here in the land Kalewala ?  
Seeks he the pinion of pleasure,  
Seeks he the woof of woe ?

Refreshing drink would thy blood be  
Unto my father ; in truth  
A sweet mouthful to me.  
Aye, and my mighty brethren,  
If thou hast heart to withstand them,  
Will give thee a dainty morsel  
To the Gods of Affliction !”

Then cried the Son of the Sungod :  
Give ear unto me :  
Sarakka, goddess of life,  
Made me of sounds and of sunbeams,  
Of sinews and rays of the Sungod,  
From my mother the Moonlight,  
Giving me strength for the battle.  
Uksakka gave magic and witchcraft  
And wisdom and striving for honour.  
What do I seek, dost thou ask me?

I seek a fountain to soothe me,  
Graciously taming mine anger ;  
I seek a friend in my need,  
Loyal in life and in death ;  
In gladness, a bridle to check me,  
In sadness, a comfort and saviour ;  
In misery, sweet reparation,  
In affliction, a darling, a treasure ;  
In want, a heart to support me,  
I seek a wife :  
A wife to wait and to watch,  
To dress the food of the chase,  
A type of future existence,  
A foreshadow of children to be.”

Rose on the face of the maiden  
The shamefast blood, and in silence  
Long while she bent and gazed  
On him so small to her stature.  
And ever, with drooping tears,  
She marvelled to see his beauty,  
Lordly and noble.

At last spake the maiden decided ;  
“ So be it then ! Draw near  
In peace, thou Son of the Sungod.





Thou whom I love, love alone,  
This day and for ever!"

BRIDE SONG.

*Hè ola! Where is my red reindeer-band?  
Over Tundra's desert spaces,  
Tracking, seeking, on their traces,  
Swift I hurry through the land!*  
*Hè ola!*

*Hè ola! Reindeers, hear my wooing calls:  
Is the news not known to you?  
I have found a lover true.  
Have ye been in Aibmo's halls?*  
*Hè ola!*

*Hè ola! See! the soft herbs wait ye here:  
Come with many a swelling teat:  
Bowls of milk refreshing sweet  
Soon shall make my love good cheer!*  
*Hè ola!*

III.

Up through the gray mossed roof,  
Curled the smoke and steam on high;  
Listening nigh to his hearth-stone  
Sits Kalew, blinded in battle,  
Moveless, a giant shape,  
Clad in a white-bear's skin;  
A monster to see,  
A sight of grief and of terror.

He thinks of his wife at rest,  
Gone to her long home bright,  
Snatched through the night;  
Of his wife, of Manalamueden,  
In her grave bed dark  
And deep,  
'Twixt sand and bark,  
In birchen coffin,  
Asleep!

He thinks of his giant sons,  
Monsters as he.  
Gone on their hunting and fishing  
As was their love, on the billows,  
As was their wont, to the sea.

Hark ! from the sleep-breathing shore,  
 He hears a sound o'er the land.  
*Hè ola ! Hè ola !* the earth trembles !  
 That is no reindeer-band !  
 'Tis the hurrying footfalls of stalkers,  
 The mighty stridings of warriors,  
 Not of one, not of two, but of many :  
 'Tis a crowd's confusion and stir,  
 Swords' rattle, and clashing of lances,  
 The clanging of shields and of mail,  
 And song with its eddying billows.

MARCH OF THE SONS OF THE SUNGOD.

*Where the fanlike fir-trees rise,  
 Where the warm wind wooing sighs,  
 There, there is our Fatherland !  
 Where red reindeers roam the meads,  
 Where the tawny lion feeds,  
 Aye, that is our sunny land !*

Into the hall they stride,  
 And marvel beholding the giant,  
 The sight of grief and of terror.  
 But Kalla steps out from the throng,  
 Draws nigh to her father and whispers,  
 Half saying, half song :  
 " On thee, O my father, I trust ;  
 And I trust in my dead sweet mother.  
 Dropping my tears on her grave,  
 I tell her all my desires,  
 Speak to her where she slumbers,  
 Soft in her birchin coffin,  
 Atwixt the sand and the bark.  
 Give me, I pray thee, in marriage,  
                                     The Son of the Sungod,  
 Who is mine and who ever will be,  
 Who came in his goldship to me,  
                                     Out of the Sunland !"

And Peiwar lifted his voice,  
 Like the roar of lions in rage ;  
 To the giant Kalew he cried,  
 Suing with masterful accents,  
 With pleading, noble and mighty,  
                                     For his bride.

Whereat the mighty one marvelled,  
And spake in good humour :  
“ If thy strength be great as thy voice,  
Well worthy art thou to wed her,  
Well worthy to be my son.  
But not without testing and trial  
Can I give thee the maiden for life.

Now will I prove thee :

If thou art strong to support her,  
To guard her and keep her for ever,  
Come, then, thou winner of maidens,  
Stretch out thy finger and bend it ;  
Link we our right hands together,  
Striving and struggling to prove  
Which is the strongest ;  
Whose are the sinews and muscles  
Mightiest and best for the battle,  
To win him the combat.  
Pull,—bend,—and conquer,  
Or lie low !”

Kalla heard him with grief and terror ;  
The life of the hero was lost.  
But love taught her cunning,  
For godlike is love.  
She charged them carry an anchor  
Secretly up from the wharves ;  
And with beams and boards she bound it  
Stealthily with swift hands

Unto the rock-wall.

“ Here, father ; take hold of the finger  
Of the sturdy wrestler, the winner  
Of Kalla, thy daughter.”

The giant heard in his blindness,  
Swiftly he leapt to his feet,  
Thrice he tore at the anchor,  
With puffed cheeks valiantly struggling,  
Valiantly, but in vain.  
The brazen flukes of the anchor  
Scarce has he moved, though fain,  
But e'en as hewn in the anchor,  
The prints of his hands remain.

“ Strong-sinewed, in sooth !” he groaned, ;

" Is the lord of the Sunland !  
 Yea, and his hand is terrible,  
 A mighty giant is he ;  
 Me, even me, hath he vanquished :  
 Of my daughter worthy is he."

Now Kalla, the prudent and cunning,  
 Spake to the hero in secret,  
 To make the giant, her father,  
 Drunken and helpless.  
 So the warrior cried, " My gold ship  
 Fails not in parts or possessions ;  
 I have casks full of mirth-making mead,  
 Vats brimming fiery with rennet,  
 The richness of sea and of earth,  
 Brewed in the beams of the sun."

Glad was the soul of the giant,  
 A deep, long draught he took,  
 Till the strange and fiery potation  
 Drew him to sing.

#### DRINKING SONG.

*Heira ! heira ! Klinglangling !  
 Leap, fly, run, dance, jump, swing, spring !  
 Over brake and bush a measure !  
 Mead makes mirth, and wine's a pleasure !  
 Heira ! heira ! Klinglangling !*

*Heira ! heira ! Klinglangling !  
 Up with cloaks ! up ! furcoats fling !  
 Who will wrestle ? Who will bluster ?  
 Cowards chirk, where brave men muster !  
 Heira ! heira ! Klinglangling !*

Now will the twain be wed :  
 On a whale-skin, side by side,  
 They stand, bridegroom and bride.  
 In his merry, drunken mirth,  
 The giant took their hands ;  
 And scratching the little fingers  
 Until the red blood ran,  
 And, running, mingled together,  
 He linked them for faith and love,  
 So long as they both shall live.

Last, holding them hand to hand,  
A mystic blue ribbon he bound,  
And cursed the "knots of the jealous."  
Hence to the gloom of the grave!  
Then waited, while lip and bosom  
With lip and bosom blended,  
Then loosed the linking ribbon;  
—The rite was ended!

THE POLAR LIGHT.

(NUPTIAL HYMN).

*Lo! in the northern sky,  
The sign of the gods' protection;  
Lo! with broad arch of crimson  
The great crown set in the sky.  
Hark! the clashing of lances!  
Hark! the murmurs of armics,  
Now low, now high.  
Lo! the glory of gods, that befriended us,  
Beams o'er the brideals.*

*Luminous armies of clouds  
Cover the sky,  
And with gleaming and glance  
On in the dance  
The armed warriors sweep by,  
The bright cloud-warriors, the angels  
Of heavenly, sweet sanctification,  
Of faith that will not lie!*

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

(To be continued).



## JACK WHITE :

A WINCANTON LEGEND.

BY MRS. GEORGE JOHN GUNTHORPE.

WHEN I was an assistant with kind old P——, of Wincanton, of course I was frequently obliged to be out at the small hours of the morning, and had, as it were, a far-lying practice, often to take long rides on not the most pleasant roads in the world for a solitary man to be journeying on a dark night.

Our old mare, the most sure-footed beast in all England, used now and then to take fits of shying, and particularly at night. It might be that age, with her, as with some of us, had rather impaired her organs of vision.

I remember there was one spot, three or four miles out, on the Castle-Carey road, that was her especial abhorrence. Round and round she would go, then rear, then back,—in fact, do anything, if left to her own inclination, but pass that identical spot—where stood the remains of a gibbet—on which, most probably within the memory of the old mare, hung in chains the remains of the body of the celebrated JACK WHITE. Thus it was not at all unlikely the sight of this unearthly-looking object, or the strange sounds of the rattling chains, or possibly the both combined, had so shocked her ladyship's nerves, as to have been the primary cause of her unpleasant propensity to shy at any object she was not quite sure of.

One evening, shortly after I first came down into this part of Somersetshire, it was necessary for me to ride out to see a patient who lived some distance out on this said Castle-Carey road. And on my return, I thought I might as well call in to see another patient, Farmer Gregson, who was just tolerably recovered from an attack of rheumatic fever;—but its having been severe for the time being, he would have either myself or Mr. P—— call in every day, for fear, he said, he should have a relapse. In the chat we had together, I was laughingly telling him that the mare had shied so suddenly and so unexpectedly to me, just at one spot which I described to him, that, “said I, though I flatter myself there are few better horsemen than I am, yet I really was all but unseated.”

“Ah!” he very gravely replied, “no wonder, sir; no wonder, I am sure. Yes—yes, poor beast, she might well shy. I should be shy myself, I can tell you, of going near there after dark, especially some nights, for 'tis well known both Jack White and his victim haunt that spot, to the terror of hundreds; and the beast, no doubt saw them as plainly as many folks have done before to-

ht—ay, and will do again; and now, when I come to think of it, s is the very night of all nights in the year when folks say they sure to appear. I wonder you did not see anything of 'em yourself, doctor."

"But," said I, "pray who was Jack White?"

"Jack White!—not heard of Jack White? Why, where on th could you have lived all your life not to have heard of Jack hite! And you—you a Londoner, too! I always thought Londoners knew everything; leastways, they do try hard to make us ntry folks believe so. However, if you really have never heard him, I suppose I must tell you all about the affair—that is, if I have an hour to spare now, and care to hear an old tale from an man.

"When I was a lad, I remember, it made noise enough for all world to have heard of it, especially your London world, where the news comes from. (That's right, draw into the fire. Take t seat, won't you, in the chimney-corner. Yes, 'tis the missus's ; but she won't be here for a while—not till the milking is done a, and the pans set. But first, reach me that mug of cider, for n never talk dry-mouthed. What, empty! I am sure I never have finished it. Here Nell," to his pretty daughter, "draw another jug of cider. Though the doctors here do say 'tis bad for I must e'en have a little more; and reach him a glass, and can pipe, for I dare say he smokes, and then we'll settle ourselves comfortably when the lass has thrown another log or two on fire. Here's to your health, doctor; and now to begin my tale.)

"Once upon a time, in a remote village on the borders of Hertsetshire, some five-and-forty or fifty miles from here, there ded a man and his wife on a small farm, who, by dint of scraping great care, contrived to save a few pounds—a hundred or two, y be. With them resided their two only children—both sons, wn up to man's estate, and working with their father on the farm. e evening, after they had all enjoyed a hearty supper of cles, the two old folks were both found dead in bed. The mourned the loss of their parents sincerely, for they had been r kind and indulgent to both lads—the mother perhaps too ch so—more especially to the elder boy, Jack.

"After the sale of the stock and furniture, which realised a comparatively small sum, the sons shared that and the savings of the r old people equally between them; then resolved on going, as was then termed, to seek their fortunes.

"When the home was thus broken up, Bob—the younger—put little bit of money in what is now called 'Stuckey's Bank,' and d various employments by which to make a living and add to bank nest-egg, but without meeting with the success he desired.



SAILED OUT OF BRISTOL WITH THE KING ARCADE HE HAD MET WITH  
captain of the *Avon*.

"So once more landed in Bristol, he sallied forth in ever-dirty city, in order to purchase some little presents friends he was about to visit. He had hardly comple business when he was overtaken by a sailor with whom sailed on his first voyage to Demerara, and whom they had obliged to leave behind them in the hospital when they returned to England.

"'Holloa, messmate!' cried this man to him; 'sure Bob White, of the good ship *Avon*, that I'm hailing.'

"'Yes,' answered Bob, 'it's myself, and I have just got night's leave of absence to visit my friends, and I think I shall about manage to find a berth amongst 'em by nightfall. What are you doing, Tom? I hardly expected ever to have seen you so hearty, in the land of the living again. We thought it was with you when we left you behind, amongst the blackies.'

"'Well, it was a near enough go to Davy Jones's locker, I'm afraid; but, somehow or other, I managed to weather the gale. I'm along, old fellow, and let's have a dram together at Mother Wilkins. I can vouch for her keeping the best rum in Bristol. Besides, you've only time to listen, I can spin you a yarn as long as you like here to yonder, and after that would fit into next week, about that's happened to me since you and I parted company this side of the water. Ah! when our captain left me behind here good as dead, he little thought he was making my fortune; here we are; come along in, and I'll tell you all about it.'

His Majesty King George's frigate, the *Invincible*, which was at that time lying in the Bristol Channel, waiting for the men that the cimps were picking up.

"From that time forward all clue to the whereabouts of Bob White was lost to his friends. If he ever wrote to his friends to tell them of his fate the letters must have miscarried, for they certainly never reached their destination; and if ever seen alive again by any of his kin, it must have been unknown to them.

"How the event of his capture by the press-gang became afterwards known to folks about here you will be able to understand for yourself presently, doctor, as I get further on with my tale.

"We will now, if you please, follow Jack's fortunes—poor Bob White's brother. From a lad, I have heard say, he was always an idle, ne'er-do-well sort of a fellow; though that's not to say there was any vice in him; but he'd always been made too much of by the mother, and, being her darling, he generally managed to coax her out of money enough for his pleasures. So it came to pass he was oftener found at a cock-fight than turning a hay-cock, and playing at pitch-farthing than pitching sheaves at harvest-time. Then, being a fine-made, handsome fellow, with a plentiful gift of the gab, he was always an uncommon favourite of the women, and here was never a dance, or a christening, or a feast of any kind, but Jack White was first and foremost there. He had a capital voice, too, they said, and could sing a good song—and sing it well; and for single-stick or wrestling there was not a man in the county could beat him. No wonder he was such a favourite, was he not?"

"Well, after the death of the old folks, nothing would suit Jack but he must go up to London, 'to see life,' as he called it, for he'd had a bit of money now, and why shouldn't he? Once in London, he went to a theatre, or any place of amusement whatever, but Jack contrived to get into it somehow or other; then, too, some fools he got amongst persuaded him he must dress like a gentleman, and then he'd stand a chance of marrying some rich lady.

"At last, like a great many more gay, rattling young fellows, Jack found his money was going much faster out of his pocket than had come in, and almost by the end of a couple of months, for that was the extent of his stay in London, he found himself without shoe to his foot, or a crust of bread to put in his mouth; and what was worse, he was in a strange place, far from kinsfolk and friends, and with no one amongst his new acquaintances of whom he could ask for help in any way.

"There was no use, however, sitting down to pine over spilt milk, now he must either work or starve; so as he did not much care to do the latter, he thought he would start off and see if he could earn, if but a

single meal. While walking about the busy streets, to see if he could pick up a job, he remembered a certain livery-stable keeper acquaintance he had picked up at one of the cock-pits; and in a fit of generosity, given this man a famous receipt for a cock into fighting condition, he had told Jack that it should want a friend to stand by him, or do him a good come to him, and he'd stand by him through thick and thin.

"To him therefore he went, thinking what a great favour must have been not to go to this good fellow before. But folks too often find that those who make such a talk about your friend when you are well to do in the world, are not to be so very ready to help you when you have not a coat back. And so it proved in Jack's case.

"Mr. Dawkins did not remember ever meeting a Mr. no cock-pit whatsoever; though, for the matter of that, to a set of low ruffian-like fellows who pushed themselves in at but it couldn't be expected he should know them, a man of respectability. And as for a fellow like that he saw by giving him a receipt of any sort, that was too good a job crammed down his throat; for he thanked his stars that the man in England knew better than himself how to rear a cock for fighting, so he was much more likely to teach than teaching in that art. And as to helping a vagabond, looking rascal like him, the sooner he took himself off his back the better, or he'd help him off in a manner he wouldn't get into lodgings he would not very soon get out of, and that —quod.

"This being the London style of friends Jack, thought that he could find himself among country ones the better; so, by begging a night's lodging on the road here, and working there, he managed to get once more home to Somersetshire.

"Here he lived upon one friend or another till they were tired of keeping him; and one, more plain-spoken than the others, told him if he wouldn't work for his own living, he must starve or go into the workhouse.

"Now workhouse discipline and workhouse fare did not suit Jack's idea, so, as he could not get anything more from his friends, he began to look about in good earnest for something to do, and by chance hearing from a hawker that the landlady 'Bear,' in Wincanton, was in want of an ostler, he went to the carrier the next market-day and offered himself. Being an active, likely-looking fellow, and the good landlady being like all the women, by his handsome person, at once engaged him.

"Here he continued to live comfortably and happily for years, and not only managed to give tolerable satisfaction

employer, but to engage the affections of a very pretty, amiable girl, who acted in the double capacity of barmaid and waitress to the establishment. After courting for two or three years, it was agreed between them that they would be married as soon as they could get together sufficient money to stock a small farm that was likely soon to be vacant.

"Michaelmas was now drawing near, when the farm would be at liberty. Just a week or two previously, Mr. Symes, the then tenant, one day called at the 'Bear' to tell Jack that he had a fine milch cow, and a sow with a splendid litter of pigs, which, if he inclined to take with the farm, he might have reasonable; if not, he should sell them on the next market-day.

"'Short time this,' Jack thought, to 'consider of the proposal, and find the money, when to-day was Monday.' He felt himself in a fix, for he had not near enough money yet to take the farm with, and alone make purchase of stock; still, he did not like to let the weeks go, for he knew they were well worth the money asked; so, to gain time, he told Farmer Symes he would see him again before Wednesday, which you know is our market-day, as it was in Jack's time. But wherever was the money to come from 'twixt this and then? He had not a relation in the world that he knew of that would lay down the value of a penny for him. 'Ah!' thought he, 'only poor Bob was to be found anywhere—though, perhaps, he was at the bottom of the ocean and food for fishes, or he'd have looked up long since, and would have helped me in this pinch, if he'd had anything to do it with.'

"'You see no one then knew of poor Bob's hoard in Stuckey's shop till long after this time, when Jack was so sore put to it for helping hand. As for asking Mary for any of her little store, she had pride enough of the right sort to keep him from ever doing so. But, then, who to apply to in this emergency he could not think. The landlady, his mistress, was a kind-hearted creature; but then Jack knew well enough she loved her money as her life, and would almost as soon have parted with one as the other, and was most likely would rather part with an arm than a twenty-pound note, or twenty of her golden guineas, for that was the sum he wanted. He was sure she would be willing enough to help him in any other way, with even the gift of a cow and pigs, supposing she had kept them—but never a single piece of her carefully-hoarded gold.

"That very Monday evening, about five or six o'clock, there came into the 'Bear' a foreign-looking sailor, who ordered himself a good supper, and inquired how far it might be to Castle-Carey, which place he said he was bound that night, on his way to visit his friends whom he had not seen for years, and with whom he

when she caught sight of Jack, she showed her love for the Indian fan, and she also expatiated on the immense riches of a foreign sailor; for they all made sure he was a foreigner, his bronzed skin, forgetting what he had told them about his having come home, and to live with a relative he believed was to be somewhere at Wincanton or Castle-Carey, and that he should stay at Castle-Carey first, because he had been told he had taken a house near there.

“‘I wish,’ said Mary, when they had been talking together a bit, ‘I wish we had, if it were only half of what that sailor has in his bundle; we might then buy Beechwood Farm outright, and we might keep a horse, and then I could ride behind to market, as Farmer Wilkins’ wife does behind her good man. hi, oh! ’tis no use thinking of it; we must just be content to tarry awhile longer.’

“Jack made some grumbling reply about having no more to stand there ‘eading’ and gossiping—for if she had time to go on building castles, he was sure he had not—he must be off and to supper and bedding the horses, or the mail would be here before they had time to swallow their feed; and abruptly he trotted away into one of the stables, leaving Mary wondering to herself how ever could so all of a sudden have made him so ‘chuff,’ finally deciding in her mind that the reason of his ill-temper might be that he was vexed at her for accepting the fan from a stranger. ‘Well, in my mind,’ said she to herself, ‘that shall never be a cause of contention to him, for I’ll go at once and ask mistress to let me stay it up this evening to the Squire’s lady—I daresay she will be

settled into their new home on the farm, which was the Squire's property, Mary should have a setting of eggs of her famous breed of turkeys.

"On her return home her mistress inquired whatever she could have said or done to Jack before she had gone out, as he had gone off to bed, and without ever touching his supper—sulky enough, too, for he hadn't spoken a civil word to anyone.

"Mary replied she did not know that she had said anything to grieve Jack; but she had thought something was wrong with him, and she fancied it must be he was vexed with her for accepting the fan from the sailor, as he had been right enough with her till she showed the fan to him, and talked about the man; but she daresay he would be himself in the morning, and pleased enough, too, when she told him how good the Squire's lady had been to her. Then showing her mistress the three guineas, and wishing her a good night, Mary tripped off to bed to dream of living in happiness and plenty with her dear Jack at Beechwood Farm.

"The next morning the good people of Wincanton were all horrified by the news that met them, almost at their breakfast tables, of the dreadful murder that had been committed, two or three miles out, on the Castle-Carey road.

"The strange sailor, whom so many had seen and chatted with while they all smoked their pipes together in the 'Bear' parlour the evening previously, had this morning been found, by some labourers going to their work, with his brains blown out by some cowardly ruffian, who had come upon him and attacked him from behind. His bundle was gone, with, of course, all his money and valuable curiosities, as also his massive, handsomely-embossed foreign watch, which was gold, and which they had all so much admired and wondered at when he had shown them how it could strike the hours. His very earrings had been taken from his ears, and he had been carefully stripped of all the many odd little trinkets of Indian workmanship which he wore about his person, and which he had so foolishly displayed with his other valuables to the rather indiscriminate company that night assembled at the 'Bear,' drawn there by the fame of this singular man's arrival.

"I dare say you may have heard, doctor, that in those days it was the custom, especially in the country, that when a murder had been committed out of doors for the poor body to be brought back to the house where the person had been last seen alive, there to remain until all who could by any possibility be suspected of the crime of causing the death should be brought by the assembled officials of the town or neighbourhood—to *touch the body*. For you see it was then confidently believed, and, for the matter of that, I

dare say some folks believe so still, that, if the person who committed a murder was brought to the body and made to touch it, *blood would immediately ooze either from the wound or mouth of the murdered person.* Consequently, there was no hesitation in the minds of any one as to what must be done with the poor remains of what so few hours ago had been a fine, stalwart, powerful man, so full of life and good spirits. So, accordingly—though much to the horror and distress of the good landlady of the ‘Bear’—the body was borne into the house about eleven o’clock that morning, and laid out on the great table of the big dining-room of the inn, where it was locked up under care of the constables.

“Then the cryer was sent round both that day and the next day—Wednesday—when the market was at the fullest, to summon all who had been present at all in the ‘Bear’ during that fatal Monday evening of the sailor’s arrival; likewise inviting as many as liked, as far as the inn could accommodate, to come and be present at the ‘Ordeal.’

“The Lord of the Manor, the Squire, the clergymen of the neighbourhood, all the bettermost farmers, and as many of the county magistrates as could be got together in the time, with twelve of the principal inhabitants of Wincanton—I mind my dear old grandfather was one of ‘em—were all assembled at the inn by three o’clock, the time fixed for the awful ceremony to take place. First of all, every one of the inmates of the ‘Bear’ was to touch the body, beginning with the landlady herself, who came in leaning upon Mary, both the women looking ill enough. I’ve heard my grandfather say—and little wonder, for it was a trying affair to the nerves—that though as pale as the ghastly corpse, their conscious innocence supported them through the trial. All the rest of the inmates then followed, for there chanced to be one or two commercial men stopping there; and so down to the fat cook and scullery-maid, who both declared they should be haunted by the look of the corpse to their dying day. At last it came to the turn of the ostler, Jack White, and the men under him in the yard, the helpers and stable-boys, you know—for in those days the ‘Bear’ was a great posting-house; the mails and stage-coaches, of which there were many passing through Wincanton, mostly stopped at the ‘Bear’ to change horses.

“For a long time Jack was nowhere to be found, though they searched for him everywhere—through all the stables and lofts, and from garret to cellar. At length some one said they had seen him about an hour ago in a field a good bit to the rear of the premises, and he was then busy breaking in a colt that seemed very restive and vicious under his hand. There he was found; but when the constables went to fetch him to take his turn at the ‘Ordeal,’ he

stinately refused to come in for the purpose, declaring he never saw a moment inside the house the whole time the sailor was there, nor had he even had a sight of him in Wincanton—all of which was proved to be strictly true;—how, then, could they suppose he was the man's murderer, and there were plenty to prove he had been early enough off to bed straight away from his work. The missus herself would tell the good gentlemen and the Squire that it was the truth, for she had told him he was a fool to go off to bed and leave the good supper she had set before him, all because of a bit of a tiff with Mary.

“However, they insisted upon his coming in, for he, too, was one of those belonging to the ‘Bear,’ and that if he did not come willingly they must handcuff him and take him in by force, for he must pass the ‘Ordeal’ or submit to be pronounced guilty, and be tried off to the County Gaol.

“In at last he went, meekly and quietly enough, followed by two constables. That he trembled and turned so deathly pale no one in that room the least wondered at, as it was an awful sight even the stoutest-hearted, and all there were more or less overcome, besides the solemnity of the ceremony to be gone through.

“He at length, after a moment or two of hesitation, though trembling so violently that his knees bent under him, summoned courage enough, and touched the body. When, lo!—horror of horrors!—out welled the accusing crimson drops!

“One long, agonising shriek rang through the room from the ears of the wretched man, and Jack White lay in strong convulsions on the floor. He was picked up insensible, and when the fit had passed off he remained so still and so like death, that the doctors believing the shock had given him his death-blow, and that he would never again rally, ordered him at once to be put to bed, where the constables could keep guard over him; for, of course, from the awful omen, he was at once condemned in the minds of all present as the guilty person.

“From hours of death-like quiet, Jack White passed into the delirious ravings of a brain fever, in which he acted over and over again his temptation to the crime, followed by the scene of the murder.

“How the account of the stranger's wealth had first led him to covet it, thinking how happy the possession of it would make himself and his darling Mary; then how he was tempted to rob this sailor, if only he could slip away from the ‘Bear’ unknown to any one; then how he had really contrived to get off the premises after he had feigned to go to bed; next, how he had struck across the fields by a short cut, that he knew would enable him to come up with the sailor before he could get very much farther on his



road, for the man had left the 'Bear' almost half-an-hour before Jack had made up his mind to try and follow him. Then came the struggle for the bundle, both being powerful men. Finally, getting irritated and exasperated at finding the stranger the stronger of the two, Jack ceased the struggle suddenly, and, getting behind his victim ere he could prevent it, pulled a pistol out of his pocket and blew the sailor's brains out.

"He remembered perfectly well the putting this pistol into his pocket before leaving the inn, but what induced him to do so he never could tell, as he declared again and again that when meditating over the robbery, and planning with himself the best way to do it, while at work in his stables, he had not the most remote thought of murdering his victim, or even harming a hair of his head, if only he could but possess himself of the rich, coveted bundle quietly. After all this—for dreadful to relate, he fancied he was confessing these horrors to his Mary—he described how, after rifling the body, he hastened back to the inn-yard with his ill-gotten booty, concealing it all, with the fatal pistol, in the thatch of one of the stables. And the wretched creature would, after all this, beg his dear Mary not to be frightened of him, for he would never harm her. Was there blood on his hand? She could wash it off, he knew, with her tears, bless her!

"The most shocking part of my tale, doctor, remains to be told. On preparing the body of the murdered man for the grave it was discovered, by the tattooing on his left arm, of his name, and that of the ship *Aton*, which he first sailed in, with a singular birth-mark below the right shoulder, with some bank documents sewn in a belt round his person, relative to his savings in Stuckey's Bank, with the banker's signatures to the same, that the slain man was no other than the long-missing Bob White, Jack's brother!

"Such an awful shock did this prove to the wretched criminal when he was sufficiently sensible to be informed of this dreadful fact, that the bodily exhaustion, consequent on the fearful depression of mind which supervened, was so great that it seemed more than probable that he would not survive long enough, or rally sufficiently, to be tried for the murder.

"He had ever been so sincerely and warmly attached to this his only brother, and had so mourned the losing of him, and never to have learned his fate, that now, when they might have lived so unitedly together, that he should have been this dear brother's murderer, seemed more than he could bear to think of and live. He did, however, notwithstanding this terrible remorse, recover in the most wonderful manner—at least, sufficiently so to appear, at his own earnest desire, on the day that had been fixed for his trial; and though weak almost as an infant, and worn to a skeleton, he stood

up in the dock, and there, confessing to all the circumstances, waited humbly while the judge passed sentence upon him, which was that he should be taken to the spot where the murder was committed, and there hung in chains on that day week, the day following the Assizes.

"The trial over, he was conveyed back to the County Gaol, where each day he seemed, if it were possible, to grow weaker, and where poor Mary, through the kindly permission of the pitying authorities, remained with him the hours it was at all allowable for her to do so.

"We will, if you please, drop a curtain over his parting with his Mary when the hour came for his execution. Her kind mistress, who also had been a frequent visitor with her to the prisoner, did not, you are sure, fail to be with her on this last trying interview; and when it was over she bore poor Mary half lifeless to her own home; and no mother could have been more tender in her care of this poor broken-hearted, lone girl, or more sympathising in this great affliction.

"The sad procession sets off from the gaol, the death-knell slowly tolling in the villages and town through which it had to pass. The good clergyman, who had been Jack's solace and teacher in his hours of deep and bitter repentance, is at his side now in his last hours; on his other side sits one of the gaolers, supporting the poor criminal in his strong arms, for he is too weak to sit up alone, while his agony increases at every mile they draw nearer to that dreadful spot, till at last a lethargy steals over him, through, as they suppose, exhaustion of body and mind during this sad journey. They have reached now the end of the journey, and have drawn up close to the gibbet, when just as they were lifting him out of the chaise, he gave one convulsive sob, and—a lifeless body only remained in the gaoler's and executioner's arms! Nevertheless, the sentence of the law was carried out, namely, that the poor body be hung in chains.

"Poor Mary did not long survive her lover's dreadful end. She gently faded away like a sweet lily which a cruel storm in its sweeping violence had blighted, then was laid to rest in our quiet churchyard.

"And now, doctor, my long tale has come to its end; and I have only to add that there are plenty of folks about here besides myself who can tell you that to this very day, upon certain nights in the year, may be seen round the old gibbet the ghosts of the foreign sailor and his murderer and unhappy brother,

**JACK WHITE."**

**L. M. G.**

## THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

TOWARDS the close of the Sixteenth Century the English Drama was housed in miserable and awkwardly-constructed edifices situated in the most squalid districts of London. In public theatres the stage, the balcony behind the stage, and the "rooms" were covered, but the pit was open to every wind of heaven, the groundlings who occupied it being thereby frequently and seriously inconvenienced. The stage projected into the body of the house, the spectators being arranged by the side and behind, as well as in front of it. The stage arrangements were of the most primitive nature. There was no attempt at illusion save such as the actors could produce by vigorous declamation, by propriety of action, by rapid facial expression. Women's parts were played by boys. The irrepressible gallant of the period, described by Lily in his "Euphues," as possessing "more wit than wealth, and more wealth than wisdom," took up his position on the stage itself, where a liberal manager provided him with a stool—(*tripos* they called it)—at the moderate cost of sixpence. Lacking this accommodation, the gallant stretched himself along the boards to display the elegance of his figure, set off by the adventitious charms of his hose and doublet. If, haply, the play, or its representation, displeased him, he interrupted the actors, and cracked jokes at the author, sometimes to the delight, but generally to the disgust of the groundlings, who smoked rank tobacco during the entire proceedings.

Towards the close of the Nineteenth Century the theatre is a beautiful and costly temple of the Muses. In place of the no-roof of the early age, creditable frescoes stretch above the head—constellations glittering on a blue ground, or goddesses plunging through white clouds in golden chariots. From the centre of this splendid ceiling, an immense gasolier, cased in prismatic glass, depends, flooding the house with steady light. Where once the groundlings howled and trod upon each others toes, lines of stalls are now ranged, covered with velvet or satin, goodly to gaze at and pleasant to sit upon. Tiers of elegantly-furnished boxes take the place of the one penny and twopenny rooms, and civil attendants, suggesting odoriferous programmes, accost the visitor at every turn. The stage arrangements are more admirable still. The illusion is perfect. The machinery marvellously efficient. The scenery beauti-

painted, the performers dressed in character, the play fully rehearsed, and a curtain, dividing the stage from the auditor, is raised only when everything behind it is in absolute readiness.

In the Sixteenth Century, a strong party raised its voice against actors—in sermons, in pamphlets, in ballads. Now and then the condemned caste enters the lists with pathetic protest, and is speedily put down. "No man," says Stephen Gosson, speaking to one such protester—"no man, till of late, durst thrust his head to mayntaine the quarrel but one, in witt simple, in judgement ignorant, in attempt rash, in name Lodge."<sup>1</sup> Strict enactments of the Parliament and the Common Council harassed

They were legally described as vagabonds. Harsh provisions occasionally ruined them. Now and then they died in prison. Ten pounds was considered a good price for a play, and ten days a protracted run. Authors spent much of their time in prison and in jails. They were never wealthy, often very poor, and generally deeply in debt to a manager or a pawnbroker.

In the Nineteenth Century, the popular voice protects the actor, although he is placed under a slightly vexatious State control, but for all purposes of our present argument, free to exercise his profession. As for the dramatic author—he is a very favourite of the public. He often receives a thousand pounds for a work, and his frequently runs for two hundred consecutive nights.

A very remarkable contrast, therefore, is here presented—a contrast of conditions which were seemingly most unfavourable to artistic effort, with conditions eminently calculated (so one might argue) to excite ambition and stimulate imagination. But is this the truth? How does the new drama compare with the old? The answer is immediate. The Sixteenth Century culminated in Marlow, the Nineteenth in Babiland Bijou; the Sixteenth Century produced Shakespeare, the Nineteenth has produced Boucicault. The history of the British Drama is the history of a short period of brilliant and memorable performance, followed by a period of steady decline, ending in an inevitable decay. The first period begins with Marlow, and ends with Shirley. The second comprises the history of the Restoration, and the sentimental comedy that followed it. The third dates from the death of Sheridan, and brings us down to our own time, when we have arrived at the lowest depth. What still lower depths we may yet descend, Time alone can tell.

The fall has been so complete, that none but the wildest of optimists can hope for a revival. The thoughtful reader will agree with the general conclusion of Mr. George Henry Lewes:—"It is

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<sup>1</sup> "Plays Confuted, in Five Actions."

which, although not universally admitted, is very largely a to have taken place. We state a few of the causes at the leaving the reader to determine as we proceed, to what extent at all—they are borne out by facts. They are:—1. The deterioration of the imaginative faculty in Englishmen. 2. The diversion of the dramatic talent into other and easier channels. 3. The absence of a school of actors—and 4. The improvement in scenery and stage machinery—diverting the attention of the spectator placing a fatal restraint on the imagination of the writer. Mr. M. discovers a very serious cause of the decline of the English drama—the altered habits of “society.” By “society,” we find he means the aristocratic classes, and what are now called the middle classes, adopting the manners and customs of those immediately above them in social position. Now, society, *as such*, has nothing to do with the matter. In the great age the drama was neither written for, nor supported by society—and any drama worthy of the name will be written for a large and outlying constituency, and without any regard whatever for the customs of a small and unenthusiastic section of the population. The drama in its most flourishing state depended not on the patronage of an aristocratic minority, but upon the support of the public. The drama in its days of its decline was, indeed, largely supported by the King and his court. Every play was a tissue of indecency, and every scene was filled with the fulsome adulation of lords. That drama died. The drama of the preceding age will live for ever.

We will assume here that the Elizabethan stage marks the foundation of the British drama. Shakespeare's name, as has been said, is a spell of such universal influence, that it has the effect of dimming the memory of his only less great contemporaries. These contemporaries numbered over two score. Elizabethan drama was built up by Marlow, Kyd, Webster, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Middleton, D. Heywood, Lodge, Peele, Greene. The conditions under which dramatists worked have already been indicated—the disadvantages which opposed them—the audiences for which they catered. What sort of men were they, and what manner of life did they lead? They were the sons of bishops, of cobblers, of judges, of brick

of hucksters, of country gentlemen. They were learned and unlearned. They lead a wild, strange, ever-varying life. They lived comedies, as well as wrote them. They witnessed and were the actors in tragic incidents, as often as they wrote tragedies. They portrayed human nature well because they knew it well. Action suggested motive to them; and motive was easily detected in those days, because dissimulation had not as yet become a universal habit. Hartley Coleridge, in his introduction to the Works of Ford and Massinger, says that the lives of the Elizabethan dramatists are "provokingly barren of incident." To us it appears that their lives are crowded with adventure. Beaumont and Fletcher with bed and brains in common. Dekkar pursued daily by creditors—now dining grandly at ordinaries, now pawning his sword to purchase a meal, now laid by the heels in the Counter. Marlow stabbing himself to death in the attempt to kill a rival. Ben Jonson slaying "one Gabriel," in mortal combat. Fletcher, with the memory that it was his father, the Bishop of London, who attended Mary, Queen of Scots, on the scaffold. Robert Greene, deserting his wife and home in the country, arriving in London, seeking the society of wits, writing for the theatres, and eventually dying in the gutter—or the next thing to it.

"Provokingly barren of incident!" The testimony of the plays alone proves the contrary. In one of the most unsatisfactory essays on the drama ever written—Fitzgerald's "Principles of Comedy"—the author happens on a half-truth, which he repeats a good deal—and describes as a principle. Comedies, he says, are bits of life." If so, what sort of a comment do Ben Jonson's comedies afford on the life of his time. Pepys is not more satisfactory in the illustration of his age, nor Hogarth more graphic in the delineation of *his*, than Ben Johnson in his pictures of the society among which he moved. What various and exciting experiences as he unfold! The truth is, no man's life at that time was provokingly barren of incident." The age was prolific of events. Spanish Armadas, voyages of Raleigh, bitter Puritanism and bitter Catholicism, with result of blood-shedding. The printing-press comparatively new invention, offering immortality on safe and easy terms to those eager for it. There was enterprise, action, life. The men were strong, vigorous, earnest. The drama was worthy of the age. In the representation of their works the authors assisted. Shakespeare was an actor. Ben Jonson acted, so did Dekkar, so did the melancholy Massinger. From the brains of men such as these—living such lives—partaking of the spirit of such an age, come "Hamlet," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Vittoria Corombona," "The Duchess of Malfy," "The Jew of Malta," "Every Man in his Humour," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle,"

tastes of a most debauched Court. The theatre has become distinctly the school of immorality. Congreve, and Wycher Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, are literary panders. They are, they are fine gentlemen and gallants. Congreve is insulted and called an author. He is the "friend" of the Duchess ofborough. When he dies the Duchess has a slab erected in memory in Westminster Abbey, having previously erected an ivory monument of the departed poet on her own toilet. Dryden is as bad as the rest. In a MS. note on a copy of "The Rake's Progress," preserved in the British Museum, he is called "that old poet." It was he who introduced Nell Gwynne to the King. He was tired of her himself. Shakespeare was voted dull-durable, indeed—save when re-arranged and re-written by Izaak Walton or the ever-memorable Elkanna Settle. It is sometimes all old comedy generally, that we must pardon its licence, on the ground of the standard of morality existing at the period of its production. This may well be urged in defence of the verbal indecency of Shakespeare, but does not in any way apply to the Rest of comedy. Their offence did not consist of indelicate expression, indeed, from that vice they were comparatively free. The *double entendre*. There was indecency of plot—impropriety of Intrigue follows upon intrigue. The marriage tie is a subject of much pleasantry. The seventh commandment is the stock-joke. On no ground can these courtly comedists defend themselves. They are, consciously, even less worse than the age. They are, consequently, even more immoral than the Court. They wrote for the Court. Through them the Court educated the people. The town grew in filth.

extract:—"Garrick, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnson, set out for London together. Davy Garrick will be with you early in the next week, and Mr. Johnson goes to try his fate with a tragedy." We cannot help regarding the advent of Garrick as one of the most considerable events in the later history of the drama. Colley Cibber went to see him, but didn't think much of his abilities. But Cibber, himself a worn-out performer, and one who had witnessed the *début* of Betterton, would not be likely to form an unbiassed judgment. Certain it is that Shakespeare was again in high favour—Ben Jonson and Massenger were played frequently. Comedies and tragedies began to flow in from all quarters, written by country-parsons, newspaper-editors, novelists, and poets—few of them being of any value, the majority of them unutterable rubbish. Garrick becomes a manager, and, unable to produce everybody's play, succeeds in giving universal offence. He is attacked in pamphlets and papers. He replies in pamphlets—sometimes more successfully in an epigram. When one looks at the immense number of pamphlets, satirical poems, Dramatic Censors, Theatrical Mirrors, produced about that period, one forms some idea of the wonderful and intelligent interest taken in the stage. Then, if ever, arrived the opportunity to be worthily embraced by a new school of play-wrights. But the conditions were unfavourable. The age beckoned, and in obedience to the call there was nothing to offer but Goldsmith's two comedies—admirable in themselves, it is true, sufficient in themselves to destroy the sentimental twaddle that had succeeded the witty obscenity of the Restoration, but sadly inadequate to meet the increasing demands of a public with interest thoroughly roused. Sheridan follows, and creates a character or two which will remain lasting favourites, and proves the fact that a writer may be as great a wit as Congreve without giving offence any section of the public.

After Sheridan the supply of dramatic production is meagre, and becomes daily more so. After Garrick come Siddons, Kean, Kembles, Macready. Stage appointments are becoming admirable—scenery more true to nature; only there is no one to write plays. Foote and Colman wrote farces in four acts and called them comedies; Jerrold followed in their wake; Sheridan Knowles wrote tragedies with one or two admirable passages in them; Johnston presented the world with most elaborately-concocted stage tricks; Westland Marston has produced some excellent dramas, and this brings us down to the present time, in which are to be noticed one or two new and singular evidences of decay.

The wonderful advance made within the last few years in the art of mounting *spectacle*, and the popular favour accorded to that species of entertainment, are worthy of note, as affording the most



growing importance of these accessories, and with it decline of the drama. In the days of Charles II. Downe Shadwell's play of "The Lancashire Witches," and speaks fully of "several machines of flyings for the witches, diverting contrivances in it."<sup>1</sup> Later on—in the reign III.—Thomas Davies, the bookseller, mentions, in his "Garrick," a play called "The Maid of the Oaks," describes as "a new species of writing, in which the carpenter, and the dancer all combine to make a theatrical representation." There are many living who Kean's revivals at the Princess's Theatre, where Shakespeare is smothered in upholstery; where the antiquary, the geographer, the critic were lugged in to the utter discomfiture of the

One might have foretold from the direction of public taste, "the diverting contrivances" would become a necessity, and would be relished that was not a "rich olio of theatricality." But no one could possibly have foreseen the evil. Our most widely-known dramatist has done more about the result than any other. It was he who first put real Hansom cabs on the boards—to get up real collisions—to attempt real horse races. He invented sensation, and reduced the London stage to the level of the London Jockey. It will be seen that, in proportion as facilities for mounting have effectively have increased, in the same proportion has the literature deteriorated. Possibly it would be asserting too much to say that this presents a simple case of cause and effect, but at least one is justified in pointing it out as a singular coincidence.

Of burlesque the less one says the better. It is

greatest feat of wit is a pun, their most pointed satire an open allusion to some unpopular Cabinet minister. "They order this matter better in France," and of course *opéra bouffe*, with music by Offenbach and libretto by Meilhac and Halévy, has some claim to artistic merit. But it is only a question of degree. Of two evils this is the least offensive.

As to original dramas, while it would be manifestly unjust to omit all mention of creditable fairy plays and admirable historical dramas by living writers, and half-a-dozen bright little comedies by an author lately deceased, there is in none of these works anything that would lead us to hope for a new school of dramatic writers. They are ephemeral productions, pleasant to look at for the time; they have no strength of intention or of execution to give them a chance of posterity.

Such is the London theatre of to-day. Everything that could give importance to the stage has left it. English drama is a thing of the past.



## *Sands of Egypt.*

### SANDS OF EGYPT.

#### CLEOPATRA.

‘ Last night as I waked in the moonlight,  
I listened in vain for your speech;  
I lay in the light and stretched me,  
But empty my aching arms reached.  
I drew back my silken curtains  
To let in the splendour of night,  
And it fell on my hot, throbbing bosom,  
That glowed and pulsed in its light.  
I breathed the soft breath of the midnight,  
I bathed in the moon’s silvery flood,  
Till I panted with heat and the fever  
Of love in my riotous blood.

I tossed on my hot couch of purple,  
Till I wished that it were a grave;  
Then went to the crystalline fountain,  
There my hot body to lave.  
I dipped in the sparkling waters  
Beneath the broad light of the moon;  
And the air was oppressive with fragrance,  
Of flowers that hung folded at noon.  
I listlessly gazed on the garden,  
Where palm trees bowed to the wave;  
For my heart ached under the burden,  
Of jealousy strong as the grave;  
Aye, strong as the grave, and more cruel,  
For Antony tarries away.  
Has a woman captured the hero,  
Once victor in every fray?  
Has a woman fettered my tyrant,  
With chains of her golden hair?  
Does she feed on his eloquent kisses,  
And has he forgotten me there?

Ho! Charmian, call me a messenger;  
I will send once more to my brave,  
My grand gray-haired old Roman;  
Safe carry this message, O slave.

Since the dreary day my soldier  
Girded his armour and sword,  
And marched at the call of young Cæsar,  
I have never forgotten my word.  
Not made was my promise for breaking,  
Though Antony said, with a smile,  
“ Expect nothing more from a woman ;  
Is't not so, my sweet serpent of Nile ? ”

Ah ! where is a king like my Roman,  
With his royal, god-like form ;  
With arms strong as steel from Damascus,  
And his voice as grand as the storm ?  
Whose shoulders are broad, snowy mountains,  
Whose lips like the pomegranate bud ;  
Dark eyes like the deep pools in forests,  
But stirred with his hot, jealous blood.  
Never another was like him,  
No warrior so brave or so true !  
Can any one blame me or wonder  
That into my life he grew ?

Antony, come back to your Egypt,  
The hours are so weary, it seems  
The only delight in life's promise  
Appears to me in my dreams.  
One night I lay in deep slumber,  
Oppressed by the evening's still heat,  
And I dreamed I saw you lying  
Stretched at a woman's feet ;  
That up to her pale high forehead,  
Were raised your passionate eyes,  
And you lifted the hem of her garment,  
While your breath was broken with sighs.  
You raised the hem of her garment  
And pressed it long to your lips,  
And, as if her mouth was her raiment,  
You kissed as the honey-bee sips.  
Then filled with jealous fury,  
I sprang at her slender neck ;  
But you stretched your hands and caught me,  
And held my fury in check ;  
And I struggled, and screamed, and panted,  
While her carmine cheek turned pale ;  
And she trembled, and drooped, and shivered,  
Like a lily before a gale.

### *Sands of Egypt.*

And then your red lips parted,  
And your white teeth showed between,  
As you said: "I will go to Egypt,  
And I never will leave my queen."  
But then I awoke and called you,  
I called to the empty space;  
I listened for your answer,  
To hear but the sullen pace  
Of the slow and sluggish river  
That creeps by the palace door;  
And I turned on my heated pillows,  
And wept, for my heart was sore.  
I would give my kingdom to see you,  
If only a little while,  
You would come again and call me  
Your old, sweet serpent of Nile.  
For my grim and grizzled hero,  
With his crisp and curling hair,  
Widowed for ever leaves me,  
If he forgets me there.

Bring a tiger-lily, Iras,  
I will have my fortune told;  
I will have a lover for every  
Black spot on its petals of gold;  
The leaves shall all be falchions,  
To hew dissenters down;  
And then I will call my soldier,  
And I'll give him Egypt's crown!  
Lily, what is my fortune:  
Will my Antony come home  
To his burning sands of Egypt,  
Or tarry there in Rome?  
See! the spotted lily quivers,  
Look! the heavy palm-trees wave,  
And the lions now lie crouching,  
That once went roaming brave;  
And the listless, lagging waters,  
Have languished till they burn;  
And it seems all Egypt's waiting  
For Antony's return.

What! here a Roman soldier—  
Good news bring you from Rome  
Quick, tell me of my Antony,  
And say he is coming home—

Home to his queen, who loves him,  
Home to his longing mate,  
Who days long since has wearied  
Of watching ; but she waits.  
Your news, grim, silent minion !  
My Antony, when will he come ?  
And was he friends with Cæsar  
When you left him there in Rome ?

\* \* \* \*

Charmian, have I been dreaming ?  
Was a soldier here from Rome ?  
Did he tell me of my Antony,  
And say he was coming home ?  
Here, let me whisper softly,  
Lest you shall think I rave :  
Did he tell me my Antony  
Has wedded the pale Octave ?  
What shall I do, O Charmian ?  
Where hide my shame and grief ?  
Give me to drink mandragora,  
Till oblivion brings relief.  
O, Iras, the glory of Egypt,  
To the earth is trolled and torn !  
No more the head of kingdoms,  
Her queen is held for scorn !  
Charmian, robe me in sable,  
And drape the palace in gloom ;  
I care not now for its splendour,  
A palace may be a tomb.

When I think of the deep devotion  
I laid at his slightest breath,  
My heart beats faint and heavy,  
And I wish it might mean death ;  
Think you, Iras, he is happy,  
With that pale, gold-haired Octave,  
And forgets his queen and Egypt ?  
Gods ! let me reach the slave,  
The black night-hawk of Erebus,  
That brought the evil tale ;  
I'll scourge and lash and rack him  
Till his Roman heart shall quail !  
A fitting name, the traitor !  
A Roman soldier ! shame !

*Sands of Egypt.*

Sweet shame it is, for Antony  
 Bears a Roman soldier's name !

\* \* \* \*

List, Charmian ! hear ye music !  
 Methinks I hear the sound  
 Of warlike tramp, and the foot-fall  
 Of my Antony on the ground ;  
 It is my soldier's footstep,  
 Now the gods be praised ! He's come—  
 My love has proved a magnet,  
 And drawn him away from Rome.  
 Aye, now I'll sound a pean  
 That shall echo far and near ;  
 And the envious gods shall listen,  
 As it rings out glad and clear !  
 He loves me—Antony loves me,  
 Tear your tawny hair, Octave !  
 He left you for me and Egypt,  
 Wring your slighted hands and rave !  
 Let Cæsar behold your sorrows,  
 And bewail your vaunted charms !  
 Tell him : Antony's in Egypt,  
 And asleep in Egypt's arms !”

OLIVE HARPER.

## THE PASS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT FROM CENTRAL ASIA TO INDIA.

Austrians, like the Germans, take the greatest possible interest in a projected opening of a connection between the East and West—between Central Asia and Central Europe. Too much attention cannot, indeed, be devoted to a subject of such magnitude and of such great importance to the future of the two continents. Colonel von Stubendorff, of the Russian army, has recently read a paper before the Austrian Geographical Society, in which he sets out that the line would pass through Aralsk, thence up the valley of the Syr Daria or Jaxartes to Tashkend, thence by Samarkand or Khojend, to the Gates of Tamerlane, by which Samarkand would be reached. From Samarkand to Pashawur the line would necessarily go through the Bamiyan Pass and Kabul. This, by using the line to communicate with Russia by Orenburg or Tashkent, would be the old line of approach, as we have before expounded, of the way into Central Asia, and the only line for an unbroken and direct transit between India and Russia.

But Colonel von Stubendorff also pointed out that, as the old bed of the Oxus—that is, when that river flowed into the Caspian Sea—runs eastwards from Krasnovodsk in the direction of Bokhara, construction of a line of railway along this dry river-bed from the Caspian to Bokhara and Samarkand would be comparatively easy. Such a railway would be in direct communication with Europe by means of the line of steamers from Krasnovodsk to Baku, by the Baku and Poti railway, and by steamer from Poti to Constantinople, or to the Danube. The misfortune of this line is that it entails two breaks, one on the Caspian and the other on the Black Sea; but for mere through passenger traffic it might be less expensive than the overland route via Orenburg and Tashkent.

Both lines, whether by the valley of the Jaxartes, or by that of the Oxus, would, however, according to the Colonel, have necessarily to go through the Bamiyan Pass, which is included within the territory supposed to be under Anglo-Indian protection, and is, though virtually under the rule of the Afghans. It will, then, be hardly not be uninteresting to give the reader some idea of what the pass in the Hindu-Kush—the ancient Paropamisus—really is; and, indeed, as Bamiyan is supposed to be the ancient Alexandria opamisadæ, and as the free and independent mountain races of the Hindu-Kush were first subjected by Alexander the Great in that very pass, it



might, like the gates of Taimur-leng or Tamerlane, between the Oxus and the Jaxartes, be, as between the Oxus and the Indus, known as Alexander the Great's Pass.

So perfectly was the importance of Alexander's Pass, now brought into notice by Russian geographers, understood at the time of the occupation of Afghanistan by the British in 1840, as the line which would be that most likely to be selected by an army advancing from Bokhara or Kabul, that Bamiyan or Alexandria was occupied by a native troop of horse artillery and a regiment of Goorkahs; and our outposts were pushed to the north-west, some fifty miles beyond that place. As it was also found that in this outlying part of the Hindu-Kush there was more than one pass, Lieut. Sturt was detached to survey the more feasible; and he was luckily accompanied in this labour by Captain Burslem, who has left a record of what was done in a few lively yet comprehensive pages, published under the modest title of "*A Peep into Toorkistan,*" or, as it is now more commonly written, *Turkistan*.

It appears from this narrative that the bold rocks and rich though narrow valleys of the frontiers of Turkistan offer many charms, although the lower ranges of hills are gloomy and shrubless, contrasting strikingly with the dazzling, yet distant splendour of the snowy mountains. It is an extraordinary fact that, throughout the whole extent of country occupied by these under features, which presents every variety of form and geological structure, there are scarcely any hills bearing trees, or even shrubs; every valley, however, is intersected by its native stream, which in winter pursues its headlong course with all the impetuosity of a mountain-torrent, but in the summer season glides calmly along as in our native meadows.

Starting from Kabul for the passes, the road lies at first up a beautiful valley, laid out with gardens and fields, intersected by three rivulets which wind through it by a serpentine course, and dotted with innumerable little forts and villages. But this is soon succeeded by the steep and rugged features of the Suffaid Kāk, or "white earth pass," which rises to a thousand feet above the valley or plain below, and presents at the onset a stony and difficult road. Beyond this defile the road lies up the valley of the Kabul river, presenting a succession of small plots of fertile ground, alternating with short, rugged passes, with a profusion of pear, apple, cherry, and mulberry trees and luxuriant grape vines. At the head of the valley are sundry Kuzzilbash or Huzarah forts, as also the Sir-i-Shusm, or "fountain head," a pool stocked with sacred fish of an enormous size. The valley of the Kabul river is separated from that of the Elbun or Helmund, the Etymandrus or Erymandrus in Margiana of the ancients, by the Oonai or Unai Pass, in the

Pughman range, and which is described as one of the principal defiles of the Hindu-Kush, rising as it does to an elevation of some 11,400 feet. This pass is girt on either side by magnificent precipices, and the road lies at times along a natural ledge on the verge of a perpendicular cliff, so that a stone might be dropped "into the apparently bottomless ravine—bottomless, for the rays of a noon-day sun have never broken the eternal darkness of the awful chasm beneath. Had horse, camel, or man missed their footing whilst scrambling up the steep and stony pathway, nothing could have saved them from being dashed to pieces. Frequently," adds Captain Burslem, "when rounding some projecting crag, the small treasure-box fastened on the camel, literally overhung the abyss, and I held my breath and the pulsations of my heart increased as I watched horse after horse, and camel after camel weather the critical point."

At Uart, rocky defiles were relieved by bleak table-lands, thinly covered with a short grass, and a gradual, but very rugged ascent led to the valley of the river Elbun, which has an impetuous course. A short distance up the valley of this river, and the Pass of Hadji-Kuk ("Pilgrim's pit") 12,400 feet high, has to be got over, but although steep and difficult, with snow in June on the summit, it does not present the same abruptness and boldness of feature which rendered the Pass of Unai so dangerous. This pass leads into the country of the Uzbeks, and the villages are now enclosed within a wall in the form of a square, with small bastions and towers at the angles. To the west, in the Kuh-i-Baba, or "Father mount," a mountain whose granite peaks tower up to the snow-line 6000 feet above Kallu, itself 9000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains here abound in wild sheep. Kallu is on the upper tributaries of the Surkh-Ab, or "river of roses," a branch of the Oxus, the water's bed being marked out by the bed of the Hadji-Kuk. But the road to Tupitchi, on another tributary to the Surkh-Ab, is carried over a difficult pass, the path bordering a tremendous deep and gloomy fissure. This might possibly be crossed or avoided.

The extensive ruins of *Alexandreia Paropamisadæ*, also called *Bolgoola* or *Gulaula*, and *Bamiyan*, after certain gigantic images, sit with there, are situated on this branch of the Surkh-Ab, which flows in red-spotted and well-flavoured trout. The hills below are burrowed all over with caves like a huge rabbit-warren, and at four or five miles higher up is a celebrated thermal spring in a large cave known as the Dragon's Mouth. There are also ruins of a castle, about ten miles from Bamiyan, on a hill commanding the high road over the Irak and Kallu passes, and in the angles formed by the union of the Bamiyan and Irak rivers, called the Castle of

Zohawk. Some of the foundations of this castle appear to be of great antiquity, the building having been altered and added to at many successive epochs. The buildings appear also to have covered at one time a considerable extent of ground.

Surruk-Durrah, or "Red Valley," at the foot of the Akrobat range, is celebrated for a defeat inflicted by Colonel Dennie, of the 13th, with a small force of a few hundred men, upon Dost Muhammad Khan, who was accompanied by all the principal Uzbek chiefs, and the famous Mir Walli, of Kullum. Bamiyan is, indeed, an important site, commanding, as it does, the only available pass from the Oxus to the Indus, and it is possible destined yet to enjoy some future importance, although not equal to that which has remained to many others to which the great Macedonian conqueror attached his name. The Oxus, it is to be noticed, is fed by two rivers of the same name—Surkh-Ab—one to the north, waters the principality of Karategin, which we have before described; the other to the south of Alexander's Pass, waters the Khanat of Kunduz. These, with the Panja or Wakhan river, and the Kokcha or Faizabad river, constitute the chief tributaries of the Oxus.

The Akrobat Kotul, or "Pass," is carried along, at first, by a narrow gorge five miles long, with precipitous sides, and a foaming torrent at the bottom. Lieutenant Broadfoot was directed to make the road practicable for artillery from Bamiyan to Syghān, at the time of the occupation of Afghanistan, and hence there was at that epoch a very fair military road over this pass, but it has probably been long since destroyed.

The pass of Akrobat was supposed to divide Afghanistan from Turkistan, and beyond the pass is a fort and village of the same name, upon a tributary to the Surkh-Ab, but the place is said to be cold, barren, and without resources. Deep defiles, with dark overhanging crags, but alternating with small and pleasant meadows, or cultivated plains, with forts, lay between this and Syghān. The fort of Syghān, which was occupied by sepoy in the time of the Afghanistan war, is on a small hill detached from the main range, but easily commanded; and the valley, watered by a third tributary to the Surkh-Ab, is rich in cultivation, and produces many varieties of fruit. The surrounding hills have the appearance of ruined castles.

Between Syghān and Kamurd, upon a fourth and last tributary to the Surkh-Ab, is another formidable pass, known as the Dunduz Shukkun Kotul, or "tooth-breaking pass, and a truly formidable one it is for beasts of burthen, especially the declivities on the northern side. "Very few, indeed," says Captain Burnes, "venture upon the descent without dismounting, for the surface of

is so smooth and slippery, that the animals can with difficulty keep their legs, even when led, and many teeth, both of man and beast, have been broken before reaching the bottom.

The valley of Kammurd has a very fertile appearance, and of different descriptions of fruit-trees are interspersed throughout the cultivation. Apricots especially abound, and are the sun, covering spaces at times over a mile in extent. grapes, mulberries, apples, pears, cherries, and walnuts, grow in perfection. The ruler over this favoured valley is a set of Afghans and the Nurs of Kullum and Kurduz alike. He has a fort higher up the valley than Kammurd, and several others on either bank of the river lower down. These are made of mud, but the walls are of great strength and thickness. The valley of Kammurd is of an oblong form, flanked by steep mountains, and Captain Burslem says the enormous force of the Dundun Shikkun almost precludes the possibility of bringing cannon from the south. Lower down are Piedbāgh, or "valley garden," looking like a thick wood, with the turrets of the fort overtopping the dark foliage, and below that, again, the fort of Badj-ghar, the most westerly of our advanced posts at the time of the Afghan war. At Piedbāgh, the hills encroach so much upon the valley as to reduce it to little more than a ravine, with two gigantic mountains. Badj-ghar is also situated at the mouth of a defile leading to the river. This latter place is situated at the foot of the mountain, or "Black Pass," which constitutes the watershed between the Surkh-ab and the river of Kullum, and there are ruins in the neighbourhood called Dusht-i-Sheikh, or the "Sheik's desert." The valley of Kammurd, fruitful and productive as it is, was a meeting-place to the Greeks in olden time, as well as Bactria, as it has been since to all who have followed in their

Kara-Kotul, or "Black Pass," which may be called the Black Pass, is a pass on this line of route, between Afghanistan and Asia, is as long and steep as the others, and is considered the loftiest of all. In one part a glen was so filled with large granite that it was necessary to transfer the loads of the animals across the obstructing masses to accomplish the journey.

In this glen, in which flows a tributary to the river of Kullum, of great beauty, decked with wild flowers, which bloomed thickly on the bushes and scented the air with their perfume. It opens upon the Du-aub, or "two rivers," one of those rivers where the Turkoman mares are turned out to graze—the turf being intermingled with just sufficient cultivated land to supply the inhabitants with grain. "Every wild flower,"

by which Alexander's pass might be reached from either or Kunduz, still many low ridges and a good deal of country have to be traversed before reaching the actual river itself. The furthest spur of the Hindu-Kush cannot, indeed, be said to be reached till beyond the foot of the Haibuk, when low and detached hills gradually sink into an endless plain which bounds the horizon, both to the east and west.

The hills come down in the direction of the Kunduz river near Goree or Guri, itself a fortress situated on the edge of a morass, which extends from the limits of the plains to the foot of the hills. Vegetation soon ceases upon ascending the mountains from this direction, except in the gullies, in which flocks of goats are met with. Beyond Kuyna, a small fort, a long and steep ascent presents itself, and this is followed by a succession of passes, until the renowned Dushti Suffaed Pass is reached; the latter does not appear to present any greater difficulties than the other passes previously described.

There is no question, however, that the passes of the Hindu-Kush, require a further and much more detailed examination before deciding against their availability for a railway line. There is a pass from the river of Kunduz direct to Kabul, *via* Kut and Kushan or Ghur-i-Bund; but the mountain passes are loftier. There are passes also from the lower Surkh-abad to Surkh, the Sheikh Ali Huzara Pass, and others; but there is to be little doubt, from the remarkable permanence of roads in the east, affected as they are by the physical peculiarities of the country, that the Pass of Bamiyan, being that used by Alexander the Great, and being the usual caravan route and being occupied by the

and dwells not upon the sacrifices of these three necessities for an army, the thing may be done; but I can hardly conceive any crisis in political affairs which could render such a measure advantageous to the party undertaking it. The advancing force will always suffer, whether it be Russia advancing upon India, or India advancing towards Europe. The hand of God has fixed the tremendous banner; woe to him who would despise the warning."

In our times, science having overcome so many and such apparently vast obstacles—the question is discussed in quite a different tone. So far as the first portion of a railway through Central Asia is concerned, that is to say, up to Samarkand, there merely remains, it has been pointed out, the question whether sufficient traffic could be obtained to repay the cost of construction, or, if not, whether the Russian government would care to keep up the railway for State purposes, and as a military road. When the Hindu-Kush is reached, the engineering difficulties would be so tremendous (we have, it is to be observed, no detailed account of the gates of Tamerlane at our command), and the cost of overcoming them so great, that it is difficult to conceive how the first cost of construction could be repaid. Then, again, the traffic on this second part of the line, except the through traffic from Europe to India, would be inconsiderable, on account of the nature of the districts traversed (and it might have been added the prohibitive duties imposed by Russia), and it is certain that the amount derived from the conveyance of goods and passengers over the whole line, from one end to the other, would be utterly inadequate for the support of the railway without the aid of considerable local traffic, much more than can be reasonably expected. Doubtless, as the trade and resources of the vast countries through which the route would lie, became more developed, such local traffic would gradually rise, but it would certainly be very long before anything like a return from such sources could be expected.

The same objections apply to a direct route through Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, to India, but in a lesser degree. There is some traffic and commerce in Asia Minor and Armenia, and when the resources of the whole of Persia would have an outlet to Europe, that commerce and traffic would be greatly enhanced. There are such places as Angora, Tokat, Erzurum, Tabriz, Teheran, Meshed, Herat, and Kabul, known to the history of commerce from the most remote times on such a line, and as, through the newly awakened enterprise of Turkey and Persia, it is probable that such a line will ultimately be carried out, it will possibly be so by instalments, but only with the long progress of years.

A first instalment for such a railway is already being carried out from Constantinople to Ismid (Nicomedia), and an instalment

of the line across Turkey in Europe (from Adrianople to Constantinople) is an accomplished fact; but a long distance would remain to be carried out ere even Persia were reached. In the meantime, one of the first results of the extraordinary concession made by the Shah to Baron Julius de Reuter, is said to be a project to construct a line between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, *vid* Teheran. It is natural that Russia should attach more importance at present to the extension of the Russian railway system, *vid* Poti and Tiflis, to Resht and Teheran, than in pushing a long railway arm from Orenburg or Krasnovodsk into the little populous and unproductive districts of Central Asia. In population alone the Circassian provinces are far more important than the Khanates; and in a strategical point of view, it is infinitely more essential for Russia to be strong between the Caspian and the Black Sea, than it is for her to show strength in the comparatively outlying districts of Central Asia. That will be left to a yet distant future.

As the Persian provinces adjacent to the Russian Trans-Circassian provinces are also a peopled region, compared with Central Asia, the Shah will doubtless be strongly inclined to place himself in railway communication with Europe, even at the risk of putting his capital and his country more at the mercy of the Czar. He will probably accept this as the inevitable price of extending modern material improvement to Persia; or he will, with usual Oriental astuteness, place his reliance upon pitting the interests of one or two Powers against others, and live, as Turkey itself does, upon the mutual antagonism of other European powers. It is not, however, so easy to see why the line from the Caspian Sea should be prolonged to the Persian Gulf rather than to Pashawur. The country between Teheran and the Indus is less desert and less thinly peopled than Central Asia. The province of Khorassan is famed for its productiveness, and much intercourse exists between Meshed and the capital. But a line to the Persian Gulf would serve Ispahan, Shiraz, Bushire, Baghdad and the national necropolis at Kurballah—the latter a kind of traffic that would never pay. It would also be energetically backed by Muscovite influence, because to some extent obviating the necessity for the construction of a Euphrates-valley line, or, at all events, acting as a counter-march.

But this latter project—as recently re-argued before the Royal United Service Institution, by Mr. W. P. Andrew, Captain Tyler, Captain Felix Jones, Sir Arthur Cunynghame, Sir George Jenkinson, and others, in a broad and statesman-like manner, as a matter of imperial importance to Great Britain, laying aside that it has been so often shown to be the most direct, the shorter, and the more easy of construction—must not be lost sight of. It should,

indeed, concentrate, whatever interest, means, and power, Great Britain and Turkey may have at their disposal towards carrying it out. It might also be made to serve the purposes of Persia, by opening a branch line, or by prolonging the main trunk into that country. It would, indeed, open the interior of both Turkey and Persia to commercial intercommunication with Europe; it would save the Russian prohibitive tariff, and relieve apprehension of Muscovite encroachments from both nationalities; whilst to us it is a project, in which not only the welfare, but the future safety of our great Indian Empire is materially concerned.





*Whisper.*

## WHISPER.

" Je ne saurais pour un Empire  
Vous la nommer."

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

" Tra l'opre tutte, in cui grandeggia Iddio,  
La prima è questa : e di ammirarle ha ingianto  
All' uom Natura, il di cui spron l'ha punto  
Per quanto all bello ei sia cieco e restio.

Fai d'ogni nostro senso alta rapina !  
Il Conte Vittorio Alfieri."

POTER DELLA BELLEZZA."

THROBBING heart, tumultuous beating,  
Silence keep,

Inward tears of joy unuttered  
Let me weep !

Bathed the lips in blissful cups o'erflowing  
Deeper and more eager thirst is growing :  
Faints the yearning spirit with its sighing,  
In intensity of fondness dying.

Vain throbbing heart tumultuous beating  
Be at peace !

Till again she comes to bless me  
Cease, ah cease !

O passionate heart, be still ! perturbèd, rest !  
Till my sweet dove comes nestling to her nest,  
Blissful in blessing with true fervour blest.

Haste slow-paced time till honeyed hours return,—  
Till, moist with kisses, lips no longer burn :—  
Till fevered loving lips no longer burn.

Ebb not so low life's tide ! in wishing, longing,  
Rapturous thoughts with crowded beauty throng  
Roseate clouded visions bringing round me ;  
Spells of breathing incense that have bound me  
In entrancèd dreamings of the past :  
Veiled with angel's wings around me cast.

Radiant she comes ! so liquid deep,  
Those eyes that all wild passions steep  
In bland affection's balm !

Flooding all my soul with joy.  
Anon, unkindly coy,  
She paineth with harsh wincings from my touch.  
O passionate heart, thy depth of love who knows?  
O bees that kiss the bosom of the rose!  
Bold, angry bee that wrestleth with the rose :  
Ah, me !  
How wildering to the brain rich perfume grows  
Inhaled too much !—  
Craving, desiring almost unto anguish,  
The fainting spirit droops, with hopes that languish  
For the sweet odours that do feed the sense  
Of love's quintessent sweetness so intense.

I am weary, weary wandering in long days  
Where the rustling corn, ripe waving,  
Hymns God's praise ;  
Shining poppies in red brightness bending  
And fair cornflowers blue-eyed beauty lending :  
Blue-eyed beauty with a golden gracefulness  
Sweetly blending.  
I am weary, weary wandering in long days :  
Amid the rhododendron thickets pining ;  
Braids of tangled bindweed and forget-me-not  
Thoughtful twining :  
Milk white blossoms with the purple night-shade  
Pensive twining.  
Through the shadowy stillness, round me creeping,  
Comes a wave of tender memory steeping  
My soul in tears ;  
Like a wail of discord in a plaintive song  
That mid the dulcet notes comes like a wrong,  
Yet still endears ;  
Making the influence more intensely strong  
Of myriad soft emotions' busy throng  
Of hopes and fears.

In a circle of my arms enfolding  
Came a dove :  
Emblem of a little lady's  
Nestling love.  
To my bosom with soft fondlings gently prest,  
In my heart of hearts the flutterer  
Found a nest ;

And the memory of its tender flutterings  
Breaks my rest.

Yet once more ! O dear one ! back unto me  
With endearments fondly let me woo thee !

And again

With love-knots bind thy pinions as a token  
Of a spell that shall remain unbroken :  
Though my thoughts may never be outspoken  
I would fain

Whisper, only whisper !

As murmuring waters whisper  
Under flowery margins of the plain :  
Whisper, but to ease my troubled brain.  
Whisper to the bird that hath its gaze  
Fixed upon me from among the sprays  
With inquiring look  
At my pen and book.

Whisper how the ecstasy of loving  
Tears me with its pain ;  
Whisper how love's bonds of wreathèd flowers  
Nought can break in twain.

Wild bird ! no longer wild while sitting near me !  
Looking in my eyes as if to cheer me.  
Dost read the love light in my face aright ?  
That, flitting not away in hurried flight  
Thou lookest curious without fear !  
Art jealous that I here intrude

Within thy leafy solitude ?

Where wondering stillness fills the listening ear.  
E'en so, the heart's deep shadowy solitude  
Must silence keep.

O mocking bird ! if not to thee, for very sympathy  
To the lone stillness deep,  
I would fain

Whisper how love twineth wreaths of flowers  
Nought can break in twain ;

Whisper how the ecstasy of loving  
Tears me with its pain ;

Whisper how a chain of tangling flowers  
Round us must remain,  
Ever will remain.

## AT THE SEASIDE.

BREAKFAST not over ! " Whatever have you been about ? " Milly uttered these words somewhat reproachfully, as one morning at ten o'clock she entered the room where her friend Caroline was sitting. Her glance had fallen on the dainty china laid out upon a snowy damask table-cloth in the centre, the order and purity of which, as well as the methodical arrangement of the rest of the neat, tasteful furniture, showed the correctness of her housewife's taste.

The lady of the house, who was thus addressed, occupied a chair beside the open casement, through which, on a fresh breeze blowing from the neighbouring sea, the sweet scent of flowers was wafted from a garden underneath. The grass-grown street beyond, along which she had from time to time been anxiously looking, was now wholly deserted, all the inhabitants of the fashionable watering-place of M—— being busily occupied within doors, discussing their plans, hot rolls, and the difficult problem of how another day's amusement was to be obtained. What was most unusual with Milly Melville, her fingers at that moment were unoccupied, no book was lying open before her ; but her eyes had in them a dreamy, far-off look which showed that, though bodily at rest, she was " revolving a thousand matters in her wandering imagination." In spite of her graceful figure, as she momentarily stood before them she would by most people have been considered plain, though the marks of character in her expression, and in the contour of her high-arched forehead and eyebrows, were those of a depth and purity which fascinate good men here and there like the hidden sources of a gently flowing and beneficent river. She was not over twenty, being one of an orphan family, which included an elder sister, Robert, a younger sister, Katherine, and herself, the cares and responsibility of housekeeping had devolved upon her.

" We are waiting for Robert," she pleasantly responded ; adding, in reply to the glances of inquiry cast by the intruder into every part of the apartment ; " Kate has gone up stairs to dress."

" And where is Robert ? " asked the pretty, pouting Milly, as if she had a right to know.

" He is gone out for his morning bathe, and to take a walk, I suppose. Come here, Milly, and sit down."

" If he be too late I shall never forgive him ! " and the bright, merry girl crossed over briskly to a soft, velvet-cushioned ottoman beside her friend's side. Her robes of white muslin falling in

hour."

"Then his breakfast will be to make. Besides I don't care at the pic-nic. This morning I feel rather sad."

"What are you sad about, you melancholy old darling?"

Milly, perching herself actively on her friend's knee, threw one round her neck to comfort her.

"Robert is a very dear brother, and we are going to lose him was the reply, spoken in an almost tearful whisper.

"What do you mean?" demanded Milly, looking anxiously into the other's face.

"You are going to rob us of him, little Milly."

"Is that all?" exclaimed she, reassured, and bursting out in a merry laugh: "Then I rob you of him every day, but he comes back again."

"After he is married he will never come back again, to be the same as he once was. I cannot help feeling a little sorry, I had such an unpleasant dream about it last night."

"Robert will always be the same. He never changes. I don't believe in dreams one bit. Tell me what it was about."

"Oh, never mind the dream, Milly dear. No doubt I shall soon get accustomed to our new mode of life."

"You must tell me about the dream, or I shall think it is because of me that you are vexed."

For one or two thoughtful moments Caroline remained silent and then asked—"Do you remember the day when we were surrounded by the tide on the rocks opposite Redburn Castle exactly five summers since?"

bore you and Katherine in his arms above the surface of the waves, came back upon me. Their quick, cold ripples hurrying relentlessly past, seemed to laugh at us, as if to say we should never escape their grasp. The sight of the sea has been painful to me ever since."

The face of Milly was pressed still closer to her friend's breast as these circumstances were brought to mind.

"But last night," resumed Caroline excitedly, "Robert, instead of laughing and talking to keep our spirits up, as he then did, appeared perplexed and anxious, and when we looked for his assistance he turned himself away. Going to the fisherman's little boat, which was floating further down the beach, he got into it, and immediately it went adrift, so that we were left alone upon the rocks."

"How I detest those little boats!" broke in Milly, impatiently; "Robert shall never go in one."

"At first he seemed to beckon me across; then he lay down in the boat, and as it moved slowly away, it assumed a peculiar shape, and was black like a——"

"Do not mention it!" cried Milly, terror-stricken, and holding tightly, pink-gloved hand over the other's mouth. "How dreadful have such a dream! What became of the boat?"

"Gradually it disappeared. Attempting to follow after caused me to waken up."

"What a disagreeable dream! I should be unhappy for a month after having such a one. But it is not like getting married and sail away like that. I believe it means something else;" and then Milly, on whose brow sorrow rested only as the bright sunshine on a flower-bed is obscured by the shadow of a passer-by, started to her feet, brushing away the tears which had risen up, and reclaiming—"Whatever is that girl Kate about?"

"Stay a moment," said Caroline, detaining her by throwing her arm round her waist, "I want to claim an elder sister's privilege for once, and give you some advice. You know that ever since our childhood Robert and I have been playmates and confidants; and you will therefore bear with me. After your marriage I shall miss him sadly at the first; and although your new home will be so near, it will be so different for both Katherine and me to live with our aunt. We almost worship him, and have devoted ourselves entirely to his welfare ever since our mother's death. You will not let him feel the difference too much?"

"Caroline, do you imagine?——"

"I know you will be good to him; and you must not think that I grudge him to you in the least. On the contrary, I have always persuaded him not to put off the wedding on our account.

posed Milly, at length. "If Robert is such a cross old back would rather——" tossing her little head to complete the sen-

"Robert is not cross, but almost carelessly good-natured. is why I take parting with him so much to heart. Promise me this, that you will be very good to him; which is all I want."

"Well, I do promise that most faithfully. You know I do anything for Robert." Then they threw their arms round each other's necks and embraced fervently. Notwithstanding the contrast in their characters, or, perhaps, rather by reason of the contrast, Caroline Melville and her intended sister Milly Gray were devotedly attached.

"Now I must go and see what that girl Kate is doing," exclaimed the latter, turning round and moving quickly off her own way to the floor above.

The house was two storied and compact; being built, as furnished, more for comfort than appearance. Also like all sea-side residences, it was full of curious nic-nacs brought home by sailors from all corners of the world, or gathered by sea-enthusiasts as specimens from the neighbouring coast.

On the stairs Milly encountered "that girl Kate," as she called her, coming down; and arm-in-arm they entered the room where the previous conversation had taken place. Both about an age, though the former was small and fair, and the latter rather tall and dark. They were more companionable than the elder sister Caroline, notwithstanding their occasional tiffs. On the present occasion they were dressed in their

to be a funeral, not a pic-nic, we are going to." This was spoken by Kate, and duly laughed at by Milly as a famous joke.

The flood of sunshine which poured into the room and over the person of Caroline, when she rose and complied with this request, seemed to reprove and almost to dissipate the gloom which had overshadowed her thoughts. Beginning partly to yield to the infection of the others' merriment, she said, gaily :

"I shall think Robert has deserted us if he does not soon return."

"What shall we do to punish him for staying out so long?" asked Milly.

"Has Robert not come in?" exclaimed Kate, who, till now, had been too busily engaged in fastening and adjusting a pair of new kid gloves to notice her brother's absence; "We must go and join the party at Mr. Ford's without him, rather than be too late. What do you say, Milly?"

"I shall not stir without Robert."

"Then it appears that I shall have to start off by myself."

"Kate, you must never think of such a thing," remonstrated Caroline. "It would be very unbecoming; and what would William Rayburn say when he came to hear of it?"

"He would put on one of those gloomy looks of righteous indignation which always make me laugh. If it were only to annoy him I would go."

"Would it be proper or lady-like treatment of him?" urged Caroline, seriously,

"Right or wrong, I am, at any rate, determined to get rid of him. William and I do not agree, nor care for one another in the least. He is one of those quiet, plodding sort of men that would just suit you, Caroline. I am inclined to believe that he himself would prefer you if he had his choice.

Caroline felt her face flush, and remained silent on hearing this remark.

"Henry Ford will propose to you to-day if he gets the slightest chance," said Milly, addressing Kate.

"Then I sincerely hope he will," rejoined the latter, averting her face as if this was a subject on which even her feelings could be seriously stirred.

"We can easily manage that," returned Milly. "Being the only engaged person in the party, I shall have all the responsibility."

"Oh, you responsible little old lady!" and their silvery laughs burst out.

"Dr. Rayburn would suit Caroline famously," continued Milly, unabashed; "and if you only give up teasing him, he will very soon come round.



"An idea strikes me!" suddenly, exclaimed Kate. "The solemn doctor would be company for Caroline to-day. We can easily call for him as we are going past, and take him with us. Mr. Ford told us to be sure and bring a friend."

"Kate, Kate! you must do nothing of the sort!" again remonstrated Caroline, greatly put about by this turn of the conversation.

"Of course we shall not go. Robert will have to call and make some excuse for not inviting him before. He is sure to be at work in his dirty laboratory."

"You have forgotten all about your breakfast, I suppose?" remarked Caroline, as a diversion.

"Really I feel too much excited just now to eat. There will be a splendid luncheon when we get to Daneleigh House. Pour out a cup of coffee for each of us, Caroline, with plenty of cream in it, so that we may not burn our mouths."

"Not any for me, thank you, I had my breakfast hours ago," said Milly, rising to depart, and adding, "As I did not say good-bye, mamma will be wondering where I am."

"Milly, I want to speak to you," said Kate, rising up also, and intercepting her.

"Is it anything particular? Because I want to go across."

"Very particular," and the two girls remained by the window conversing in whispers for a few minutes, whilst Caroline, ringing for the coffee-pot, busied herself at the breakfast-table.

"Has your *trousseau* arrived?" was the first question asked by Kate.

"No; it will not be home till to-morrow afternoon."

"What is the material of the wedding-dress?"

"White silk, of course, trimmed with point-lace and orange-flowers."

"Where are you and Robert going to spend the honeymoon?"

"That is always a secret you know, Kate," and Milly flushed painfully under the keen, half-mischievous glance of her inquisitor.

"But you can tell me, can you not?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not know myself. Robert said only after we were married he would tell me that."

"You and he will have pleasant times. Only I hope my turn will come very soon. It will be dull enough for Carry and me, I can assure you, after you are gone."

"There is a carriage coming up the street," cried Milly, glad of a diversion of any kind from the subject spoken of. "It must be Robert or some of the Fords coming to see what we have been about."

seems to be stopping here."

wheels rattled loudly over the paved street; then suddenly

The bell was rung violently, and the door being opened, a voice was heard inquiring: "Has a Mr. Robert Marsden come here?" "Yes," was the servant-girl's reply. Presently there was a shuffling of several feet along the passage; and the door was thrown wide open. The occupants had crossed and stood directly opposite to it; Caroline in the centre, and two others, in their gay finery, on each side, wondering what was going to happen next. Caroline advanced a step, and was the first to meet her brother face to face. Four strange men were with him, pushing him forward and supporting him on each side. His head was uncovered; his hair and beard matted and hanging about his neck. His clothes were dirty and careworn. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes stared.

He was a corpse!

While bathing that morning he had been seized with cramp and drowned before any one could rescue him. All efforts to revive him after he was taken out had been ineffectual.

Three men, in attempting to bring the body in off the narrow beach, had raised it into a nearly upright posture, but when they saw how the room was occupied, they drew back, and carried it to the bed-room up above.

That night the coffee cups were standing untasted; the fire had not come off; and the three girls, one in her grey morning-gown, and the other two in muslins and sun-bonnets, were sitting together, sobbing, moaning, and refusing to be comforted.

M. A. Y.

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## FAIRY FENELLA.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE ARAB SHIFTS HIS TENT.

SEPTEMBER was well advanced, and fires began to be pleasant both morning and evening. The two girls were in the book-room, which was a very cosy abode indeed when thoroughly warmed.

Fenella in buoyant spirits, was rattling away about all kinds of things, not observing that she received few answers. Lucy was a first-rate dissembler, and her little cousin believed her to be as fond of her as ever.

But the feeling for her that lay hidden under Lucy's calm, gentle exterior, was fast becoming one of intense dislike. She struggled desperately against it. In vain did she remind herself that poor little Fenella was not to blame for James's inconstancy: there are crises in every life when feeling will have nothing whatever to say to reason.

James's attentions were becoming more marked and tender each day, and Fenella was very happy and Lucy very miserable for the same reason. She could no longer doubt for a moment that James had ceased to love her.

James was not at home on the morning in question. It was a sense of shame alone that had made him visit St. John's; he found it dreadfully hard to quit the presence of his lovely enchantress.

The girls were invaded by Jane O'Hara, who came in with glowing cheeks, having walked the three miles from the Castle at a very brisk pace.

"I could not ride Jessie to-day," explained she, "she's gone to the forge; so I said I'd walk over, as I wanted to have a chat with you."

"Any news of any kind, Jane? What are the girls doing?"

"Dancing about the house like madcaps,—at least Kate and Ellen are, all for joy that the incubus is gone."

"Gone, Jane? Nonsense!"

"Sense, my dear! That's the good news I came to tell you. We've got rid of the Arab, the incubus, the old man of the sea, at last; and it was papa who turned him out!" Jane here burst into a peal of laughter, and rocked herself backwards and forwards in the excess of her merriment.

"Mr. O'Hara turned him out! Oh, Jane, who is to believe that?"

"It's just as true as gospel, Lucy. When Mr. Steward had been a month with us, papa began to think it was too much of a good thing, though he was still very civil to him; but when the second month passed, and he never hinted at such a thing as going away, the dear old man became seriously uneasy. He wouldn't let Tom and the girls be rude to him, and took mamma to task for giving him cold tea when he came down unreasonably late to breakfast."

"I can't have a guest in my house badly treated," said he, with quite severe dignity.

"But he did not make much impression upon any of us: mamma scolded him, and we undutiful young ones laughed at him; and though Kate and Tom did not dare to be downrightly rude to the incubus before papa, I promise you they made up for it when they were out of his sight."

"But how did you get rid of him at last? I am longing to hear," said Fenella.

Papa had a funny letter from Mr. Bryant, warning him not to let Mr. Steward get too firm a footing at the Castle; and telling him he had tormented his neighbours, the Rutherfords to the borders of distraction, coming three summers running, and staying two or three months at a time, taking up the place of people they really wished to have. Mr. Bryant wound up by saying that papa was the very man Mr. Steward would be sure to live upon, and bidding him beware in time. I fancy this nettled the dear gentleman, for he came to us with the letter in his hand, and said to mamma—

"Jenny, that young Steward has been here too long; we must get rid of him."

"I said so a month ago, and you reproved me for want of hospitality," replied mamma, slyly.

"So I did, so I did, old lady; I suppose, though, you were right. But what are we to do now?"

Mamma did not know, but Ellen came to the rescue; "invite Joseph Hamilton to stay here, and tell Mr. Steward you are sorry to say you want his room, as you are expecting a friend." Wasn't that the fate of the child? Papa snapped at the idea, and wrote off to treat Joe to come, and when he got his answer, broke it to Mr. Steward in Ellen's very words.

There was ever such a hullabaloo in the house this morning when we watched him walk off. Papa's heart softened when he was saying good-bye, and I do believe he would have said something to him about coming back next summer, if mamma hadn't wailed and shaken her head at him."

"Has Lancelot got back his clothes?"

"Not he! He has asked for them very often, and the other has always promised to give them that evening or the day following."

Fenella tossed down her work, and began to flit about the room from window to window, humming the soprano part of a duet.

"What is unsettling you—you little humming-bird?" inquired Jane.

"I think it must be almost time for me to dress," replied Fenella: "Mr. Galbraith is teaching me to ride his pony: he promised to take me out on his return from St. John's. You'll excuse me, Miss O'Hara? I shall come in again to bid you good-bye."

"What a little darling she is!" cried Jane, enthusiastically, when Fenella flitted from the room. Jane was apt to take violent fancies to new people. "She's lovely, Lucy, and so winning, I am sure she is a dear, good little creature too. Does James like her any better than he did at first? I suppose he does, or he would not teach her to ride, unless he is doing that also for you?"

"No, he does it to please himself; he likes Fenella very much indeed," replied Lucy, with pale, quivering lips, and an odd quiver in her voice.

She spoke very slowly, and kept her face partly turned away, lest Jane should guess her pain. But the good Jane was, fortunately for Lucy, somewhat obtuse, and saw no change in her manner. "Isn't she beautiful, and doesn't she sing magnificently?" proceeded she. "I wish she were my little cousin: I wonder you are not in far greater ecstasies about her, Lucy."

Unhappy Lucy struggled to make some common-place reply, feeling at the moment, that she hated Jane also most cordially.

It was one distressing feature of her cruel suffering that she disliked everybody who spoke to her at this period. Fenella, the cause of all; those who admired and praised her; her talkative aunt, with her gentle flow of meaningless remarks and questions; her innocent young friends who prattled away as usual, ignorant that her sun was set; the servants and poor people, full of their own concerns, and expecting her sympathy—she was bitterly impatient of them all. It tortured her to be with James and Fenella, yet she fretted inwardly if her mother or anyone else detained her from them. She sometimes saw James look long at Fenella, and then at her, as if he were making comparisons between the two; and each time she encountered his glances she felt a shiver of jealous pain and anger pass through her.

While writhing in the clutches of that fierce passion, she was ready to admit that jealousy is indeed "cruel as the grave."

James was comparing them, just as she supposed. It had very lately dawned upon him that he loved Fenella, and he began to

think of asking her to be his wife; but then he had for years intended that position for Lucy, and it was somewhat of a shock to him to discover that he loved Fenella the best.

It was an intoxicating thought that the peerless beauty liked him, and he imagined she had given him good reason for thinking so; but he strove to decide impartially, and at the time when Lucy caught him examining them both, he firmly believed that he was calmly asking himself the question—"Which would make me happiest? Which would really be the best wife for me?"

But was he so calm and impartial as he thought? Not he! The mere idea of possessing Fenella for his own filled him with delight uncontrollable, and set his pulses beating madly. His heart had decided the question ere he was aware. He asked himself whether he were not foolish in giving up Lucy, who was so good and clever, and suited him so well; but strange though it may seem, of Lucy's feelings, Lucy's wishes on the subject, he never thought at all. Whether she would be likely to suffer or not, it never at this period occurred to him to ask.

"Anything is better than letting Jane rave about Fenella," thought poor Lucy, and she was going back to the other pet subject—Mr. Steward—when Jane reverted to it of her own accord.

"There's something very sad relating to the incubus, Lucy, which I have to tell you, only I didn't like to speak of it before Miss Elton."

"What, dear?" asked Lucy, trying to appear interested.

"Why, that he has entangled Josephine in some way. It's very odd, but I really believe she rather likes him, and they have been taking long walks over the mountains, and meeting in the shrubberies when no one knew. You know, we used hardly be able to persuade Josephine to leave that window of hers even to take a walk, but lately she has taken to rambling over the country, and Harriet discovered that she was always with Mr. Steward."

"Oh, Jane!"

"They were not so uneasy until Reby came upon the two by accident one evening, in the shrubbery, and overheard him tell Josephine of his grand relations, and fine expectations, and make her promise to marry him."

"Dear Jane, that can't be!"

"You may well say so, Lucy, but I assure you it's the case. Reby came in straight to tell all she had heard, and Mrs. Drummond and Harriet were quite frantic, flying out on Josephine, abusing Mr. Steward, and commanding her to give up all thoughts of him; but she was obstinate—said she was old enough to please herself, and she was resolved to wait till Mr. Steward got his

Josephine like an ugly, disagreeable young man like Mr. Ste

"My dear Lucy, there is proof positive that she has co to marry him when he is ready for her, be it next year, years hence, or to-morrow. There is open war at the Lodge for Harriet and Reby are outrageous, and Josephine is c sullen. I don't envy the peaceable ones, Mrs. Drummond, and Sophy—though, indeed, I shouldn't call Lionel peace this instance. He swears he'll kick Mr. Steward out, if he him lurking near the Lodge again."

"Josephine does not like him," persisted Lucy, "she encouraged him for the sake of variety and change. We al how dearly see loves admiration, and how little of it comes way in Ballyshandra."

"Good gracious!" interrupted Jane with a cry of st rising and darting to the window—"why, there is Mr. S himself, walking away from the door! What can have t him here?"

Lucy had no time to reply, ere the book-room door open her father walked in. Mr. Fitzpatrick rarely honoured th with a visit, and Lucy gave a start of astonishment. The an odd expression in his face; his small, bright eyes were twi with something akin to amusement, while his firmly-com lips wore a look half annoyed, half deprecating.

"Your late guest has just paid me a visit," began he, sp to Jane; "he says your father is unable to lodge him any owing to the visit of a friend for whom his room is required he asks me to take him in for a couple of days, until some tances arrive for him from Cambridge."

"Oh. Mr. Fitzpatrick!"

he came over my good friend, your father. If he is insolent here, let him clear out at once! I wonder at myself for letting him come. I'm not so bad, after 'all. You can tell the country what a good, soft-hearted old fellow I am—eh, Miss Jane?"

"He is staying in the country to be near Josephine," whispered Jane to Lucy.

"If so," returned the latter, "I must try to thwart his plan. It would be sheer madness of Josephine—downright madness—ruin for her! He must be nearly ten years her junior; and as to the expectations, I don't believe he has any."

"Of course not—he was only boasting; but she believes in his rich relations firmly, in spite of all the common sense Aunt Harriet and Mrs. Drummond have talked to her."

Mr. Fitzpatrick had quitted the room: he now put back his head to say, "You'll have to entertain him, Lucy; it won't do to let him tease your mother."

"Yes, papa." Then to Jane, "Really when papa invited him, he might at least *help* me to entertain him."

James was far from pleased to find Mr. Steward established in the house on his return home. He had encountered Mr. O'Hara in the course of his walk, when that kind-hearted but too talkative gentleman had regaled him with the whole history of Josephine's shortcomings. "She's been a foolish girl," opined he, "but she hardly deserves the torrent of wrath she has drawn down upon herself. Why, my wife is every bit as hard on her as her Aunt Harriet."

Lucy was sorry that James had heard, and told him she should never have mentioned it in his presence, out of consideration for Josephine; but he took a harsh view of the matter.

"She does not deserve your consideration, Lucy," said he. "Her friends are right to save her from the fruits of her madness. I'd watch her well if I were her Aunt Harriet."

"James! What in the world am I to do?"

James and Fenella were practising at the little book-room piano, when their sweet strains were interrupted suddenly by the above exclamation from Lucy, who had burst open the door in a manner unprecedented, and was standing there with heightened colour and annoyed countenance.

"What is gone wrong, Lucy?"

"Oh, I am so worried!" cried she, half laughing in spite of her annoyance. "You heard papa say that if Mr. Steward did not come in before we had finished dinner, he should not have any; and there he is just come in now, and is asking for his dinner, and ringing away at the parlour bell every five minutes, and begging McPherson to bid the cook make haste, for he is very hungry. I went to Hannah



just now to inquire what she could send Mr. Steward, and papa heard me slip down stairs, and followed me to say that I must not give him a morsel of anything, and informed me that I am getting more disobedient and impracticable every day."

"Too bad of him indeed, Lucy."

"Oh, you know he did not quite mean that; but what am I to do about Mr. Steward's dinner? Hark! there goes the bell again! Hannah bids McPherson tell him that 'the master does not allow him any dinner to-day;' but that won't do, will it?" asked she, between laughing and crying.

Mr. Steward had now been a week at Finn Hill. His host had very soon lost patience with him:—indeed, it must be confessed that our Arab had drawn severely upon Mr. Fitzpatrick's very limited stock of that useful article; and on the first good pretext he was to be ousted.

The love of punctuality was a monomania with Mr. Fitzpatrick. Breakfast at half-past eight, dinner at two, and tea at seven, and whoever chose to be late for these meals might do without. Mr. Steward never made his appearance in time for the family breakfast, but lounged into the parlour somewhere between eleven and twelve o'clock, to find patient Lucy waiting to pour out his tea. She was civil to him, but he paid her scant courtesy; it was, however, a great relief to her that he did not insist upon talking. His irregular habits had not annoyed the O'Haras, whose household was a proverb for irregularity; but such doings could not be tolerated at Finn Hill.

"Do you remember how you used to smuggle some dinner up to my room, Lucy, when your father condemned me to have none for being late?" asked James.

"You used not to be late, Mr. Galbraith?" put in Fenella.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Elton; I used to go out shooting, and forget all about the dinner hour; and come home to find Mr. Fitzpatrick had given orders that I was to fast; but my kind, good Lucy never let me do without my dinner: she used to coax old Hannah for something particularly nice, and smuggle it to me. Oh! she was always a faithful friend to me, I assure you."

"But about Mr. Steward?" interrupted Lucy, impatiently. "There! he is tearing down the bell!"

"What do you wish me to do? Am I to go and try to soften your father?"

"Well, James, if you will be so kind. Papa will perhaps be over-persuaded by you."

James returned laughing, after a few minutes absence. "There, Lucy, I have been begging for a dinner as if I were the hungry man. Hannah may dish up at once."

"Oh, thank you! Tiresome though is, he is still our guest."

"He won't be here long, I prophesy," remarked James to Fenella, as they turned back to their music.

"I hope not, for I am sure he plagues dear Lucy," replied she.

The prediction came to pass sooner than James thought it could. It was on the following day that Mr. Fitzpatrick, coming unexpectedly into the drawing-room, found Mr. Steward skinning specimens. He had the centre table covered with newspapers, and was working away, while Mrs. Fitzpatrick, from her sofa, could not help looking at him frequently, although she quickly turned away her eyes again in shuddering disgust.

In truth, neither his work nor his hands were at all nice to look at. Mrs. Elton was busy writing at her table, in the furthest part of the room, having thus the advantage of being removed from the spectacle.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was walking quickly across the room, asking his wife in no gentle tone, what the devil she had done with the newspaper, when his eye fell upon Mr. Steward, and he stopped short in angry amazement. "What are you doing, sir?" inquired he furiously.

"Skinning specimens, Mr. Fitzpatrick," replied his guest very coolly, without troubling himself to look up.

"Have you the least idea where you are?"

"Certainly: I am at Finn Hill," was the innocent reply.

"I swear you shan't be here long, then, if you skin birds in my drawing-room. Mrs. Fitzpatrick is exceedingly surprised and displeased." His wife looked up deprecatingly, and was beginning to disclaim the displeasure, when he sharply interposed to stop her: "I never heard of such conduct."

"I did not imagine you could object."

"Did you not, Mr. Steward? Why, sir, my most intimate friend would not take such a liberty in my house." Mr. Fitzpatrick was fond of alluding to the said 'intimate friend,' but the fact of his existence was sometimes questioned in Ultima Thule.

"I'm sure, sir, I had no notion you would disapprove of my work—one must do these things if one studies natural science; but if you really object——"

"I do object most decidedly. Have the goodness to carry off all that nastiness at once."

"This instant, Mr. Fitzpatrick, if you only have patience," answered Mr. Steward, very calmly wiping his knife on the edge of the newspaper.

"Patience? I like your cool impudence! You have almost exhausted my patience, I can tell you, young gentleman!" retorted the indignant host.

Any further ebullition of wrath was prevented by the appear-



ance of McPherson at the door. "Please, sir, the sergeant wants to see you in a great hurry; he has prisoners with him," and Mr. Fitzpatrick, with a last frown at the Arab, was obliged to hasten away.

"I suppose I'll have to carry my birds upstairs," said Mr. Steward, turning to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"Indeed I think you must; you see Mr. Fitzpatrick does not like to have them here," she replied.

"It's very odd! nobody objected to it at the Castle."

"The Castle is not Finn Hill," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in what was for her a very tart tone.

Lucy met him carrying his birds to his room. "We dine at two exactly, Mr. Steward; I hope you will remember the hour," said she.

"All right; I'm not going to shoot till the evening."

It happened that the very next morning Mr. Steward still further imperilled his footing at Finn Hill. He had finished his breakfast before the rest, having got up early in order to make an expedition to the Shanna mountains, for grouse shooting. He had breakfasted heartily, as was his wont, without troubling himself to assist other people, and had not scrupled to say shortly to Lucy, who usually dispensed the bread, "Cut me a slice."

The first time he gave this curt order, James's lip had curled ominously, but he made no remark. Mr. Fitzpatrick was buried in his paper.

Mr. Steward looked round the table—his glass of water was not there. "I cannot finish my breakfast without a drink of cold water," said he; but no notice being taken he presently said in a tone loud enough to be heard by every one in the room; "Fetch me a glass of water, will you, Miss Fitzpatrick?"

James broke off his whispered conversation with Fenella, and pushing away his chair, said angrily, "Miss Fitzpatrick will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Steward; she is not your servant."

He was very angry, and might have said much more, had *no* Mr. Fitzpatrick interrupted him. "No, sir, Miss Fitzpatrick is not your servant, and my house is not an hotel. You forget *your* self abominably!"

"No offence, no offence," muttered Mr. Steward, quite *take* aback by their violence. "I'm sure I meant no offence to *Miss* Fitzpatrick."

"Oh, no, no!" faltered Lucy, much troubled at the scene.

"You don't know how to treat a lady," proceeded his host.

"I am strangely treated myself, I think," said Mr. Steward roughly.

"Papa, please say no more," entreated Lucy.

For a great wonder her father complied with her request, *and*

lf again in his paper, only emitting a curious, growl-  
m time to time, very like the distant thunder at the  
n. There was a troubled silence during the remainder

Lucy was occupied in recalling James's angry look on  
addressed rudely. "Perhaps," thought she, "he cares  
e still," but the thought brought such a painful lump  
, and such a sudden rush of moisture to her eyes, that  
uried her face in her cup, to hide her emotion as well

ce was first broken by the guest himself. "I am  
ana to-day; I shall spend the night there, and go on  
orrow. Good-bye Mr. Fitzpatrick."

ye to you, sir; I wish you a pleasant journey."

any brightened up, and all said their adieux with  
ity. James forgot his indignation, and shook hands  
artily. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Elton, and the two  
accompanied him to the dining-room door, and repeated  
shes and good-byes.

ve too sure you have seen the last of him," remarked  
they returned.

on the last of him? Who says that?" asked Mr. Fitz-

swear he shan't set foot inside my door again. Oh,  
ourselves! You have certainly seen the last of him,  
of a plain man who means what he says."

rs later on the same day, McPherson bustling about  
ing the cloth for dinner, thus accosted Lucy.

icy, the master's been looking for his macintosh high  
t canna be found no place."

e, Tom! isn't it hanging up in the hall as usual?"

there now, miss," replied he in a mysterious manner.  
ere is it? Do you know anything about it?

hat's gone has it awa wi' them, miss."

an Mr. Steward—and papa without his coat this wet  
angry he will be! Did you see it taken?"

lid I, Miss Lucy. I was in the hall when the young  
(laying a scornful emphasis on the word) was leaving  
' I saw him taking down the master's coat, an' putting  
ys I, 'Mr. Steward, that's his honour's coat, an' he'll  
, the day's that wet."

it is," says he; "but I'm only taking the loan of it,  
; back wi' me."

!" cried Lucy, "Mr. James said he would be sure to  
gain!"

ws rightly when he's well off! Is it him, miss? In  
be seeing him back!"

"You'll have to tell papa, McPherson!"

It would be difficult to give an accurate picture of the defrauded gentleman's just rage; how he fretted and fumed, ringing the changes upon Mr. Steward's audacity, and his missing garment. One day—two days passed, and the theme was yet fresh and young. The macintosh threw all other occasions for grumbling into the shade.

It was midnight, and the entire household at Finn Hill slept soundly, when a sudden alarm was raised. The door-bell rang violently at regular intervals of about three minutes, interlarded with and accompanied by furious kicking and thumping at the hall door. Lucy awoke with a start, one other midnight alarm flashing across her memory as she sprang out of bed, and softly opened her door.

Another door was opening at the moment, and her father, in very light attire, stepped past her without perceiving her in the ghostly passage, and went to the great window overlooking the hall door. She could see him plainly in the moonlight as he passed each of the three tall windows in the corridor.

Lucy retreated into her doorway, and stood there listening. Mr. Fitzpatrick's first act was to throw open the window, and peep out. He drew back his head very swiftly, chuckling and muttering under his breath; and the rasping voice of Mr. Steward was heard calling up to the window, "How long am I to stand knocking and ringing here in the cold? Let me in, pray. Who is there? Mr. Fitzpatrick? Galbraith? Let me in, like a good fellow!"

Mr. Fitzpatrick stood listening to him, but no reply whatever did he make. Then the shouting, kicking and ringing recommenced more vigorously than before. Lucy heard her father shaking with stifled laughter at the good joke, though his teeth were chattering with cold: she wondered how he kept his temper, and held his tongue. He was presently joined by James, who, guessing the state of the case, had taken time to throw on a few garments. Mr. Fitzpatrick caught hold of him, and kept him back from the window. "Let him ring all night," said he; "I'll be — if he set his foot inside my door again!"

"Who is there?" shrieked the Arab, now getting very angry. "Is it McPherson? If it is one of the servants, I'll complain to Mr. Fitzpatrick of your insolence."

"Ay! complain away," from the master, *sotto voce*. "Shout till you're hoarse," he whispered, vindictively. Mr. Steward did shout till he was hoarse, and then he went away, and Mr. Fitzpatrick gladly retreated to his bed.

"Papa will have brought back his lumbago," thought Lucy, with a sigh, partly filial, partly selfish; for the old gentleman was very cross indeed, when suffering from lumbago.

One of Lucy's windows, as we have mentioned, overlooked the yard, and there she stationed herself, wrapped in a shawl, feeling certain that their late guest would try to make good his entrance there ;—a possibility her father had evidently quite forgotten.

She was perfectly right. Mr. Steward threw pebbles at McPherson's window, and soon succeeded in arousing that long suffering domestic, who was heard asking in very sleepy tones, "Is any one ill, Mr. James? What's wrong?"

"It's I, McPherson—Mr. Steward; I've been ringing and knocking in the cold ;—that's what's wrong. Let me in; get me my supper; and light me to my room."

"I don't think you are expected, sir," in the man's gruffest and least deferential voice.

"Never mind that, Tom! It will be a surprise for them all at breakfast. Come, let me in: I'm jolly tired and hungry!"

"Your room is not ready for you, sir: the housemaid got orders to clear it out."

"Well, well, show me to another room; there are plenty of rooms ready, you know. Don't keep me waiting this way!"

McPherson was evidently puzzled what to do: he did not like to take the responsibility of denying Mr. Steward admittance, so, unwillingly, and with a bad grace, he at length took the key of the kitchen door, and let him in.

"Now my supper," said the irrepressible guest—"some cold meat, bread, butter and beer will do for me, or wine at a pinch, if you are too sleepy to go and draw the beer, and be quick about it."

Lucy heard McPherson's voice raised in rather angry remonstrance, so she crept gently gently down stairs, and called him to her.

"Tom," said she, "I have heard all. Papa will come down if there is any noise. Just give Mr. Steward what he wants, and show him to the red room as quickly and with as little disturbance as possible. I do not wish mamma to be disturbed or frightened."

"But Miss Lucy, he's gone into the larder, and he is choosing what he'll take for supper—he—he's no gentleman! I hope the master 'll turn him out, miss," finished he, forgetting his habitual quiet respect of manner, in the excess of his indignation.

"Papa will not be pleased, but still you must just do what I tell you for to-night, Tom," replied Lucy.

James had finished reading prayers next morning to the whole assembled party, when Mr. Steward walked into the dining-room, followed by McPherson, carrying the eggs and hot cakes. No one had had courage to inform Mr. Fitzpatrick that he had effected an entrance during the night, consequently Mr. Steward's easy greeting came upon him like a thunder-clap.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzpatrick : I said I'd give you a pleasant surprise."

The host glared at him for an instant without taking his proffered hand, and began to stutter, as he sometimes did, when very angry. The four ladies held their breath, and looked on in terror.

"You said you'd give me a pl—pleasant—sur—pri—prise, sir, did you? You have given me a surprise, a damnable surprise, sir, and you shan't repeat it. You leave my house this instant."

"What do you mean, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"What did you mean, sir, by ringing up my household in the middle of the night? I mean that you shall not treat me and my house in this manner any longer."

"Really, Mr. Fitzpatrick, I was treated very badly last night: I was kept standing at your door for half an hour in the cold. I told the servants I'd tell you of it."

"McPherson!" roared Mr. Fitzpatrick, losing all self-control, "show Mr. Steward the door."

"Papa, papa, think what you are doing," cried Lucy, clasping her hands.

"Hold your tongue, Lucy. Now, Mr. Steward, you go!"

McPherson stood at the drawing-room door, grinning with delight, and awaiting further orders.

"You go this instant," repeated the wrathful host. Mr. Steward was white with fury, yet a species of regret at leaving his comfortable quarters mingled with his anger. Had he had the least hope of softening Mr. Fitzpatrick's heart, and persuading him to let him remain at Finn Hill, he might even then have made up his mind to pocket the affront; but one look at the old gentleman's resolute face was enough.

"I am going, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and I must say I never met with such shameful treatment in my life," he said; and without a word to the rest of the party, he walked out into the hall, accompanied by Mr. Fitzpatrick and McPherson. James and Lucy exchanged glances of dismay. The poor mistress of the mansion was trembling throughout the scene. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! such a disgrace!" she faltered—"such a sad disgrace for us, Lucy!"

"Never mind, mother! we cannot help it now."

"Hush! Here comes your father—not a word," and she trembled afresh as her liege lord stepped back into the dining-room, rubbing his hands and saying, "I hope you are all properly grateful to me. That's a nice morning's work. I think I have earned my breakfast. I'll trouble you for the eggs, Mrs. Elton. Some of that fried ham, Miss Lucy."

## CHAPTER XV.

## JOSEPHINE'S CASTLE SHATTERED.

"His reverence, can you come over to Shanna this morning? He's lying Sandy's down in the fever."

Duncan, is that the case? I am sorry to hear it. Is he

sir, the doctor says he's wearing on, an' the mother sent

was an expression of grave fortitude in the poor shoe-ice that was very touching; at all times a man of a few was quiet and self-contained, even now that he knew he was his favourite child.

"You ought you'd ha' been hearing about Sandy, sir," said he

"The wee chiel himself said 'Daddy, his reverence will be ax for me; he'll be missing me fra the school.'"

"Sandy! I *did* notice that he was not out on Sunday."

"Sir, nor for two Sundays, he's been lying since Wednesday eight days."

"I felt a pang of remorse. Little had he thought of school-masters during the past fortnight; his very sermons had been written with difficulty, it was so hard to sit writing in the study when the ells were in the next room, separated from him only by the walls."

"Daddy said 'his reverence aye goes after the boys that's away from school an' the singing; you needna be sending, daddy, for the cure to come. That was when he took sick, sir, he canna be at school now; but whiles we hear him whispering like, an' we canna mak' out your name.'"

"A poor little scholar! I am very sorry to hear this, Duncan."

"You didna hear tell of we'er trouble down Shanna way,

Duncan, not a word; what is wrong at Shanna?"

"Aye, Mr. Galbraith, the whole town's in fever. Mattie's dead an' buried, an' his woman's down, an' McGettine's childers lying wi' feen a heat in the house to put intil the ells but the cold water; an' Widow Gildea is under board —"

"Stop, stop, Duncan! What a catalogue of horrors! How have you got into Shanna?"

"Lord knows, sir, praise be to His holy name; but we were here was trouble afore us when we seen thon unlucky ship sink, sir?"

"Duncan, such a foolish thought!" "but our young clergy-



man stopped himself, he would not try to combat the superstitions of a lifetime, he would rather endeavour to comfort the poor father; this would be worth doing, even though little Sandy should be too ill to be gratified or benefited by his visit.

The next afternoon he peeped into the drawing-room at Finn Hill, and seeing Lucy there alone, went over to her, and seated himself beside her. Before long he had told her the whole story of Duncan's visit, and the fever at Shanna.

"Is that where you have spent the last two mornings, James?" inquired she, when she had listened gravely to his history. "We wondered greatly where you could have been."

"Yes, I went with Duncan at once, and was there again this morning. Poor Sandy is gone, he just knew me yesterday. Two more of the children are ill to-day. I want you to make up a basket of good things for them and the other poor creatures, Lucy. The priest is with them frequently, but there is no one to give them temporal help,—no one to look after them at all, poor wretches! You can form no idea of the dirt and misery in those Shanna hovels."

"I shall go over with you, James."

"You, my dear Lucy! Pardon me, you'll do nothing of the kind."

"Why not, James? I should know better than you how to help the poor people effectually."

"Nevertheless," he replied, "I shall not let you run the risk of taking fever; it is clearly my duty to attend the Duncans—but not yours."

Formerly Lucy would laughingly have contended for her right of private judgment, probably yielding to him in the end; but some feeling prevented her from prolonging the discussion now, she replied that she should provide him with various little packets, and trust him to distribute them properly.

"But you won't take the long walk a second time to-day," concluded she.

"Oh, I did not walk this morning. I rode Lark over; he is a little fagged, and the walk will merely be pleasant exercise for me, dear! Good-bye till tea-time."

He went out of the room, but had not closed the door behind him before he put in his head in again to say, "By the way, Lucy, I should not mention the fever at Shanna to your cousin."

"No, James; but what am I to say to her? She has been asking where you were yesterday and to-day."

His handsome mouth relaxed into a most winning smile, as he said, "Tell her that I am busy; but not a word of Shanna. She

is very sensitive, and the appearance of the vessel that day agitated her a good deal."

As he strode along swinging the basket carelessly on his left arm, to the possible detriment of Lucy's little bottles of wine, and packages of arrowroot, he continued to smile from time to time, and say to himself, "Little darling! She missed me: she wondered where I was! Fairy Fenella!"

It was only when quite alone that he breathed her Christian name. They had ceased to call one another "Miss Elton and Mr. Galbraith," and used pronouns instead; and Fenella, over her tatting, sometimes whispered "James" very softly, just as he whispered her name.

The walk to Shanna was long, even across the hills. Near the lodge gate he encountered Aunt Harriet and Reby.

"Did you happen to see Josephine anywhere near the Post office, as you came along?" asked they.

"No, indeed, I have not met a creature."

"Very odd!" said one to the other; "she told us she was going that way. What a sad thing about the fever at Shanna," and they left him to walk towards the post-office.

"Josephine will get herself into trouble," thought James, continuing his rapid walk up and down the hilly road by the edge of the great Falcarragh—the Lough lying on his left, a multitude of little grassy islands sleeping on its breast; and a gigantic wall of heather-covered mountains, rising tier above tier upon his right. He had gone nearly half-way between the lodge and Shanna, when he descried a spot of brilliant scarlet on one of the hills a good way above the road.

On a second glance this scarlet point turned out to be the plume of Josephine's hat.

There stood the young lady distinctly visible, her erect figure thrown out by the background of claret-coloured heather. She did not seem to notice James; but with her hand shading her eyes, was intently watching the Shanna road, as if expecting some one.

James's curiosity was excited: he had observed her in the same place yesterday and that morning, and felt much inclined to go out of his way to speak to her.

But the sad condition of the sick people at Shanna came to his mind, and made him hasten on towards the village, resolving to solve the mystery upon his return, if she were still there.

His work at Shanna was both sorrowful and tedious. Widow Gildea's funeral was leaving her former dwelling as he entered the place, and a group of children surrounded a tiny black coffin standing on tressels before the door of Duncan's neighbour, awaiting its little occupant. The child—Pat Ryan—had died the day before,

and the priest was delaying Widow's Gildea's funeral a little, that he might perform service for both together.

There was a noise of wailing next door, and a few of the neighbours, themselves feeble and terror-stricken, were getting ready to accompany the funerals. None but the children looked unconcerned: they did not altogether understand the meaning of what was going on, and the young group surrounding the small empty coffin, were regarding it with questioning eyes, that spoke curiosity and interest—nothing more.

Mrs. Duncan hung over her two sick children, very near the bed where Sandy's body lay, and poor Duncan himself was stationed before the fragment of looking-glass nailed to the wall, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes.

"I maun go a wee piece wi' the neighbours, sir: Ryan an' Mark Gildea will be for following Sandy to St. John's burying ground to-morrow,"

"Yes, go, Duncan: it is a kind, neighbourly act."

James divided Lucy's parcels between Mrs. Duncan and the other sufferers, and spoke kind, holy words of comfort in every house along the street. The old crone who had spoken to him and Fenella on the day of the appearance of the ship, was hobbling before her door in view of the Lough, where the tall rushes were swaying and bending to the water lilies, as the breeze grew fresher, and the far-off boom of the Atlantic surges was heard as they beat against the cliff.

"Plenty coffins leavin' the street, sir," said she, on turning round and recognising James; you mind I tould you the way it wad be. Ah, didn't I know it bravely—bravely!"

Somewhat depressed, James retraced his way—the basket a good deal lighter to carry. He had almost forgotten Josephine, but a circumstance recalled her forcibly to his recollection before he had got very far from Shanna. A grey figure, exceedingly and disagreeably familiar to him, was making his way among the rocks at the edge of the Lough in the opposite direction from the lodge.

Though Mr. Steward had been ousted from Finn Hill, he had not been dismissed from Ballyshandra parish. James felt a man-like but unclerical wish to fall upon him the moment he recognised him; but as the wish could clearly not be gratified, he turned away his eyes from the sight.

Josephine's motive for lingering on the Shanna road was now explained: she must be waiting for an interview with Mr. Steward—James felt wish number 2—a strong desire to warn Josephine, and remonstrate with her upon her folly and impropriety.

He argued with himself that she was one of his parishioners: it was true she did not attend St. John's; but as Mr. Oliver's curate

and her old friend, would it not be his duty to advise her? Revolving these questions in his mind he left the road, and began to climb the hill where she still stood looking uneasily towards Shanna, just as he last saw her.

"Good evening, Josephine! you look like Patience on a monument," was his greeting. He could not have chosen a worse *simile* for her: her face, her attitude expressed haughty impatience, as she quickly returned his "good evening." "You spend a good deal of time on this road, Josephine; you quite excited my curiosity yesterday morning. What can you find to interest you here?"

"Don't you see that I am admiring the prospect?" returned he, repellantly.

"I saw Mr. Steward with his gun going towards Shanna by the edge of the Lough," said he, somewhat abruptly.

"How interesting!"

"Josephine," said he, coming boldly to the point, "did you come here to meet him?"

"Yes, I did; and now, perhaps, you'll be so obliging as to tell me how my doings concern you."

He took no notice of her irritated tone, but, emboldened by his sense of duty and wish to serve her, proceeded calmly,

"We are old neighbours and friends, and I don't like to see you imposed upon by an ignorant, vulgar fellow like Mr. Steward—a fellow who should not dare to address you."

"Ignorant? Vulgar? How can you say so? He has a large amount of information, and is only eccentric, not vulgar. Many clever men are eccentric. You needn't speak about him, James, I know the unworthy manner in which you all treated him at Finn Hill."

"He behaved in a most ungentlemanlike way at Finn Hill, Josephine: I must say so, though you choose to call him your friend. He is no companion for you. Surely you do not find him agreeable or amusing?"

"More amusing than most of my associates, at any rate. I don't care much for him; but he amuses me, and I choose to take his part."

"Oh. Josephine, then you are not so mad as really to care for him?"

"Ah!" cried she, angrily, "my meddling aunt and that interfering Reby have been chattering to you about me; but what business is it of yours? What right have you to interfere with me?"

"The right of old friendship, Josephine," replied he, still keeping his temper, though with an effort, "and my office gives me some little right—don't you believe that I have a regard for your welfare?"

"No," said she laughing in his face, "I do not, indeed."

The lover who would woo me, the home that was to be :  
The vision was a bright one, with music, love and flowers,  
Such fancied whimsies helped me to charm away dull hours.

At length a lover woo'd me, 'twas not he whom I'd seen  
In childish fancy pictured, ah, that was but a dream !  
One sad day I was wedded—now silence keep, I pray—  
Bend down the ear, I'll whisper, repeat not what I say.

From that day forth the "vision" all faded from my sight,  
The hours were long and dreary, the prospect dark as night ;  
Yet clouded though the journey, and weary though the way,  
A ray of hope descended, and kept despair away.

At length emerg'd from darkness, and wondering at the sight,  
My eyes unused to brightness, were dazed with new delight ;  
The dream of former fancies came once more into view,  
But this time 'twas no "vision," for all was real and true.

There stood the dreamt-of lover, with poetry, lute, and flower—  
Now friend instead of "lover," and purest bliss was ours ;  
So hand in hand we're wending, our way to realms above,  
Enrapt with fondest FRIENDSHIP, transcending worldly love.

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## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

### PHYSICS OF MATERIALISM.

*Life and Mind: their Unity and Materiality.* By Robert Lewins, M.D.

THE non-existence of a vital or spiritual principle as an entity apart from the inherent energy of the material organism, is, we are here told, the verdict of modern physiology and pathology on the real nature of life. If so, it can be fairly put with as much emphasis as is used in support of such a conclusion, that modern physiology and pathology are in error. It is quite true that it is established by man's material organism in health or in disease, that certain organs are necessary, and their healthy action is essential to the production of certain results, but this does not prove that the vital or spiritual principle lies in the "inherent energy" of that material organism. It might just as well be said that the expansion of a bar of iron by heat is due to its inherent energy. Matter, in a philosophical sense, is the name given to the substance composing the universe, under all its different modifications. The laws which regulate matter differ with these various modifications, and in its lower forms, *i.e.*, in the organic world, this appears to result from the constitution of matter itself, action being more or less chemical; but in the organic world, there is a power or property of elimination which does not appear to reside in matter as such, but in certain laws, which are called by some the laws of nature, by others the fiat of the Creator. Matter itself is not self-created, nor in its higher developments can it act solely by inherent energy. Even in mechanics and chemistry, there must be force, be it heat, or electricity, or what else. So in organic life there must be a principle of energy, be it vital or spiritual—vital in the lower forms—spiritual in the highest.

Yet are we told "this radical principle of true knowledge, which the human mind has only reached after persevering for thousands of years in false methods, is the confidence, based on fixed scientific data, and not merely a conjecture, in the all-sufficiency of matter to carry on its own operations, and the consequent absurdity, uselessness, non-necessity of any hypothesis which assumes, that from outside the sphere of sensible, material phenomena, there intrudes an immaterial, spiritual or supernatural factor, to perform functions which matter, by virtue of its own indwelling energy, really performs for and by itself." And it is added, "As soon as it became a demonstrated fact that matter was active, not passive, and that

its every particle was in motion itself, and the cause of motion in every other particle—the belief in an energising principle, as a separate entity, apart and distinct from matter itself, became an untenable fallacy, the whole fabric of Immaterialism, the idea of the necessity of supernatural influence in organic matter, was annihilated at once."

But when Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and the laws of chemical action were gradually developed, although not even yet to the full extent that is possible, no practical philosopher arrived at the conclusion that these phenomena were inherent in matter itself. If so, they would no longer be phenomena, and the word is misused by the writer. It is no more an hypothesis, still less an absurd one, to argue the primary existence of omnipotence and omniscience in the so-called laws of nature, than it is to dispense with those laws, and to attribute the true system of the universe, which Bacon and Milton, we are told, so utterly misunderstood, to the inherent energy of material organism, or the all-sufficiency of matter to carry on its own operations.

Minds, no doubt, are differently constituted, or at all events, are capable of being influenced to a very great extent by education and habit. There is nothing more surprising in a man of science becoming satisfied with the self-sufficiency of matter to carry on the system of the universe, than there is in the total abandonment by others of all right of reason to the dogmas of creeds or the necessities of faith. But extremes meet, and the man who voluntarily cedes the right of free thought to an infallible teacher, is not further removed from a true sense of the system of the universe, than is the man who, from studying the laws of nature, as simply cognisable by his senses, concludes from that study that matter itself is capable, by its inherent energy, to give birth to all the various phenomena which constitute that system.

It is perhaps well that there should be minds so differently constituted, for out of discussion truth can alone be arrived at; and the author's avowed purpose is to render what he asserts to be the verdict of modern physiology and pathology on the real nature of life popular and easily understood, the verdict thus arrived at must be admitted, even by himself, to be open to discussion. It would be a most lamentable state of things were it otherwise, for so dogmatic is he in some of his assertions, that he would scarcely appear to admit that his conclusions are open to criticism.

"If matter," Dr. Lewins says, "acts by means of its own *vis insita*, and depends on no extraneous '*influx*,' or impulse, the whole problem of immaterialism and materialism is solved in favour of the latter. No modern physiologist has any difficulty in realising what seemed so inseparable a stumbling-block to the ancients and

Locke—that sensation and thought is due to matter (nerve substance).” It will appear to many that this mode of expressing the fact, by no means removes the “stumbling-block,” as it is termed, that has existed from all times. It is easier to understand an immaterial force as capable of producing an immaterial result, through the medium of matter, than it is to understand the production of such an immaterial result by the inherent energy of matter. Or does the author conclude that sensation and thought, by which we are to learn to know ourselves, become acquainted with an external world, and are brought into relation with the occult powers, are material? It is to be supposed that he does, for he states, that “from the medical or natural stand-point, the metaphysical notion that man is a dual being, compounded of soul and body, is in reality only the last lingering relic of the vicious, obsolete school-physiology,” and, as a sequence, all metaphysical systems, from Plato to Comte, are *ignes fatui*, which have only served during thousands of years of misdirected activity to perplex and mislead the human mind. That is to say, that if we adopt the verdict of modern physiology that thought is matter, all further intellectual inquiry into the nature of cerebration, or as the uninitiated would express it, the operations of the mind, is waste of time. Nay, time and space themselves, are, we are told, not natural verities at all, but merely artificial, brain-created segments and analyses of eternity and immensity. This, in a parenthesis, is not new, but has been argued by now discarded metaphysicians. But we are told, that it is this idea of endless duration in time and extension in space which has been confounded by precipitate theorists with the literal idea of resurrection from the dead and a future life of happiness or misery apart from our present bodies, or with those bodies in a “glorified” form. Not so with the materialist. With him, man returns at death to nothingness.

“Healthy sensation, or perfect life in every organ, including the cerebral hemispheres, is thus our only heaven; morbid sensation, varying as it does from *ennui* or general *malaise*, to mental and corporal agony and anguish, our only hell. Earth is paradise, if the healthy operation of every anatomical structure could be preserved; perpetual sunshine of body and mind is the blessed result—a beatitude implied in the physiological aphorism ‘the normal exercise of every organic function is pleasurable.’ Wherever, therefore, *malaise* of body or mind is present, its cause must be sought for in deranged bodily function, and in no ‘higher’ or more recondite region. All that is fabled by poets, saints, martyrs, founders of sects and systems, under the term Saturnian, or Golden Age, Kingdom of Heaven, Paradise, &c., is comprehended in that supreme *bien aise* which results from the equilibrium of the bodily



to require for its attainment and preservation, Hercules taxing to their utmost legitimate limits the vaunted intellect and moral capacity of our race."

These principles being admitted, the physician becomes the arch-hierarchy of future life, and the study of Combe's "Physiology of Man," suffices, like the Koran, for all knowledge and wisdom. And we must admit them, for the German school is as asserting that the mental reservation and prevarication habitually practised by contemporary English thinkers is disloyalty to humanity and reason, dangerous alike to the country, and to the cause of civilisation throughout the world.

According to this school the world is from eternity to eternity. Nothing is ever created, nothing lost. Beginning and end there is alike none. Only the form and condition of things are perishable. In other words, the first living being had it eternally, which is equivalent to negating creation altogether. An idea which is above human conception. "Higher than man can think." Yet it is added, absolute Atheism is the postulate of science, which does not venture to impugn the existence of a First Cause, or the existence of an unknown, intelligent First Cause, of whose Eternal Mind the universe may be a hypostasis.

Thankful for the smallest mercies at the hands of such a power rather than philosophical, science, in this instance we feel for even great mercies. For if cosmical design, and the existence of a First Cause be granted, it is almost needless to ask Dr. Lewins believes for example that the hemispheres

consists in the internal consciousness by which each individual not only is led to believe in his actual existence, but also knows his past existence, so as to be able, with the greatest certainty of which the judgment of our minds is susceptible, to identify himself existing at any given moment with himself existing at any former time and place, and that at periods of more or less great remoteness, according to the age of the individual.

In the first place, the human body consists of bones, flesh, and blood, each of which is, however, a compound substance, and the whole is largely impregnated with water. The ultimate materials of the average human body are 14 lbs. of charcoal and 10 lbs. of lime, impregnated with 116 lbs. of water, and 14 lbs. weight of the gases which form air and water, that is, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen.

Those who think that the intellectual principle residing in the human body is nothing more than a quality or a property, arising from the matter composing it, must be able to imagine how 14 lbs. of charcoal, 10 lbs. of lime, and 116 lbs. of water can be so mixed up with 14 lbs. of air as to make up a material thing—machine let us call it—which can feel, think, judge, remember, and reason. This power of intelligence is ascribed to the organisation of the materials, but we are still left as far as ever from any explanation as to how the mere arrangement and peculiar juxtaposition of the material atoms thus composing such a body, can produce the prodigious powers of intellect.

But even admitting a supposition apparently, not only impossible, but repugnant to reason and common-sense (or, as our opponents would say, to our prejudices), the question of personal identity raises an insuperable objection to it. Physiologists and anatomists have proved that the matter which composes our bodies is subject to continual change, with varying rapidity, according to the habits and occupations of individuals. According to some authorities, the average length of the interval within which the change takes place, does not exceed thirty days. It is, however, generally agreed that it is a very brief period.

Now, an individual may have a perfect remembrance of circumstances that occurred half a century ago or more, yet during that interval the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several times—some go so far as to suppose several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was something there which did not undergo a change, except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any problem in geometry, that that something which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an

atom, or any number of atoms of matter, it must necessarily have been something not matter, that is to say, something *spiritual*—thus proving the existence of a spiritual essence connected with human organisation. Further, if the spirit can thus survive the change of matter and organisation during life, there is every reason to believe it may continue to live and enjoy personal identity, after the final change, when it is liberated from the thralldom of matter altogether, and takes its flight from “the dome of thought and the palace of the soul.”

It is not that, as the mind acts through the brain, it is meant to assert that diseases and injuries of its structure do not affect its operations. Such a statement would be opposed alike to experience and to analogy. The benefits obtained, for example, at Dr. Langdon Down's asylum for imbeciles has been spoken of by Dr. Harley as having its origin in insanity, being treated not as a disease of the mind, but of the physical substance of the brain. What is contended is, that there is a principle apart from the organ by which it is brought into material action, notwithstanding that derangement, disorganisation, or destruction of the matter essential to healthy action is attended by a corresponding deterioration of functional power. The organ implies one thing, the function another, and above both is a principle which determines alike both organ and function so long as their action is healthy.



# W MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ALASTOR.

BY LIEUT.-COL. COPINGER.

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There is an Eastern proverb, which says "No man can decide may be a man's fortune, a woman's caprice, the fault which be found in a horse, or the thunder which may arise in the

So diversified and uncertain is the first often found to be, it would be almost impossible to relate a narrative of the course of some men's lives, so strange and unexpected has been the course and the transitions of fortune which they have met with, although their way of life has been through a sequestered

But when we view those seated on a pinnacle of grandeur whose fortune has raised to a lofty pre-eminence, whose chariots are followed by many thousands, what changes and transformations, what reverses, wonderful to think upon, we should have to contemplate! The late Emperor who passed his life, alternately between a prison and a throne, and the seclusion of private life, might furnish, more fully than any of his predecessors did, an instance of this. Had he devoted it worthy of his leisure time to use the talents and the pen, he might have set forth so ably the history of Julius Cæsar; in describing the course of his adventures, he would have had a theme of matchless interest to descant upon. When Voltaire drew an imaginative picture of four men masked, who met at supper at the Carnival of Venice, and, after the feast was over, revealed to one another that they were four exiled monarchs, it seemed a strange stretch of fancy to indulge in. Yet were such mummeries as that world-wide celebration in vogue, now the rendezvous of several European monarchs, who had "fallen from their high estate," would be far more probable.

We can recollect, also, many instances of bad success in life of great men whose appearance was singularly prepossessing. I bring to  
*obit*—VOL. IV., NO. XXII.

back to my memory the name of George Alaster. So handsome was this youth, that I have heard ladies, who were unacquainted with him, say, that he reminded them of a model statue of beauty. He was by birth and connections a gentleman, but his education had not been conducted so as to control a disposition quite ungovernable, and his wayward impulses had such a mastery over him that he was perfectly ruled by his passions. "If your temper is not under rule, it will rule you," said the wittiest amongst heathen writers. And it was unfortunate that this most indomitable humour which hurried him away on all occasions had the effect of making him, for the most part, popular with men, and universally popular with women. His frank assurance had, to use a common term, always a taking effect, though he had none of the mannerism which more or less belongs to a well-educated mind. The sort of blunt fearlessness part of an Irish education, which in a man of any other country than Ireland would have been counted rudeness, gave him an air of manliness, reminding one of the characteristics of Achilles or of Hotspur. He had also an open generosity of soul: and what with his youth, his good looks, his reckless temper, and ever-ready candour, he usually won the favourable opinion of all with whom he was associated.

I must ask my readers to fancy the scene of the embarkation of a large party of passengers from Portsmouth, in one of the old East India Company's passage-ships, bound for Calcutta. There were some old civilians, who had only taken a short respite from their work to migrate to a country become nearly new to them. They bore about with them the marks of a tropical residence, but still being eager to accumulate more of the stores of the *abditæ lanæ*, they were about to venture on another trial of a hateful climate, which had seen their manhood quickly settling into old age. There were some old officers, who, though disgusted at having to pursue their profession in a tropical climate, were still reluctant to abandon it, with whom also the *auri sacra jame*s had been the incentive to induce them to brave the horrors of India. There were also several youths much more disinterested in character, who were entering upon a new phase in the career of existence, with all the confidence and elasticity which belongs to their time of life. There were no old ladies. One of the peculiarities of Indian life is, that the elderly female is altogether wanting. There were several young ladies, and of these the spinsters were seven in number.

I have often observed the singular inappropriateness of English titles, which in some cases mean exactly the reverse of what they say. Thus the Speaker of the House of Commons is the man out of the whole assembly who never makes a speech; the landlord of the hotel is the man who has nothing to do with land or its settle-

ent, but manages house affairs ; the compositor of the press never imposes the subject about to be printed ; and so also the young lady in India—important personage as she is there—never goes through the task which the primitive Grecian belles were so often engaged in ; and is, indeed, as unlike Penelope as it is possible to be. It is evident that she, though she be called a spinster, has nothing to do with a spinning-wheel. Whatever she has learned at home, or at school, as a rule she never proceeds to cultivate on her arrival in India. Most of those who came to Portsmouth with their different chaperones had parents in India, but several had only distant relatives, and the presumption of their coming out on matrimonial speculation was so strong that it was whispered one or two had their wedding-dresses all ready in their boxes. In fact, were the “ drapery misses ” of a past age, their objects were so systematically kept in view that they could be concealed only from the least experienced of mankind. But there were many such inexperienced youths amongst the most demonstrative of the party who assembled on the deck of the *Nautilus* on the day of her weighing anchor. These were either young civilians, young officers, or cadets. The first, notwithstanding their youth, had much of the consequential appearance of magnates in the land. The cadets were distinctly the most juvenile of the whole male party, and were very like overgrown schoolboys. •

There were only two officers, besides George Alaster, who were going to join their regiments in the Queen’s service up the country, being captains in two different infantry corps ; but there were two Indian officers, whose wives were with them, and they were on their turn from furlough. The men of all others least to be envied are those whose business is distasteful to them. No one ever could find amongst the officers of native corps men who liked their soldiers. As much as they possessed the manly characteristics of Englishmen, they also detested the servile sycophancy and underhand treachery of Asiatics, both Hindoos and Mussulmen. So of these, as well as of the old civilians, it was true that the pursuit of pecuniary gain was the grand motive to induce them to return to India.

We must, then, suppose all the male party to have got over the trouble of reaching the ship, and to be assembled with their friends on the deck ; the time of the arrival of the ladies was anxiously looked forward to by the captain and sailors, as the wind was fair for clearing out of the Channel. Presently came the boats which brought the ladies, to each of whom it was a most anxious trial of the nerves. Setting aside the pangs and agitation of leaving their friends and native land, and undertaking an unknown state of existence, the awful ordeal of being hoisted up from the boat in the chair which is called the whip, and suspended in air, and then lowered

amidst a concourse of strange spectators, is more perilous to ~~the~~ nerves of a young lady than any *début* which she could be obliged to make, and is rendered all the more so by its being necessarily encountered without any other female's support. But each individual lady had to pass through it, and felt it as a sort of foretaste of the troubles which were before her on setting out for a sojourn in a far-distant land.

But the wind, the much-looked-for desideratum of the captain and sailors, forbade them to allow of any delay after all the passengers had been put on board ; so, however tender and earnest might be the tears and the partings of all, both male and female, with their relatives and friends who had accompanied them to the ship, they were very soon cut short, and the last words said again and again, the shore-bound relatives and their friends were taken away in their boats, casting many a look of sad farewell towards the departing vessel. They who now leave England for India can scarcely imagine what formerly was the nature of the leave-taking which took place when a brother or sister was sailing away for a four or five months voyage, with only a distant probability of again returning to his friends in England. The overland trip is, after all, only a matter of days or weeks ; but a sojourn in a distant land which took several months to reach, or to hear from, had very much the aspect of exile. Then, what must have been the feelings of those who left their friends and found themselves amongst strangers and in a strange position ?

The first shocks of the uncontrollable sea-sickness contribute to deaden even the sense of anguish at parting, or any other sentiment that is incidental to the mind, and few can expect to clear the Channel in a sailing vessel without experiencing this sensation. It prostrated the energies of all on board the *Nautilus*, except the ship's officers and sailors, and an obliviousness of all regret, sympathies, and friendships, was consequent upon this violent bodily ailment, which more or less was felt by nearly all the passengers until, after a lapse of four days, they found themselves in smooth water, the ship having gone through the skirts of the Bay of Biscay. Certainly, the appearance of the calm, blue ocean, the beautiful sky, the temperature, and the fresh feeling of elasticity which belongs to the atmosphere succeeding to a cessation of windy weather, made it very tempting to go on deck ; and shortly after breakfast-time, on the fourth day, one by one, the ladies and gentlemen emerged from their cabins, and going on the quarter-deck, sat on the different benches and hen-coops. The captain came up soon afterwards, and introduced the ladies, who had not been formerly acquainted, to one another ; and after a lapse of a little time, conversation of different parties commenced.

Miss Braveclime imparted to Miss Loverice that she was going to with a cousin of hers at Bhaugulpoor, and Miss Loverice ventured to tell Miss Braveclime that she was going to see her sister at Mynpore; Miss Pinhim and Miss Venture found they were bound for the same destination, one going to a brother's house, the other going to see a cousin at Dinapore. Miss Shortpiece, who was only just from school, told Miss Catchman that she expected to find her mother at Calcutta, her father being a civilian there; and Miss Catchman said that her uncle had been some time at Chinsurah, and that she was going out there to keep house for him. But one young lady of the party, Miss Constant, had a different story to tell from any of these, and she did not see any amongst the number that she cared to tell it to, so she did not speak of it. But it was known to the married ladies, and partly also to the maid. In process of time it oozed out in whispers amongst a society where the extreme paucity of topics for conversation rendered the discussions relative to each others affairs very frequent. She was, in fact, engaged to a civilian at Calcutta, who had been acquainted with her father, and who had agreed with her mother that he would marry her on her arrival in India, though he had only seen her once or twice some years before, when she was quite a child. But the letters he had written, in which he declared his unalterable determination to abide by this agreement, were so unmistakable, that both the friends of the young lady and herself were induced to enter into his views, and consequently she was consigned, in charge of the captain of the vessel, to take her passage to Calcutta.

Most of the young gentlemen who came on deck soon began discussing subjects of sport, chiefly shooting the different tropical birds, or laying baits for the sharks or other fish, and some of them commenced a sort of desultory discourse with the young ladies. Singing the agreeable is the sort of task, of all others, generally speaking, in which young Englishmen are exceedingly dull disciples. The gushing sentimentality which prevails when young ladies meet together is replete with a flow of words that takes the young gentleman fresh from school quite aback, and few of them can conquer the *mauvaise honte* that comes over them in such a situation. So the colloquies between the civilians, cadets, and the young ladies seated on the benches was very short and barren of interest. To the most gifted of proficient in conversation it would be difficult to suggest much to converse upon in the absence of local topics; and the officers from England almost envied the old Indians their fund of subjects interesting to themselves, and also, in the same way, to the ladies, which their experience in India enabled them to descant upon. These Indian officers and their wives had quite a host of topics relative to Indian life, and naturally



those who were anticipating a sojourn there, were anxious to hear them.

Douglas and Jones, the two officers of the Queen's service, who accompanied Alastor on board, drew round Captain and Mrs. Palm, who were talking to Captain Rice and his wife, and found these deep in the mysteries of bungalows, ayahs, native servants, and bazaars.

Most of the young ladies kept up their mutual tales of confidence, and, with the exception of Miss Constant, it appeared as if they had all found companions suitable to their tastes. They were all, with the exception of Miss Venture and Miss Catchman, very young, and of an average description of attraction, which might be almost said to be insipid, but there was too much character about the strong-minded females, Miss Venture and Miss Catchman, to allow of their being called such, although they were somewhat *passé*. The first had black eyes and dark hair, a nose very *retroussé*, and rather large mouth; but though small of stature, her quick, intelligent mode of speech and lively manners made her rather popular with men after she was acquainted with them. Miss Catchman was of the die away style; tall, languishing, fair flaxen hair, blue eyes, faultless features, and a perpetual smile, made her look much younger than she was, and though past thirty-five, she was likely in India to attract, with her extreme fairness, a numerous bevy of admirers. But neither these, or any other of the other budding misses, could at all vie with Miss Constant. She was tall, fair, blooming with the health of eighteen, she had brown hair and grey eyes, her nose and mouth were of exquisite symmetry; but it was her colour which gave her the principal charm.

As she sat lonely in contemplation as to her lot and singular prospects, she could not but experience a sense of uncertainty as to the being of whom she had but a faint recollection, but to whom her parents had decided she was to be united. She knew that he (Mr. Selden) was very much older than she was—in fact, she knew that he was more like poor Mr. Longservice, the only gentleman she was acquainted with on board, than any of the young civilians or officers whom she saw on deck. She envied the light-hearted and jocund young people whom she heard conversing together, and said to herself that they, at least, had the privilege of making a choice for themselves, whereas she was obliged to follow the strict injunction of her parents.

She was, indeed, very poor. She was one of many children. She thought of her dependent situation. She trembled at the decided step which she had been urged to undertake in risking herself to set off without a female friend or relative on board this large ship, which seemed like a strange scene of trial—where all eyes

re on her, in limited, but close survey, a small, but cold world her. The only gentleman she knew before she embarked, was Mr. Longservice, a very old civilian.

Some time after the rest of the passengers had been on deck, he came up from the cuddy, accompanied by Mr. Alastor, whose father was an old friend of his. He inquired of Miss Constant as to her health, and hoped that she would soon get over the feeling of seasickness, which, he said, was an ordeal that we must most of us suffer, but by no means a bad preparative to a long voyage. He talked about the weather and the ship, and introduced his friend, Mr. Alastor, to her.

The due regard to ceremony, which the captain took care to see observed, rendered it incumbent upon the different passengers to be on terms of acquaintance, although a due respect for appearances would forbid the ladies and gentlemen holding any lengthened conversation, either on the deck, or in the general room called the cuddy. But soon after the first words of every day form had passed, Alastor, with that bright and good-humoured hilarity, which at once let you into his feelings, began to comment on the varied changes of the vessel's sailing, the way in which the passengers were precluded from making one another's acquaintance by the state of the weather, the anticipated pleasure of reaching the distant shore, and several other observations, partly in banter and partly in earnest; and left her with a most favourable impression of him, which she found gave her great relief from the low spirits which her lonely situation had brought on. Then she began to run over the recollection of what Mr. Selden was when she last saw him. She had a very hazy sort of photograph in her mind's eye of him. But he was not so bright or near so good-looking a being as the young officer who had just been speaking to her, whose every feature seemed beaming with interest and intelligence. The person whom she was destined to meet at Calcutta, to the best of her remembrance, was old, reserved, and silent. But, after all, what was the use of allowing such comparisons to enter into her mind, for was not the matter settled? and as for this young gentleman, he was only a mere stranger. But she did not know what most observers of human nature know, that the circumstances of his being a stranger, and of his gay and brilliant manners being such as she was formerly unused to, were all the most certain means of making him appear interesting and pleasing.

There is not any phase of the female mind more general than its love of variety. Every possible reason to lead her to keep in view the union which had been decided upon by her parents, had been forcibly laid before her by her mother, previous to her embarkation. She, indeed, never allowed herself to believe that she could

board were the breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and part before retiring to one's cabin, and a record of each day's one except a sailor, or one who had resources within him with the exception of the marine sights common to the different birds and fishes, be similar to the diary in which was published by an epicurean nobleman, who gave in the sort of dish that he was treated to at the different places, omitting everything except what treated upon culinarily.

In point of its being conducive to health the sea cannot be desired, but for a period of some months to have to look to but the sky and the ocean, reduces you very nearly to your inner resources; and if it be true that there is no human being to be pitied than an illiterate country gentleman in a mansion on a very rainy day, some similar condolence for a vacant-minded being on a long voyage. Then it advises the British fair to be

“ Greatly cautious of their sliding hearts,  
Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,  
But full of guile,—”

So it was replete with danger to Miss Constant's mother's counsel that she should ever and anon let her passing remarks of one who never obtrusively, but casually, when they met on deck, ventured to address

Books and chess, and several other games were great amusement on board, and when the old civilians were not smoking tobacco they, as well as the elder party amongst the officers, were much taken up with whist.

no punishment more heavy than idleness ; and the *ennui* which hangs over the spirits of those who on shore had no thoughts but of dress and dancing, was an incessant weight upon the minds of a great many of the young ladies on board the *Nautilus*.

The usual time when all the passengers were assembled together after dinner on deck, brought on much conversation with the ladies, in which sometimes the young gentlemen also joined ; and often Alastor, who never spoke to any of them but to Miss Constant, got an opportunity of offering some short remarks, bearing upon the company, the events of the day, or anything that came uppermost to him, and invariably he found that he met with a willing auditor.

No sort of intercourse bordering on familiarity ensued between the young civilians and cadets and the ladies in charge of the captain, as his strict rules, of course, forbade of such taking place, either in the cuddy or on deck. And, indeed, the young gentlemen mostly gave up their time to shooting, or to laying lines for the sharks or dolphins. Apparently, none of them seemed to be captivated with the appearance of their fellow-passengers, none of whom were strikingly prepossessing, except Miss Constant. However, as every evening which they passed over in the "trades" was a fine one, on many evenings they had a dance on deck, and a great part of the heat of the day was passed by the ladies under the awning.

Sometimes a sail came in sight, and sometimes, but rarely, they were enabled to exchange a few words, through the speaking-trumpet, with other craft ; and even this was a sort of comfort to the passengers of the *Nautilus*, as they were destined not to have any break in their voyage until they reached Madras. However, it was consolatory to them to find by every day's report, that the vessel, which was a quick sailor, was making daily a rapid progress ; and the chart which the captain showed them as twelve o'clock came round and the observations which had been made was a most satisfactory sight to all. This formed the most absorbing theme of conversation. But daily stronger and stronger grew the sort of tacit understanding which existed between Alastor and Miss Constant. He had a most inexhaustible fund of good humour, which is more engaging than good nature or even good looks, but when added to good looks there are few young ladies who are proof against it. But she found herself every day more and more taken by it ; and for his part he felt delighted at the apparent interest which this charming girl seemed to take in all that he said to her. As he had never evinced in words the slightest curiosity regarding her history, she also had not ever touched upon the subject of her engagement. But, in truth, he longed for an opportunity of finding out something more of her prospects, and especially of her own sentiments with regard to them.

When the *Nautilus* arrived at the point where south latitude, by the computation of those who kept the log, commenced, or, as it is always called "the line" is supposed to be, the different forms and mummeries which served the sailors in those days for pretexts to extract money from the passengers, began to be observed, and their observance was an ordeal which had to be gone through by all the young voyagers who had not before crossed the line; and, indeed, it was submitted to cheerfully by all of them. But the seniors of the party, and amongst them Alastor, who had been before across the line, sat on the quarter-deck, and watched there the rollicking scene which was enacted—of the mock tribunal held by Neptune, the shaving the novices, and the ducking them in the salt water which had been pumped up into one of the large spare sails. The ladies sat also on the line of hen-coops, and their attention was taken up with the riotous scene and its fantastic foolery. As the weather was now wholly calm, the helmsman's post was quite a sinecure, and, indeed, the sailors welcomed the sort of vacation which a dead calm afforded them.

On the seat farthest away from the quarter-deck Miss Constant was seated, and whilst the other young ladies were most intently occupied with watching the nautical drama, Alastor got into conversation with her, and remarked that she did not seem to enter into the spirit of the scene with the same zest as most of the other ladies, but, on the contrary, it appeared to him that she was rather pensive. She said that numerous thoughts came into her mind, and, notwithstanding the loud laughter and noise, and the boisterous hilarity before her, she could not help thinking of various matters which more nearly concerned herself; that she was under a promise on her landing at Calcutta, to meet one whom her parents had determined should be her husband, and she never ceased to think of the necessity imposed upon her of abiding by her engagement.

"Then, I suppose," said Alastor, "you have seen the happy youth, and that you are so much fascinated with what you recollect of him, that you can dream of nothing else."

"With regard to his happiness," said Miss Constant, "I know nothing, but he is certainly not a youth; and as to my having seen him, when I say that, I say all, for really my recollection of him is so faint that I do not think I should know him again if he were now to appear before me."

"I think it is perhaps a pity that he should not," said Alastor, "for were it to take place, under the circumstances, it would serve to cheer you, and dispel those gloomy thoughts of which you say you are so often the victim. For my own part, I certainly feel anxious to see him, for I should like to know what

sort of being he was who was about to be so highly honoured and blessed."

"I do not see that you can prophesy for him such an accession of good fortune," said Miss Constant. "I am sure he will not benefit by his alliance with me."

"I see you verify the saying," said Alastor, "of modest merit always seeking the shade. I do not know where you could have borrowed such a modest estimate of yourself. I am sure if your friends have instilled such an idea they have done you much injustice. From the time I have seen you I have never ceased to think of you with interest; you cannot conceive how dear to me are the few moments which I have been permitted to be near you."

"Oh, Mr. Alastor," said Miss Constant, "you know you must not go on so! I really cannot suffer it."

There are many modes of forbidding, and some which almost go the length of a permission, and one of these was the way that Miss Constant then spoke.

Alastor did not further pursue the topic then, as the mirthful party on the quarter-deck had now ceased their uproariousness, and the last rites of Neptune being finished, the victims had all retired below, and the young ladies on the poop had more leisure to look about them, and watch the proceedings of their neighbours. He walked over to another part of the quarter-deck and entered into a discussion with Mr. Longservice, of a less absorbing nature than his dialogue with Miss Constant had been.

Mr. Longservice, who welcomed any auditor that would listen to his discourses and opinions relative to India, where he had passed the greater part of his life, was always glad to give any information about the country, particularly to a friend, and they kept up their conversation until dinner time, which was two o'clock.

The breeze which the captain and officers of the ship were most devoutly wishing for, sprung up at last, and bore the *Nautilus* away southward on her right course. With the exception of the different sort of sights, such as the whales seen in the distance, and the grand southern cross—until arriving at the latitude of the Cape no very striking incidents occurred. The weather not being quite so settled as that which they had in the trade winds, the ladies were much less on deck; and though, at different intervals, Alastor found means of speaking a few words to Miss Constant, and saw that she was by no means indisposed to listen to him, it was not till several weeks after their leaving the line, that he was enabled to resume the subject which was nearest to his thoughts. But off the Cape they were overtaken by one of those gales which are so very often prevalent in those latitudes, and this came on suddenly.

In fact, so unforeseen was it that the ladies—some of whom had been on deck, as it was about five o'clock in the afternoon that the gale commenced—had scarcely time to hurry into their cabin. Some of these were in the stern on the lower deck, and the descent down the hatchway was, during a violent gale, rather trying business to them. Miss Constant's cabin was one of these, and in hurrying downwards her foot slipped, and she would have sustained a very severe fall down the ladder had not Alastor, who was just near the bottom of the hatch, ran eagerly forward, and just caught her in time to save her from a very dangerous descent, and owing to the motion of the ship, she could scarcely have escaped injury. He took her in his arms into her cabin, and laid her down gently on the sofa there; and though she was almost senseless with the fright, when she opened her eyes, the tears and the high colour in her cheeks showed how deeply grateful she felt to her deliverer who said he would hurry to bring in the doctor if she was in want of his assistance. "No," she said; "but, indeed, it appears as if we were saved from a very severe accident by your kind assistance and I am sure I ought to be very grateful to you, and shall never forget you who have been my preserver." These words came almost involuntarily, and she seemed afterwards to be overwhelmed with confusion at having uttered them; but Alastor thanked her a thousand times, and said that he never for a moment had allowed himself to indulge a hope of being interesting to her, but, nevertheless, her image was constantly before his mind, and he could think of nothing else. In place of telling him that he ought not to encourage such a thought, she only sighed gently; and then, as he left her to send for her attendant, he saw that it was certain she might have scarcely anything to fear from the manner in which she had taken his avowal of admiration, as to any opposition to her wishes, if he should be disposed to make her an offer upon the arrival at Calcutta.

These exclamations, and the whole that I have narrated, only took up a few seconds, and in the violence of the gale, neither the captain, officers, passengers, or any one on board could have been cognisant of any such event, so intent were they all in closing the hatchways, shutting the ports, and getting the ship's gear all in proper order to encounter the weather. Of course the sailors and officers of the ship had enough to do in reefing up the sails; and the multitude of matters incidental upon the preparations for the safety of the ship, and her steering through the angry waves which were now most tumultuous, the little adventure which befell Miss Constant was unnoticed. The gale kept on, and the swell of the ocean was such as to hinder the possibility of the ladies leaving their cabins, and even those who were hardy enough to go on deck

or join the small party in the cuddy at the hours of the different meals, were not able to keep themselves upright without holding on to some support, or to sit steady even at the table, where all the dishes and plates were supported by cushions.

But never, amidst all the confusion, noise, and incessant motion of the vessel, swayed as it was by the fury of the elements, did Miss Constant cease to think of the youth who had so gallantly rescued her. She had no *confidante* amongst the other young ladies, and the absorbing nature of her thoughts might have been somewhat relieved if she could have imparted them to any one, but she felt that she dared not. Mr. Longservice was old enough to be her father, and, besides, she would have shuddered with shame and dread had she even commenced to enter upon a confidential topic with him, and, indeed she trembled at the idea of mentioning her thoughts to any one.

It was to the generality of the female passengers a reign of terror while the boisterous weather lasted ; but *Alastor* managed to go on deck, as did most of the young officers, civilians, and cadets, and found the fresh air much preferable to the closeness of their cabins, for under such circumstances the ports were, of course, kept closely shut. But after about two days the fury of the gale subsided, and though the swell of the ocean remained for a day afterwards, yet the weather became passably bearable, and as the good ship had had plenty of sea room all throughout the storm, it was not looked upon as a subject of apprehension, particularly as during the whole time they were making their course—by drifting, however, more than by sailing. The captain and officers were disappointed chiefly at not being able to make observations ; but soon after the gale blew over they took these, and found that they had made wonderful progress.

After this came on much more enjoyable weather, and the captain felt much glee each noon after making his observations, and the old gentlemen indulged themselves with their rubbers at whist, and the young indulged themselves in several ways, shooting, running up the rigging, playing buffet-the-bear with the sailors, learning the sword-exercise, and some, who were more sedentary, passed their mornings in either reading or chess. One party of civilians had a regular class at Hindustani every day at twelve. There was not so much time allowed for the sitting on the poop by the ladies as they used to have during the blowing of the trade-winds, but generally after the dinner hour there was a good muster of them there, and it became a regular habit with *Alastor* to come to the seat next Miss Constant, and converse for a few minutes with her. She almost seemed to expect this every afternoon.



testations, he had never hinted it to her, neither had his been of that kind that could have elicited any remark from her on board, or laid his conduct open to the notice of any person. However coy she might choose to be, she was always of a similar reserve. He never pressed either his company or opinion obtrusively upon her. His mirthful humour, good nature, and ready wit were at will instantly when he found an opportunity to speak. Bearing in mind the isolated character of her position, he was cautious not to spoil his hopes by precipitancy, and that there was no other man on board who had any chance of winning her favour. Whatever her other failings might be, she had not the one almost universal with pretty women, conceit; neither had she been schooled in the art of concealing her feelings, although that is one of the things which women of all nations learn—and, indeed, it is that and self-control to which they are as the most secure guardians of their peace of mind. (It is understood that there is nothing that can ensure tranquillity of peace so much as the confident belief in the truths of religion.)

The vessel pursued her course, and she arrived at the port of Madras, which, with its wonders, has so often been described by travellers,—the awful surge, the Massullah boat, the Calcutta, the intense heat, and the wonder which fills every European mind at the first introduction to Indian life and its prodigies.

They had only, however, a stay of two or three days, as the ladies did not land, having nothing to tempt them to encounter the horrors of the process of going on shore in a Massullah boat. In the course of the voyage the whole affair was a delight, and all

most perilous part of the whole trial that a traveller has to go through before reaching Calcutta. So much so is this the case that the river pilots never ventured upon travelling by night, but taking sole charge of the vessel from the time she approaches the sand-heads, insisted on anchoring at nightfall.

The first day's sail brought them to Diamond harbour, and the next morning was a very anxious one to all the female passengers, as they expected to hear from their friends, and some of them were, indeed, in hopes of seeing those of them, who, being in the great city, they thought might possibly come down the river as far as Diamond harbour. Very early, indeed, at the first dawn several budgerows appeared. Amongst these was Mr. Selden's. The boat was a very grand one. The rowers were dressed in the most showy style of rose-coloured turbans and sashes. The host of servants on the deck were in liveries of the same colour, and which, contrasted with the snowy whiteness in the cloth of which all native dresses are composed, has a most gorgeous effect.

The budgerow approached the companion-ladder of the ship, and a thin, cadaverous-looking elderly man, with grey hair, yellow cheeks, stooping gait, stepped forward. He was dressed in nankeen waistcoat and trousers, with a blue body coat, which was put on for state occasions, and white sholah. He was of short height, with features which were remarkable for the redness of the nose, the blariness of the eyes, the paleness of the lips, the blackness of the teeth, and the prominence of the red ears. He ascended the ladder, and, going up to the captain, introduced himself as Mr. Selden. As at that early hour no one would expect that the ladies should make their appearance, he stayed on deck conversing with the captain and some of the old civilians who had known him before. But after about half an hour most of the ladies came up, and amongst them Miss Constant. The gentlemen had all of them been standing on deck for some time. The advent of a daybreak in such a strange country is of importance enough to induce young people to appear, however indolently disposed they may be naturally.

Mr. Selden requested the captain to introduce him to Miss Constant, and, consequently, the introduction was made. But she who was of a temperament the most sensitive, and most unable to sustain an unexpected surprise of an unpleasant nature, could scarcely conceal her chagrin and disgust when she saw that the being to whom she was destined to be a helpmate was the old gentleman now before her. Old he certainly looked, and yet had he passed the years which had brought on so many of the traces of *tristis senectus* in England in place of Bengal, he might have passed for a man in the prime of life. For he really was not more

than forty-seven. But twenty-seven years in the East, brokered only by a year's furlough, had told fearfully upon him; and feeling as she did that there was no strong bond of affection to bind her to the shrine of such an image, or to fealty of such a revolting character, she, in her heart of hearts, resolved that she would have none of him. True it was that, stronger than the aversion which she had for poor Mr. Selden, predominated the delicious hope of being mistress of Alastor's heart; and it made it yet the more trying that the bane and the antidote were both before her.

To do Mr. Selden justice, he was a man of that plain common sense that induced him to come to the point as soon as possible, and when he had inquired from her as to how she had left her parents, and asked most kindly after the health of every member of her family and all their mutual friends, he entered upon the topic most interesting to himself, and, indeed, told her that it was so. He said that he had been induced by the letters which he had had from her friends to hope that he might have the high honour and privilege of offering her a home immediately upon her arrival in Calcutta, and that Mrs. Gibbs, a wife of a friend of his, would receive her at his house at Chowringhee; and he ventured to add that he hoped she might like all that she saw there, and that she might soon claim it as her own. He proceeded to dilate upon the eligibility of such a plan, on the hopes that he had been induced to entertain, and the extreme pleasure it would give him to find that she would enter into his views, and at last paused to hear what she had to say, as, after all, the announcement of that was what was most important; and it was his ardent anxiety to hear it that induced him to prepare himself thus early to meet her.

But although she felt so fully and forcibly the utter impossibility of her finding herself willing to accede to his request, and though she would sooner have sunk to the bottom of the muddy Gang than have accepted the honour of presiding over such an establishment, saddled as it was with the necessity of accepting the hand of its owner; yet her timidity and maiden bashfulness kept her blushing in silence for a time, until gathering courage from reflecting upon the horror of its anticipation, she replied that she was sorry beyond measure that she could not agree to his offer, and entreated him to excuse her—that she really found she was unable to accept such a high honour; neither could she, feeling as she did, reconcile it to herself to accompany him in his boat to Calcutta.

When he found that it was in vain for him to urge any further argument, he at last bid her farewell. As no one had been near to hear what they were talking about, he was spared the cruel mortification of having his disaster rendered public; but as it was, he felt sadly overwhelmed with anguish and disappointment. But now that she

and her voice, when she spoke so unmistakeably, there was for him but to leave her and to return to his home. The passengers would doubtless have noticed something of his arrival and departure which was strange and a matter of course about, only that they were all too much taken up with their own affairs and thoughts (as to the reception which was denied them from their friends) to give any attention to it. But there was one amongst the passengers who, though he had not been present at what passed between the old man and the maid, had seen enough to form a very shrewd conjecture of the truth as to what had occurred. This was Alastor, who watched anxiously till he saw a glimpse of the sail in Mr. Selden's budgerow vanish out of sight. Immediately upon the departure of Mr. Selden Miss Edith went down to her cabin, and found some relief in tears; she returned soon afterwards, and sat some distance from the other passengers on the poop. She pondered upon the decided step she had taken; she could not but feel her situation lonely, but she had crossed the rubicon; no other than decided and unmistakeable had been her answer to Mr. Selden, but it did not appear to her as to what she should now do, and what home she should seek. But she said, in the absence of all immediate assistance, I must trust to what the captain can do for me upon our arrival at Calcutta, and, at the worst, I can get in an hotel or in a lodging. While she sat pensive, pondering what strange fate should betide her, Alastor came up to her. In truth, her mind never lost sight of him; he was the object round which her thoughts were concentrated. When he addressed her, she felt as if new life had been imparted to her. His mode of speaking was most respectful and tender. He asked her where she was going to reside in Calcutta. He said that he would stay there a short time, until he should receive an order for his regiment, which was quartered at Cawnpore, a good way from the city. He would feel great pleasure in being of any use upon her arrival, and hoped she would allow him to call on her residence. After a little pause she told him that the civilian who had just been with her on deck was the person of whom she had spoken to him. It was to him that her friends had enjoined her to go, but she had been wholly unable to think of such a thing as listening to his suit, much less of complying with the wishes of her friends. She added that so completely averse to him any encouragement had she been, that she refused to see any him in his budgerow, although he had told her that he had invited a lady to meet her on her arrival at his house in Calcutta. When she had finished her disclosure she became very overcome with the nature of her feelings, and hurried

down again to her cabin. The vessel now resumed its course up the river, and though it was only six o'clock in the morning, the staying on deck would have been almost unendurable, had not an awning been spread over the poop. Alastor had much difficulty in hindering himself from following Miss Constant down to the cabin; "But now," he said to himself, "that months, so many, have passed without any sort of cause for scandal or rumour of any love passages having taken place between us during the whole voyage, it would be much better to avoid being noticed until our arrival at the port, which cannot be long to wait for." And, indeed, but a few hours' sail sufficed, and they reached that line of shore the most beautiful of all the river banks which meet the eye in India, called, with much justice of nomenclature, Garden Reach, the first scene which presents itself to a stranger of a city wherein, more than in any other, the stately luxury and the costly expenditure of the rich foreigners contrast with the squalid wretchedness, degraded superstition, and servile condition of the aboriginal inhabitants, where the sumptuous homes in the lordly palace-like villas which line the river for miles, are each of them surrounded by grounds, where flourish every exotic which we prize in our conservatories, beautiful, luxuriant, and almost wild in their exuberance. This scene, in succession, is followed by the well-built works and the ditch which surrounds the fort, and then comes the Course and the noble town of lofty buildings, at whose extreme end is an immense bazaar of narrow, filthy streets, containing the huts of the Bengalee population. This town is called after the idol of these people, Kalee and Kutta—whence Calcutta—'the temple of the demon's wife;' but the colonisers from the far-distant island have erected a magnificent series of buildings, which entitles it to be considered the capital of India, called, as it is, the City of Palaces.

Soon after passing Garden Reach the vessel was brought to anchor in the spacious river. Then ensued great hurry and eagerness on the part of every passenger to get on shore, and numerous were the native boats to take them. Poor Miss Constant remained below in her cabin, not having courage to come up on deck, after what occurred in the morning.

Amongst the different boats which came off, was one which, pulled by well-dressed natives covered by awnings, and of large dimensions, showed that it was the property of some English resident. Soon after its approach a lady appeared at its stern, who, on making a signal, was borne up by the whip to the deck of the vessel. When she alighted on deck she asked the captain whether Miss Constant was on board. On being told that she was, and shown to her cabin, she went in, and said to her that she came to introduce herself to her; her name was Gibbs. Although a stranger she had been com-

nmissioned by a dear friend—Mr. Selden—to go and request Miss Constant to take up her abode at her house in Calcutta ; she said that she had come in person to have the pleasure of making her acquaintance as soon as possible, and was in hopes that she might persuade her to agree to this her earnest request, that she would make her house her home while she stayed at Chowringhee. As Miss Constant had just resolved to tell the captain of the ship her story, and apply to him to assist her in procuring lodgings, she could not but think that this invitation was very opportune ; and, after some further conversation with Mrs. Gibbs, it came out that Mr. Selden had visited her that morning, and said to her that, in place of her being at his house when Miss Constant arrived, he would esteem it a favour if she could ask her to her own ; and it further appeared that Mrs. Gibbs felt extremely anxious that Miss Constant should avail herself of this offer. She consented. When they got up on deck all the passengers except Alastor had left the ship ; and Miss Constant, on his going up to bid her farewell, introduced him to Mrs. Gibbs, who told him very graciously she would be happy to see him any time he should call at her house in Chowringhee. Then she and Amelia Constant took their departure, they having given the necessary orders for all Amelia's possessions being carried to Mrs. Gibbs's house.

Thus it was clear that Mr. Selden, although he had met such a gnal repulse, had determined that due care should be taken of Miss Constant, and, in fact, cherished a hope that after a little time her reluctance might be subdued, and she might consent to listen to his addresses.

The very great hospitality that prevailed in Calcutta, and all throughout India, was such that it was by no means unprecedented for perfect strangers to go to a person's house, and they would be sure to receive a welcome from any resident if they did so. But the cordial reception which any lady would be sure to find, and best of all such a person as Miss Constant, would be more like the grand welcome which awaits a royal personage than the ordinary meeting of a friend.

So Amelia found that it was not by any means looked upon as extraordinary that she should be greeted as a daughter by this strange lady ; still there remained the lurking dread of being again subject to listen to Mr. Selden's declarations, and that was the principal drawback to her enjoyment of all the comforts and kind attentions which were heaped upon her by her hostess. Of course, paramount in importance to all considerations was the impression which the interview with Mr. Alastor had left upon her, but she dared not even trust herself to think of it. In the interest that she felt when recollecting it she forgot the sufferings which

she, as well as every new arrival in India, especially a lady, has to endure in coming to that land of intense heat and mosquitoes.

After all, in any case the bodily ills that flesh is heir to are nothing to the pains of mental solicitude. So with her, the thoughts which she dared not give utterance to, neutralised the torment which she felt bodily from these invaders of her comfort.

Mrs. Gibbs had what might be called a superb house, and she usually had many guests to dine at her table; also she was in the habit of inviting any friends who came from the up-country, or as it is termed, the Mofussil, to stay with her during the time that their business detained them in Calcutta. She was married to one of the judges, and they had no children. They were very wealthy, and both her husband and herself had known Mr. Selden so long that they were as intimate as near relations. When the next evening after that of Amelia's first day in Calcutta came on, Mrs. Gibbs, with whom she had been sitting at tiffin (the grand mid-day meal), and listening to accounts of the country, proposed to her to drive out with her in her carriage on the Course, and she said that without any exaggeration she might expect to see every English gentleman and lady resident in Calcutta, either driving or riding on this road, by the side of the Ganges, in front of an extensive plain, in the centre of which was a monument to Sir David Ochterlony; that the only English who might not be there, possibly, were the officers in the fort, many of whom had no horses or carriages, but all who could muster an equipage of any kind, would make their appearance there. Walking is a thing wholly out of the question in India. So Amelia consented to go out, and after about two hours they drove to this road, and mingled in the throng where carriages, buggies, barouches, and even native garrees, were being driven up and down, some by the English gentlemen, some by native Jehus, to give the panting occupants of Chowringhee—who had been immersed for the live-long day in their houses, darkened to exclude glare—an hour of the partially fresh air by the river side. In fact, it was, to use Hamlet's term—"the breathing time of day" in Calcutta. Some young gentlemen rode, though several of them found that the exercise was far too severe for those indulging in it to keep their linen and other attire in a presentable state, owing to the overpowering heat. The crowds of vehicles were like a miniature edition of Hyde Park and Rotten Row during the height of the season, the costliness of the equipages, of course, not so great, and the four-in-hand drags, as well as celebrities, being found wanting.

But the Vanity Fair spirit of the West had its counterpart there; and from the languid civilian's wife, reclining backwards in her carriage in gauze, to the native lady loaded with necklaces, show-

up black face, naught but vanity and ostentation reigned here.

on the plain when the sun was just disappearing, were Mussulmans, spreading their small carpets, and prostrating in the performance of their evening act of devotion; but in the thought of all English people there was the anxiety and being seen. The novelty of the surrounding sights, from the board-ship life, and the excitement of entering new phase of existence, are all felt in full force by the European; and Amelia felt almost ashamed of her fresh as of wonder when she saw the passive immobility of her, who seemed to take it as a matter of course to see naked, except as to a hip-cloth, in hundreds, either on the in dinghees on the river, or bearing palanquins, trotting the poles resting on their shoulders, or hurrying with a their heads; native women with their little naked ride on their hips; gigantic birds four feet high, with w pouches hanging from their throats, and bills a foot inched upon the tops of the houses in the distance; and gound occupied by the riders, drivers, and children's

Turbaned attendants in such numbers as one sees not but in India, were either in waiting near the course, or y the carriages, and the mighty line of demarcation ie lordly English master and the lowly native slave,—alf everywhere. Even the small children, who were borne the natives in their tiny carriages, appeared to view rs with sovereign contempt.





FRAGMENTS OF AN EPIC DISCOVERED IN LAPLAND.  
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN VERSION OF THE LAPP ORIGINAL.  
(*Concluded from p. 291.*)

Thrice had the full moon risen  
Over the revel's loud gladness,  
With greeting, with laughter, and light,  
And then came the time of departure :  
For yearning lay hard on the hero,  
The Son of the Sunland, to get him  
Home to the Southland.

Then grumbled Kalew the giant,  
And the sound was as thunder :  
Nathless he sent to the gold-ship  
Treasures of silver and gold,  
In chests and boxes of pinewood,  
Mighty and heavy ;  
For great were the gifts and the treasures  
Sent by the blind one.

He gave of the booty and plunder,  
Won when a Viking of old,  
As gifts for the Son of the Sunland,  
Woollen raiment, and girdles of gold,  
And swansdown, and soft snowy linen ;  
But chiefest and best of the treasures  
Was a cord most cunningly fashioned  
With knots threefold and fine ;  
A charmed gift from a Wuote,  
To win such a wind as might aid them,  
Gentle or stormy.

Then having filled the gold-ship  
From stem to stern with the treasure,  
The Giant spake to his guest  
With pride and derision :  
“ Will thy bird of the silver pinions  
Have strength to carry the burden ?

Will not the gold and the silver  
Weigh down and shatter it floating ?”  
But heedless the Son made answer :  
“ O when we come to the Sunland,  
The gaping folk on the shores  
Shall marvel and praise thy present,  
Thy toys of silver and gold.  
Little enough, I trow,  
The worth of woman they prize.  
Sweet, most sweet unto women  
When, like the glorious sun,  
Circled with crimson clouds,  
They move through the marvelling people ;  
And the stranger beholding their beauty  
Speaks them of royal line.”

He spake : and she passed from her father,  
Parted, for grief and for gladness,  
The wife of the Son of the Sungod.  
Away from the great red cliffs  
Sailed the gold-ship through bright blowing breezes ;  
Lonely, lonely, on shore

Lingered the blind one !

Stood, and gazed, without seeing,  
At the silver sand of the shore,  
While ever long while he listened,  
To the song that sounded from far.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE SONS OF THE SUNGOD.

*O'er the fresh foam-furrows faring,  
Homeward, love's best treasure bearing,  
Sail we to our sacred strand.  
Soon the sweetest woman sweet,  
With the Sunland-Knights, shall greet,  
Greet, and meet our lovely land !*

*Where the fanlike fir-trees rise,  
Where the wooing warm wind sighs,  
Yearning hails us thither, home !  
Where the tawny lions rove,  
Where red reindeers grazing move,  
Hey ! sing, brothers, hey for home !*

Still tarried the giant, and beckoned  
Till faint died the song in the distance,  
Then with a groan he turned

And passed from the dying echoes,  
 Spiritless, crushed, and lonely  
 Into his lonely hall :  
 Groped for the cask in his sorrow,  
 Drains the delight of forgetting,  
 Fain to be cooled of his burning,  
 Fain to win might from the mead,  
 Till there, in his lonely hall,  
                                           He drops into slumber !

## V.

Scarce, after lingering hours,  
 Had the depth of his drunkenness vanished,  
 When there rang with a mighty resounding  
 The din of the sweeping of oars.  
 It was Kalla's evil-eyed brethren,  
 Returned from their whale-chase :  
 Coming with storm and confusion,  
 With plunder and prey in their vessel.

Lo ! how they found their home !  
 Desolate ! Gone is their sister !  
 Gone are their goods and possessions.  
 Wine-vanquished, nigh to the barrel,  
 In drunkenness whelmed, lies the Giant.  
                                           They wake him and question :  
 "What means this confusion and ruin ?  
 What has befallen our sister ?  
 Who were the foemen that came ?  
 Who has scented the bloom of the bosom  
 Of the fairest flower of the North ?  
 Who has gathered our beautiful blossom ?  
 Who was so compassed with glory ?  
 Who was so girded with strength ?  
 Who has stolen our goods and possessions,—  
                                           Stolen our sister ?"

Still in confusion and mazed,  
                                           Made answer the Giant :  
 "There came to the child a suitor,  
 Over seas, the Son of the Sungod,  
                                           Out of the Southland !  
 Suing for friendship and peace !

When set to the mighty contest,  
The noble hero prevailed,  
Proved himself best in the contest.  
He brought in barrels rich juices,  
Ripened by southern suns,  
Grape-tears, the joy of Walhalla.

On the whale-skin Kalla was wedded,  
She chose her dowry herself ;  
Then went with her husband on shipboard :  
Only now they departed !”

Still doubted and dallied the giants.  
Then, as they marked on the anchor,  
Deep pressed, the print of the fingers,  
Their fury burst into flame.  
They marvelled, questioned, and knew  
That some one had cheated their father.  
Then took they counsel together  
To revenge the deed of deception.  
Unworthy is she to her kin,  
She, yesterday’s gold-precious darling,  
She, fairest of sisters !  
“ Dishonoured through her is the Northland. !  
She has lied, has lied, and beguiled us !  
Hence with the old man, in secret,  
Held they the bridals alone !  
And then, when they noted our coming,  
They hasted swift to be gone !  
They have stolen our goods and possessions ;  
Up ! let us follow and find them !  
Up ! let us follow !”

Down to the waves, o’er the shingle,  
They hurried their copper-bound boat,  
Swiftly ; and leapt to the benches,  
Wrathfully seizing the oars,  
Brother by brother,  
Not recking of wind or of weather ;  
Thus the chase for the fled ones begins !

Vain is their father’s entreaty,  
Vain the old man’s prayers and petitions,  
To yield up their anger and vengeance.

But they might not keep from destruction.  
Those fierce swift seekers for vengeance—  
Not keep from the doom and destruction  
That was their due.

## VI.

Over the gentle billows  
The gold-ship glideth by,  
And with a gentle windwaft  
The sails flap lazily.  
Kalla the maiden-wife,  
Stands at the helm and turns  
Back to the flying sea-cliffs  
Her flower soft eyes.

Woe! woe! woe!  
She spies the boat of her brethren,  
And hears, though far is the distance,  
The creaking and thud of the rowlocks,  
The sea-lashing strokes of the giants;  
Nearer and nearer it comes,  
Harsh calling and shouting confused,  
Mid the wave-dash.

She seizes the knots and loosens,  
As she was charmed the first.

and high to a ridge at her stern,  
sing, billow on billow,  
sought the giants and hurled them  
Mightily backwards.  
hile fiercer flamed in their bosoms  
their fury and wrath wildly wakened,  
and fiercer their voices resounded  
Over the glittering sea.

ever again to the Northland  
till Kalla return. Her gladness  
far in the land of the south.  
and she yearns for the Home of the Sun,  
or the blessings of peace and of freedom,  
or love's bed, best haven of women,  
where the tempests of life fall on slumber,  
and the daytime of sorrow is done.

then as she sees it again,  
the boat of her boisterous brethren,  
all wisely she questions the hero :  
Can, then, our ship bear the strain  
of the chase and the onset and battle?"

Made answer the warrior :  
Stout and strong-linked is the gold-ship,  
fleet, with her pinions of silver,  
strong are her silken-wove cables,  
and strong is the heart of her mast,  
'en though a storm from the eastward  
Burst as we past.  
no white coward fears bid us fly,  
vain to be quit of the contest,  
not fear of the bloodshed of brethren,  
nor victory worse than defeat."

Kalla seizes the knots and loosens,  
as she was bidden, the second ;  
and the sea waves blustering and boiling  
Roared with grim laughter.  
black sea birds screamed overhead,  
strained were the sails unto splitting,  
rent was the mast unto breaking,  
Under the tempest.

And with timbers terribly groaning,  
 Swift as a thought sped the gold-ship,  
 While the following boat of the brethren  
 Lingers and fades out of vision,  
     Far in the distance!

Then boiled the blood of the giants ;  
 Mightily, maddened by passion,  
 They row, with the sweat on their foreheads,  
 And the bloody foam at their lips.  
 "Shameless maiden!" they cry,  
 "Fell hound! thou Son of the Sungod!  
 Curses on you and ruin, ye cowards!  
 Can ye not fight and die?"

Stiffens each hand as to stone,  
 Bends each back on the benches,  
 Clutches each hand to its oar,  
 Yonder they shoot through the sea-waves.  
 Near they draw, and nearer,  
 Already their jeering is heard ;  
 And Kalla, trembling in terror,  
     Lingers no longer !  
 But steps to the hero and whispers :  
 "My love, my master, and husband,  
 For counsel thou soughtest in sadness,  
 For a light in thy light-lacking way.  
 For a bridle to curb thee in gladness,  
 For pinions to compass thy journey.  
 Of a truth, even now dost thou need them.  
 The third knot only can quit us  
     Of the combat that threatens.

Yet may not the hurricane hurl us  
 To Ran, dread queen of the sea ?  
 Ay! but I would not suffer  
 Battle 'twixt brethren and spouse.  
 Rather a death that is noble,  
 Rather than stain our hands  
 With the bloodshed of kindred,  
 I would plunge in the blustering sea!"

"Let be! let be!" cried the hero,  
 "Thy words give strength unto me

To brave the rage of the tempest.  
Get thee below, when it bursts ;  
There dwell the gods that will guard us.  
Offer them gifts and possessions ;  
With holy protection they watch us,  
Lords of the tempest are they."

Scarce had she loosened the knot,  
When loud rang the threatening thunder ;  
And the hail fell like rattling of lances,  
And the blue livid sheets of the lightning  
Flashed in fierce fury.

Like sedge bends the mast in the tempest,  
The sails into shreds of silver  
In grim delight are torn.  
Prone on her side lies the gold-ship,  
Now groaning she mounts, and is borne  
Groaning again to the bottom,  
Yearning to whelm her.

From the midst of the mad raging billows  
Passed Kalla, quiet as marble,  
Calmly down to the hold.  
There opened the fir-chests and offered  
To the favouring gods in faith  
Her gifts and treasures of gold.  
And thus having called on their saviours,  
She drops on the step by the doorway ;  
The gathered strength of the woman  
Is broken and gone !

But with new life the goldship  
Out of the waves is driven,  
Righting and raising her masthead  
As from hell unto heaven ;  
And mile on mile as an arrow  
Away from the vain-struggling giants  
She leaves her pursuers behind.

Dawn. From its eastern portals  
Out of heaven treads the sun.  
The brethren come to the shores  
And mounted the cliffs of Lofodeu,  
To gaze for the goldship.





## VII.

to the sunny Southland  
with the gold-ship in peace,  
sing the twain in their gladness,  
the dancing waters,  
Home to the Sunland.

as thronged the idle people  
sing into the tide,  
marvel and glee and greeting,  
their lord, the Son of the Sungod,  
And his beautiful bride.  
But, too, they questioned and marvelled  
the treasures of silver and gold,  
But, too, they praised the maiden,  
gentle and noble mien.  
When she noted their stature,  
the dwellings and towns of the people,  
Not pleased was the maiden.

Now must she bend as she passes  
through gateway and door,  
so full height can she stand,  
sing from floor to ceiling,  
ceiling to floor.  
Then took they counsel together,  
wise old fathers in secret.  
On a brown, shaggy bearskin,  
the bride was cradled to slumber,  
in the coat of a hind,  
last in a swan's soft plumage,  
custom might banish her strangeness.  
Less a giant she is,  
a giant ever she bides.  
From the depths of the fir-chests  
takes a great axe of iron,  
And gives it the wise men,  
with which they may hew them a door,  
raise, to her measure, the ceilings,  
fashion the walls and the corners  
Behind and before.  
Then was a beautiful bed  
for the noble pair,

*Peivash Parné.*

By dwarfs, whereon three godly sons  
The lovely Kalla bare.

In the gold book of fame they live,  
And live in the lips of sweet singers,  
And wedding with fair kings' daughters  
They filled the Northland with sons  
Of kings' blood noble and hardy.  
And ever from far the nations,  
Goths, Jutes, and Wuotes, and Vandals,  
Sent greeting unto the princes.  
And they, in wisdom and stature,  
Showed themselves even as giants,  
With noble bright faces and sinews  
As was meet in the Sons of the Sungod.

And the tale is still told on the Kölens,  
Still sung is the Saga in Lapland ;  
Though long ago Peiwar and Kalla  
Have passed from their home in the South  
Unto Walhal

FRED. E. W.



## PLANTATION:

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY F. FENTON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE warm sweet sun of a May afternoon lay golden yellow on all the slopes of Lancombe, and touched the daisies which starred the grassy banks. The rays had already left the house, situated, as it was, in a hollow, but along the woody ridges overlooking the mansion, the evening radiance yet clung. The river and the opposite hills were silvery bright, and all the young corn waved gently in the summer breeze.

On the brow of the hill which formed the southern boundary of the little Lancombe valley, was a fringe of larch trees, now in brilliant leaf, and a little above them rose one hillock higher than the rest, which, as is so often the case in Devonshire, was made rather conspicuous by a cluster of pine-trees. Not belonging either to Sir John Carew, or any one else, this copse was known in the neighbourhood by the name of No Man's Land. An eccentric person or two had made an attempt to claim this ownerless hillock, but none had ever established his right, and it retains to this day an independence to be envied by all oppressed nationalities.

Between the pine-trees at this spot a magnificent view could be obtained of the Dartmoor hills, and the varied picturesque space of undulating country at their feet. Perhaps it was the mountain view which made No Man's Land the favourite haunt of Sir John Carew's little granddaughter, now a child of nine, and far beyond her years. She was the delight of her old grandfather, and, tired with her mother's obstinacy, she led him by the nose wherever he pleased. He, of course, maintained in words the dignity of his authority, though he secretly acquiesced in the *de facto* government of little Juliet, thinking to himself that he had done no good by opposing one girl, so he would let the other have her own way. He loved her dearly, with all the love of his really kind old heart, and persisted that she was growing like her mother, though all the country people who had known the elder Juliet, declared that the

little mistress showed the other side. "She is beautiful as a pixie," they would say, "but those eyes and that forehead and that low voice her mother never had!"

She was idolised by all, even by the gardeners whose tools she hid away, and by the old shepherd and herdsmen whose charges she was perpetually driving out of their pastures. Sir John remonstrated against this propensity to meddle with cattle, which he declared was hereditary. This rather pleased Juliet O'Brien, who in nothing showed more determination than in her wish to remain an Irish princess. She never forgot that she was the Maid of Ara, and often sighed sadly for her mountain home; and as her grandfather seldom let her speak a word of Irish in his presence, or sing one of those Irish songs which had been crooned over her from her birth, she would practice her native tongue alone, up among the pines of No Man's Land.

On this warm May afternoon, Juliet O'Brien reclined on the grass in the ownerless wilds of No Man's Land. Her garden *chapeau de paille* lay on the ground at her side, and her yellow hair was covered with the moss on which it had been reposing. Her eyes were fixed on the distant hills, which she tried to fancy were those of Ara, and that she could distinguish in the gentle haze of light, every cliff tenderly grey among the golden heights. The river was like glass, and reflected, as in a mirror, the sinking sun. The rooks cawed about Lancombe house; Joe, the herdsman, patiently collected with his Alpine cry the cows which Juliet had lately scattered in her play; and the Maid of Ara herself sang in low tones a sweet old Irish song which she had learnt from her Celtic nurse.

She had finished her song; and lay in a half-home-sick, half-dreamy state, when she was startled by hearing a rustling noise in the hedge behind her, and, looking round, saw standing near her a very uncouth man, dressed in handsome clothes embroidered with gold lace, and with a face burnt to a deep brick red. Juliet started up, as much alarmed as her very courageous heart would allow her to be, and would have prepared to let him know that he was an intruder, had she not remembered that he had as much right to be in No Man's Land as anyone else. Still he was so very uncouth that she could not help wishing he had not appeared to interrupt her meditative mood.

The stranger, however, did not seem to have any hostile intentions. He took off his gold-laced hat to the little lady, advanced a step and stood, and said, in a rather gruff voice, and yet with a ceremonious manner,

"Pardon me, young lady, but I believe this is Lancombe; I would gladly know who resides here now!"

"Sir John Carew," replied Juliet, her natural courtesy returning as she saw that the man was well-mannered, and a gentleman.

"I am glad to learn that he is here," said the stranger, still with the ceremony which the manners of the day prescribed towards a lady, even of Juliet's age. "I am not, I hope, an intruder; I have been at Lancombe before, years; many years ago—" he stopped for a moment—"and this patch of ground was not then part of the Carew property."

"No; they call it No Man's Land," said Juliet, smiling, and feeling at ease with the stranger, who smiled, too, and looked at her keenly—very keenly.

"I had the honour of Sir John Carew's intimate acquaintance," he went on, "and would gladly know if he could grant me audience. May I inquire, young lady, if you come from Lancombe House?"

"Oh, yes," said Juliet, "I am Sir John Carew's granddaughter."

"Sir John Carew's grand-daughter!" exclaimed the stranger, stepping a few paces nearer, and scrutinising her in a manner which roused her pride.

"I doubt not that Sir John would see you," she said; "but you must let me know your name, sir, if you please."

"My name," replied the gentleman, "is Edward Champernowne."

She glanced up at him innocently, wondering whether he was related to old Mistress Champernowne, who, though she had at first intended to hate that "wild little Irish girl," was now very fond of her, and often took her to country *fêtes*. Juliet was too well-bred to ask more questions, but she was reassured by the name, and said—"Grandfather will, no doubt, be pleased to see you. If you like, sir, I will take you down to the house. It is just below this hill."

"You are very courteous, young mistress; prithee lead on," said the new-comer, still in his polite tones. Juliet took up her hat and led the way to a gap in the hedge which admitted them into the Lancombe grounds. As they gained the ridge, the mansion and gardens became visible among sloping lawns, and the uncouth gentleman's eyes gazed at them through a veil of moisture. He then glanced at Juliet, who watched him keenly, and all of a sudden the ceremony vanished, and his manner became kind, almost affectionate, as he gazed upon his little guide.

"I knew Lancombe before," he said, "and entertain a great interest for all who are connected with it. Therefore, pardon me if as your grandfather's old friend, I address you a little more intimately. Will you tell me your name? Shall I call you Mistress Carew?"

"Carew! no, if it please you!—my name is Juliet O'Brien,

and in my native land I am the Maid of Ara. But if you are grandfather's old friend you may call me Juliet O'Brien, or just only Juliet. There is the bell before dinner! Pray, let us hasten, or grandfather will have gone to dinner, and you would have to wait, and——"

"He would scold you for being late," finished up Champernowne.

"Oh, no! he never scolds me!" replied Juliet, in the haughty tones which blended ludicrously with the sweet little brogue still clinging to her tongue. Champernowne glanced at her, and met the gaze of her deeply fringed grey eyes, and saw the proud curve of her determined little mouth. The melancholy smile which was his early answer was withal a tender one, and, ill-favoured as he was, that sad, kind smile won Juliet's in return. "This is the shortest way," she said; "and we will run down the slope, which is great sport."

She darted off like an arrow, and Champernowne followed as best he could, and arrived with whole bones on a path at the foot of the steep incline.

"You are a fleet runner," he said. "Yet you seemed fatigued in No Man's Land."

"Oh, I was resting there. I tired myself so with lifting Joe's cattle."

"Tired yourself with what?" asked Champernowne.

She blushed slightly as she answered,

"I know it is a silly game, Grandfather thinks it is so; but I so much like to fancy that Joe's ancestors stole my cattle, and that I am taking them back again. So I drive them out of their fields into one I call mine, right at the top of the other hill."

Champernowne laughed rather grimly, and yet heartily, as he muttered, "The little creaght! how it runs in the blood!" But all he said aloud was "Poor Joe!"

When they reached the house Juliet led him into the hall, saying—

"Please, wait while I tell Grandfather. I am afraid he is gone to sup."

Indeed, Sir John was already seated at his well-covered board in the oak panelled dining-hall of Lancombe House. He was eating his Dartmoor mutton in solitary state, with a butler and another servant in waiting, and was glad to see his grandchild rush in, although she was not combed and attired for dinner.

"Well, thou art late, Letty!" he exclaimed, "but better late than never. Thou hast been running, if those crimson cheeks tell truth. I fear, Letty, thou hast given poor Joe a host of troubles this day; I heard him calling the cows all the afternoon."

"Grandfather, there is a gentleman here who came to No Man's land, and said he was your old friend, and hoped you would see him; and he came down with me to the house. His name is Edward Champernowne."

"Edward Champernowne!" roared Sir John, rising to his feet, and his face grew redder than nature with delight and amazement. "My poor, good Ned! alive! well! reappeared! Run, list, bid him come in, that I may see his honest face again."

Delighted to see her grandfather so well pleased, Juliet ran back to where Champernowne sat in the hall. His servant, Tom Urvey, who had come to the house by another way, was now standing beside him, much bronzed and more harsh-looking than ever.

Champernowne took Juliet's hand as she bounded up, asking him to follow her to Sir John.

"Tom," he said, "dost see this maid?"

"Aye, that do I!" said Tom. "Pretty damsel enough."

"Dost thou know who she is?" asked Edward. "Dost thou see those eyes, that mouth, that brow, and hear that voice, and not remember?"

"Not I," said Tom. "I remember nought too well; but whether she is, she is fair to see."

"I will not help thy memory, Tom, as yet," said Edward, and as Juliet glanced with feelings of natural hostility at the great, rough-looking servant who dared to make remarks upon her, having shown the way to the dining-hall, she ran off to make her maid comb her hair and change her dress.

"Ned!" was the one word roared forth by Sir John Carew, as he held out his arms to the man whom he had always held in affectionate esteem, who had been the son of his oldest friend, and who should have been his own son-in-law.

The two embraced heartily.

"Bless you, Ned!" exclaimed the old knight, "glad are mine eyes to see thee once more. Where hast thou been, man, since the black day of the Ford?"

"I have been coming all the time to see you at Lancombe House," said Champernowne, "only I have taken a very long circuitous route. If it please you I will break my fast here I tell you more, having just been made to run down a long and steep hill in your grounds by the young lady, your granddaughter. I hope I do not take you by surprise, Sir John?"

"My dear boy, 'tis the pleasantest surprise I have had this long while! Aye, fall to, Ned—fall to! Nothing can be done first!" Sir John loaded his guest's plate with mutton, and filled his cup with ale.



Silence then lasted for some time. Between their venison and their mutton both men were too happy to speak. At last, when a fricassee was served, the heavier part of the business being over, Sir John said,—

“Thou hast seen my granddaughter, Ned?”

Champernowne nodded.

“Think her a fair wench?” asked the knight.

“She is a beauty, as she has every right to be,” replied Champernowne.

“And growing like her mother, dost thou think?” asked Sir John.

“Nothing but her hair is like——” Champernowne stopped. The old table, the old silver goblets, the old butler, the very old panels on which he detected the marks which he had learnt by heart years before, reminded him so strongly of Juliet, that his heart was nearly breaking.

“I’ll send for Letty,” said Sir John, who, in spite of his slow perceptions, could not help seeing that Champernowne was so much affected as to neglect the fricassee. “She will cheer us, old fellow—I mean, this old fellow myself, for I was forgetting thy fewer years, Ned. The sight of the child does not pain you?”

“It is a painful pleasure now and then, yet one which I long again to enjoy,” said Edward. “This young lady bewitches me, even while I shrink from her.”

“And yet you say she is more like the rebel chieftain than like Juliet.

“She resembles him closely,” replied Champernowne. “I noticed the strong likeness when I saw her up there in No Man’s Land. What a tumult of strange associations crowded on my mind as I found myself standing by her side among the well-known places where—where I knew her mother! I never told you, as perhaps I should have done, that when Juliet begged me to release her I discovered that she had fallen passionately in love with the young Irish prince, whose guests we had been when the mist detained us in the hills. It was this which made me annul our betrothal, as I saw she could never love poor Ned. They were not, I believe, married, when I saw him at Blackwater. Indeed, I knew not they were married at all till I saw your grandchild bearing so strong a likeness to O’Brien.

“No,” said Sir John. “She had run away to his mother, because—well, I was perhaps a hard father to her! and when O’Brien came back Sir Peter Fanshawe saw them married by a swarm of Popish priests, with great state. I could have torn off all the hair I have left at the thought of my daughter being married to a rebel Irishman by Popish priests!”

"And can she be happy?" asked Champernowne. "I know it more refinement exists among them than the English usually imagine."

"That is the strangest of all," said Sir John. "She is very ppy, has her own way, as we Saxons always should have with the Irish, and I met her by the holy well of Brendan; she was ll, and richly dressed, and looked as proud as a princess. She ought I should be lonely, so like a good wench she has given me a daughter, who is the very joy of mine old age. Not but that child is the most determined of her obstinate sex; she will stop on thinking of her wild mountain home, where I have proposed to send her back when she begins to grow up. But they are going to let me have her younger sister to take her place, who is more English-looking than she, though I shall never love her half well. Letty distinctly declares that she will one day go back and marry some wild lad named O'Molloy, and all I can say will stop her resolve."

"Oppose her not," said Champernowne. "Her own way will never be a bad way, and you know a girl will always wed whom she is minded to wed. Stay, I hear her rushing down the great staircase, as if she were chasing the deer in Glen na Capall."

As he spoke Juliet entered, now dressed in a white frock, and with her hair fastened back by a gold chain which she had brought from Ara. Champernowne ceremoniously rose to meet her, and led her to a seat; and having helped her to cake and fruit, sat watching her as she ate. What Sir John called the idle time of dinner had now set in; the heavy dishes had disappeared, the servants had left the room, and the less engrossing subjects of fruit and cream alone remained to be discussed, with some excellent wine, which Sir John was very proud.

"Now, Letty, fill our glasses:" exclaimed he, looking happy and jovial in the united presence of his granddaughter and Ned Champernowne. Juliet rose, and filled Sir John's glass, and returned to her chair.

"Come! forget not Master Champernowne!" said the knight. Ned smiled, as he recognised something of the pouting manner which is once betrothed, and was almost sorry when the other half of Letty's blood predominated, and she came forward with that proud, defiant O'Brien courtesy which he remembered well. When she filled his goblet, he detained her by taking her disengaged hand.

"Letty, we must be friends," he said. As he spoke, she caught sight of the emerald ring on his finger, and exclaimed,—

"What a splendid ring!"

"It ought to be link between us," replied Champernowne.

"I think you have a sort of right to this ring, for your father gave it to me."

"No? can it be really so!" cried Juliet, opening wide here eyes. For her parents had receded into a splendid vision of the two handsomest people she had ever seen, surrounded by dashing harps and white-robed harpers, and the homage of the better class; and any thing was dear which connected her more closely with her distant mountain home.

"Quite true, Letty," said Champernowne. "He gave it to me, and I have a great regard for it,—almost a superstitious one. I have carried it all over the world with me; in dark, tropic woods the first straggling ray of dawn has flashed upon my emerald ring; among the cliffs of Cape Horn I have seen it reflect the iceberg's light; it must have grown to me now, for it has never left my finger since the day when he put it on. Ah! never try to pull it off, Letty! let it stay, fair maid!"

"And have you been all over the world?" asked Sir John and Juliet both at once, and she added, "Please, tell me all about it!"

"What will you do for me to earn such a yarn as that?" he asked smiling. "Can you sing me a song?"

"She loves music," said Sir John, "and sings very nicely already; but her mother had a high voice, albeit sweet, and this child's is so low, and soft, and sad, it makes an old fool of me."

Champernowne did not wonder. Her voice was the voice of Redmond O'Brien, changed into that of a girl of ten years old. Sweet and melancholy as Irish music, even when she was talking gaily it affected him, and reminded him strongly of Redmond's faint and plaintive tones as he lay wounded at Carrha side. Withal it had a sadly soothing effect on Edward, and he begged her earnestly to sing him a song when they had left the dining-hall, and had reached a long, cool chamber overlooking the garden, where Sir John established his bulky form on a large settle.

"I shall go to sleep while you sing, Letty," said he, "for I have no mind to be made an old fool of by that voice of thine."

"What shall I sing?" asked Juliet, taking up and stringing her little lute. "I know what I should like to sing, but you choose, as you are a stranger. All the names of my songs are in that book."

Champernowne glanced down the fly leaf of the primer which contained the list of Juliet's musical acquirements. Everything around him reminded him powerfully of her whom he had so often seen in this room, and whose high and joyous voice had so often rung through the well-known chamber. From that very chair, where her little daughter now sat, she had thrown at him her cruel

ances and her ungracious words, all powerless to turn away his abhorrent heart from loving her. And now he turned towards the present occupant of that chair, and met the gaze of those grey eyes, deeply fringed with black, fixed upon his in plaintive inquiry.

"This is the song I would hear you sing," he said, pointing to a title which had caught his eye. He smiled a somewhat bitter-smile as she touched her lute, and her clear and tearful voice rose with the words of a song then new, now considered venerable.

"Once I loved a maiden fair,  
But she did deceive me;  
She with Venus might compare,  
For my mind believe me;  
She was young, and among  
All our maids the sweetest—  
Now I say, 'Ah, well a day!'  
Brightest hopes are fleetest!"

Champernowne listened with his head upon his hand. The words, the plaintive voice and accent, the scene around, all, in Sir John's words, "made a fool" of the world-worn traveller. Yet when her notes died away in the words, "how I do abhor thee," he looked up and smiled.

"A very unkind termination," he observed. "You will be a singer, Letty. Your voice would melt the stones. Another song, if it please you."

"A merrier one," said Carew, who had been lying with half-closed eyes, and who, like the stones of which Edward spoke, felt the title melted. "Yours was a silly song."

"I can never sing merry songs," said Letty.. "I know what would like best, Mister Champernowne; I would sing you an Irish song—'Coillte Bhlarna.'"

"But thou knowest no Irish, child," said Sir John, a little roughly. "I have forbidden thee to speak or sing it."

"But I do speak and sing it, nevertheless, grandfather, up in Man's Land, all by myself, else when I go back to Ara they would call me a Saxon—me, that am the daughter of an Irish race!"

"Alas? alas!" moaned Sir John. "Do as thou wilt, my daughter, though thou needest no telling in that matter. Sing in Irish, if so it please thee."

Juliet immediately seized her lute, and sang, to the tune which she now call "The Last Rose of Summer," a Gaelic song, of wild and inexpressible sweetness. She next gave them "Aghrim's parture," the wailing notes of which, penetrating all corners of the room, made Sir John turn uneasily on his settle.

"Enough, enough!" he cried. "Juliet, I can bear thy voice."

no longer. Come, Ned, tell us thy wondrous adventures, and cheer me up a little."

Champernowne, with the tones of Letty's music still ringing in his ears, sat down on a carved oaken chair, near Carew's settle. Juliet drew a stool to the feet of the great circumnavigator, and sat looking in his face with eager expectation of a long tale of adventure. And Champernowne began by announcing, as if writing the title of a book,—

"This is the truthful, wonderful, and astounding narrative of the Voyage round the World of Sir Edward Champernowne, knight, of Harlington."

"Ah! you are knighted Ned!" exclaimed Carew.

Champernowne nodded, and went on with a narrative which is here abbreviated: "After recovering from the wound I got at Blackwater, I determined—in my unhappiness, you know, Sir John, and my regrets for my former wild and useless life—to distinguish myself by adding to the knowledge and history of the world. Without informing any one of you in Ireland, or anywhere else, when I could hinder it, and enjoining secrecy on my mother, I fitted out two vessels, with the aid of my cousins, and the approval of Her Majesty. With these I sailed one fine spring day from Plymouth Sound.

"We got over the Atlantic gaily in the fine, calm weather, with just enough breeze to make us spank; so I will say no more about that mighty ocean, and will come at once to the great Mother of Rivers, the mighty Amazon. Long before we reached the coast we saw great rafts of trees, strung together by lianes and creepers, which had been borne out to sea by the volumes of water rolled out by the Amazon. As we sailed up that glorious river we could not see one shore from the other, so like it is to a sea. You never saw such a river as that, Juliet? 'Tis not like the Teign.

"Well, the Portuguese looked shyly at our craft—they loved not the dear old flag, and out they came in boats, rowed by negro slaves, to parley.

"Still I was all friendship and flattery, and smoothly enough our agreements were made. We might sail up the river as peaceful merchantmen, for we had some sort of goods with us, to barter with the savages; and there was to be no opposition. So far well. At night, however, I kept watch myself on the deck of my vessel—the *Dart*, I had named it. I suspected all was not right, and the night was pitch dark. The moonless nights in those southern parts are dark, with a black sky, whence hang the stars like golden globes. The river was still, though often there is upon that mighty stream a sea like the sea on stormy mid-ocean.

"I grew somewhat drowsy, I believe. I sat on deck, hanging my head, dreaming of old by-gones, and looking down upon mine

nerald ring, though I could scarce see it through the darkness. suddenly I perceived that it glimmered and flashed, and looking up I awoke now, I saw a red light on the water, which disappeared when as I grew aware of it. I called up my men, bidding them be as soft as might be, and I stood close to the gangway ready armed. I pulled oars. A whisper. A form clambers up the side. I hold my sword, and my men rush forward with a terrific shout. The cowardly Portuguese gave a veritable shriek, and let themselves down splashing into the water. We at once hove anchor, and, all prepared for conflict, bore away up the river, just as dawn began light the scene. And such a dawn! One rising flame of sapphire light—one burst of glory, and it was day!

"But this is no time to talk of the dawning; 'tis the hour when the maidens should close their eyes in downy sleep; think you not Sir John Carew?"

"Aye, aye, Letty, go to rest, my child," said the grandfather, and Master—"I mean, Sir Edward Champernowne will tell you of his adventures to-morrow."

"Oh pray tell me more, now—I would so like to know what it is! Tell me now!" pleaded Juliet, as she drew her stool a little nearer to the circumnavigator's knees.

"Nay, fair lady, nay; to-morrow [you shall hear about the wonderful monkeys which we saw, and which screamed all night so loud—so loud! in the woods of the Orinoco!"]

"Delightful!" cried Juliet; "but I hope the Portingals came and attacked you again."

"Hope! ah, me! ah, me! what will the maiden grow to be! she will be buckling on a broadsword!"

"Ay, that will I! and when my brother Roderick goes out to fight I will go with him!" cried Juliet, as she laughingly ran from the room. But Champernowne called her back.

"Juliet," he whispered, "I have a grace to ask of thee. Call on your uncle—Uncle Ned. And when you say your prayers remember me, will you, Juliet?"

Juliet assented, looking up seriously into his face. Then she passed through the door like a vanishing beam of light.

Champernowne passed some time at Lancombe House. His adventures outlasted the week, which was the happiest one he had known for years—nay, perhaps all his life. His newly-adopted niece took possession of him, and made him do as she liked, which was to climb to the top of No Man's Land, and run perilous races down the steep green slopes, though he positively refused to lend a hand in tending Joe's cattle. The circumnavigator had almost become a plaything once more, and would have been quite one during his sojourn at Lancombe, had not the little girl with whom he frolicked, per-

with the love of a father, rather than of an uncle.

Sir John was in a most hilarious condition. His grandfather Champernowne both near him, he was as happy as he had been in his gayest time. Once some visitors appeared at the house—in the shape—yes, positively!—in the shape of Frank and his WIFE! For the old object of Champernowne had married a rosy Devonshire girl, and their two daughters, Alice and Jane, were little Juliet's favourite friends; yet not let them draw her away from Uncle Ned, to whom she had taken so great a fancy that she said she liked him better than any other friend she had ever had.

"And you will not forget me, Letty," said he, as he drew near when he must leave Lancombe. He was about to start on a short voyage, but promised to come back to see Sir John and Juliet's grandchild as soon as ever he returned.

"Forget you! no, uncle, no!" cried the excitable girl indignantly. And then as she clung to his hand, she brought their compensation for the "I do, I do hate thee" the elder Juliet had spoken in Lady Segrave's parlour, child added earnestly, in her low, soft voice—"For oh, I love thee, Uncle Ned!"

CONCLUSION.

TEARS, HALLOWED TEARS!

TEARS, hallow'd tears ! bedewing memory's waste,  
Till smiles commingle with your gentle sheen,  
Till fresh and green and beautiful you've traced  
Each dear old face, and each delightful scene  
Of happy days, the days that are no more.

Tears, hallow'd tears ! you bring the soul relief  
When prostrate in the anguish of despair ;  
Kindly you come, each burdened with a grief  
To ease the bosom of a load of care,  
And brighten thoughts of days that are no more.

Tears, hallow'd tears ! tis yours the heart to melt  
When joy has frozen all its tender streams ;  
In you the luxury of feeling's felt,  
And life surpassing those delightful dreams  
Which link to-day with days that are no more.

R. COMPTON NOAKE.

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## OUR MILITARY SYSTEM AND COMBATANT OFFICERS.

IN discussing the changes now taking place in our military system, a difficulty arises at the outset, in avoiding even the appearance of regarding it as a *party* question ; for although there are almost all shades of political opinion to be found amongst the officers of the army, the latter are thoroughly loyal to the Crown, and this sentiment pervades the rank and file, who, one and all, would probably, in their hearts, resent any imputation to the contrary, and consider it an affront to be considered merely Parliamentary soldiers, at the disposal of any ministry that might arise.

This being the general tone of feeling in the Army, it cannot be surprising that there are politicians and experimentalists, who, on the other hand, feel, if not dismayed, at any rate perplexed at this, to them, old-fashioned virtue ; and who would gladly undermine it by lowering the relative position of regimental officers, and conferring on others their peculiar privileges—privileges associated with their special duties, and not created by any simple act of power. As the "*Royal pedant*" said,—“I can make a *Lord*, but not a *gentleman*,”—so at the present day, a Secretary of State may bestow military titles of rank, on those who perform civil functions in the Army, but he cannot alter facts, and it is only in civil life that these adventitious titles can be of any advantage to their holders. The favours lavished on the latter, in their various Departments, may be estimated by the comparative superiority of the regulations governing these departments, and in consequence of which departmental officers may calculate, with tolerable accuracy, their prospects of professional advancement. On the other hand, the regulations and *customs* affecting the interests of combatant or regimental officers, remain up to the present time a mass of crude and inconsistent figments, produced almost at random, to meet sudden emergencies or to create patronage ; and while the public attention is directed to matters on the surface, there is an immense accumulation of noxious rubbish beneath. Thus, while “the Abolition of Purchase” engages the attention of all, how few consider the injurious results of the following, which are merely selected for example, as *insidious* rather than glaring evils, and as such doubly dangerous in their indirect results !

1st. There is the disproportioned patronage of high military

offices, in favour of the Irish, and of those of a now fashionable religious faith—as a careful scrutiny of military “commands,” at home and abroad, might satisfy an impartial inquirer.

2nd. Parliamentary interest, in selection for military command.

Then, amongst what may be termed the lower class of evils, should be stated:—1. The deceptive nature of official correspondence. 2. The implicit reliance placed upon vouchers, confidential reports, &c., where the matter of fact is made subordinate to the “form,” and to routine procedure. 3. The absolute unfairness, and arbitrary distribution of mess-funds and property, on the reduction of corps, whereby a few, with the control of the necessary correspondence on those occasions, may, with impunity, deprive one officer of his share, while giving another a double portion, as has already been elucidated in contemporary military papers. 8. The betrayal of privileged communications; and, on the other hand, the withholding of those that are unprivileged, by the mere will of the official holder. 9. The pretext for an educational test in one case, and the ignoring it in another, where the duties to be performed are identical. 10. The absolute impunity with which a packed board of officers may be empowered to carry out an arbitrary measure.

To the above may be added, a new source of mischief, yet apparently a highly plausible improvement in the moral system, namely, the attempt to substitute the general and *centralising* sentiment of patriotism for the more restricted *esprit de corps*.

Such questions as the above would be far beyond the reach of such a Royal Commission as that now granted; and yet they are but a tithe of those that might be raised, were it considered necessary, not simply to repair the structure, but to pull it down, clear away the accumulated debris in the cellars, and raise it again on new foundations. But the present tottering fabric, is so burdened with every description of vested interests, that no one will venture to go so far; and even in venturing a certain length, as has been seen, not the *safety* of the structure has given so much concern as the question of *proprietaryship*!

The defect of the Royal Commission seems to be its sectional and tentative character, and the absence of any guarantee for its proceedings being unbiased. The members will be nominated by those whose interests on one side only are involved in the result! To be really efficacious, such a commission should be empowered to investigate the many existing anomalies which have grown up, in the course of half a century, and to discover some general principle in which these might be either reconciled or swept away. In doing so, it would not be necessary to go into every individual case of wrong; but to find a just principle applicable to all. This would not be so difficult to find—it presents itself.

Instead of the injudicious, and, at the same time, deceptive liberality promised—but only to one class of officers—on the abolition of purchase, if the Government had been more just in extending the boon, and had fulfilled its pledges, with fewer drawbacks, conditions, and *provisoes*, there would not have arisen so much special pleading for *class* compensation by amateur actuaries. To concentrate this liberality on one class of officers, to the exclusion of another, with equal claims and vested interests, and, as a rule, of older standing, was, to say the least, rather arbitrary. But this must be added in favour of the War Minister,—that his naturally just bias has probably been warped by persistent and powerful *class* opposition,—and in a *Parliamentary* battle of *Bosworth*, the attitude of *Stanley* had to be well considered by a prudent general.

Under such pressure and intimidation, the Minister is hardly to be blamed for the shortcomings imputed to him, and which are rather due to the opposition itself; and in the appointment of a Royal Commission, it was scarcely necessary to refer to the tax-payer, for the latter knows full well, that the Parliamentary grant for the Army is quite sufficient, if more equitably appropriated.

There can be little doubt that the rates of pay in the army should undergo a thorough revision. Some have palpably too much,<sup>1</sup> and others too little; and this becomes more glaring, on the retirement of officers; for on retirement there is no one *principle* applicable to all of the departments and grades, and men who have served under precisely the same conditions, as regards duties and localities, are placed far asunder, in respect of pay, when their active life ceases. Thus, as regards Indian officers,<sup>2</sup> a much higher rate of half-pay obtains than amongst their contemporaries of the Royal Army. While rank with the former (holding good in England) is graduated to *length of service*, no such principle is admitted as regards the latter. Such anomalies become most conspicuous in private life, where not only Indian officers, but Militia and Volunteer—the latter without (not that it is their fault) any *real* service whatever—are often allowed a precedence, in virtue of *military* titles, which are denied to those old retired officers of the regular army, who joined the latter when the system of *periodical brevets* was in opera.

<sup>1</sup> These terms are used for brevity's sake.

<sup>2</sup> In India the monthly allowance of forty rupees (£40) granted to officers in command of regiments, was originally intended to be applied to hospitable purposes, when we were strangers in India, and there were few or no hotels. Now (or, at any rate, recently) however, this allowance has been taken as purely personal, and without any obligations. The cause and effect no longer exists, and yet the allowance continues, while in England, a colonel with greater calls on his purse, has no such aid from the public.

n. This system has been abrogated, but no compensation for loss of their *honorary* "vested interests" has been made to these officers; while, to paint the case more strongly, there are officers on the half-pay list, ineligible for brevet promotion, who have seen active service, who have purchased their commissions, and who have served continuously for a quarter of a century, and yet they receive more half-pay than the officer, in the same category, who has served perhaps *two* years in quarters, and has continued to draw half-pay for *sixty*! That there should be no *distinction* in such cases seems quite incredible, and quite at variance with the occasional pretence of a just economy, on the "pay for work" principle.

Although without much faith in the prevailing large *benevolence* and *genial* views of many popular *indicators* of public opinion, an article in the current number of one of the monthly magazines,<sup>1</sup> in which a *True Reformer* reiterates many of the suggestions made so ably and ably by the *present writer* in the public press, during the last three years, presents so just a summary of the *officers' grievance*, in its radical aspect, that an extract from it has been selected, and follows:—"The fact is, to use a single sentence which gives the key to his thought, one civil branch of the Army after another has gained concessions, through clamour and agitation, till the *combatant officers* have been *degraded to the lowest place*. This state of things, it is fairly added, may have had some show of justification formerly; but their education now is as scientific as that of the so-called scientific branches, and the matter calls urgently for reform. Moreover, the country is overrun by field-officers and nominal generals, for whom no employment is to be found, even if it were expected. Let this false state of things cease. Let military titles henceforward signify that the holders of them are *really what they are called*. *We have cheapened rank*—the soldier's best reward—till it has become *worthless to those it should have served*."

Combatant officers would have accepted, perhaps, without murmur, the caprices of blind fortune, and have done their duty with all the zeal of professional pride; but when, year after year, they saw themselves, as it were, overreached in the appropriation of pay granted by the nation, followed by military titles (appertaining exclusively to their class, and associated primarily with their peculiar duties) conferred on departmental officers, to whom such honours are totally inappropriate, and, as regards society in general, *truly deceptions*,—they naturally resented such an invasion of their rights, and began also to turn *their* thoughts to *pecuniary* equivalents, which, at any rate, should place them on an equal footing, in all respects, with those who had taken advantage of their too

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan's. The present writer had not seen the magazine; the extract was forwarded to him this morning (8th August).

...  
forsooth, to the rank of general with 'colonel's allowances  
new civil service, made attractive by proper pensions; re  
fraction of the corps that really does duty into regiment  
cease, in short, to flood Cheltenham and Bath and Bright  
an ocean of worthy old gentlemen *whose pretensions to the t  
bear are as unreal* as though they were called deans or ma  
Chancery,—only carry out this single reform unflinching  
your War Minister will have ready to his hand, with  
farthing of expense, cadres of officers contented with their  
*honourably ambitious of professional advancement*, and des  
professional culture."

It is perhaps too late summarily to abolish these de  
absurdities, and to style the various classes of officers of ti  
by their true designations—but they need not be perp  
Let them die out, and substitute a general adjustment and e  
tion, on retirement, of rank by actual length of service, up  
tain grade—say, colonel—with equivalent titles, but not  
the same, for all departmental officers—thus making goo  
end to an officer *that* of which accident, or a vicious syst  
deprived him, while serving.

Mr. Cardwell seems to have done a great deal in oth  
tions against dangerous obstacles; but political breakers  
will not suffer his foundations to settle. There are sever  
on which it is difficult to agree with the reformer of the  
but were certain striking defects to be eliminated, the gene  
might succeed, were the mini-ter sufficiently supported

*full pay*, which has always been paid in *advance*. Consequently the officer so situated was penniless for *four months*, with the inevitable result, in the case of one without private means, of being exposed to distress and debt. This reproach has been judiciously removed, and possibly, the benefit thereby to the service, may be greater than might at first appear.

"As matters now stand, they [the combatant officers] have been wronged—unintentionally, it is true—but yet most grievously; *for their very birthright as soldiers has been made valueless*. The commission, which should have been a *richer reward than gold*, has been stripped of its worth by the *tinsel imitations* of it scattered broadcast through the land. Undo this single evil, and once more a commission in the British army will come to be received as of itself so honourable a distinction that the rich man and the poor alike will share contentedly the toil it must carry with it in a new army."

It is such *moral injuries* as these that the combatant officers of the regular army chiefly resent, and in which all true soldiers heartily sympathise; and the more fortunate class of such officers, who profit by family or political influence, do not the less despise the principle by which their success has been insured, nor are they the worse officers because they happen to be the "accidents of accidents."

Although amongst themselves, the officers of the army may have heartburnings, they are, nevertheless, as a body, united against those prevailing shams which deceive the uninitiated in general society, and enable others, without the true military qualifications, to usurp their only advantages, and to appear amid the pomp and circumstance of what may be called *festive war*, with titles, and a consideration, perhaps, denied the real veteran officer who has served his country in every part of the globe. The old captain or subaltern, after fifteen, twenty, or even thirty years' hard service, finds himself dwarfed beside the gorgeous flower of yesterday, raised in the hot-bed of a corrupt system, and fanned by every departmental intrigue or political breeze. But we ought not to blame the gorgeous flower for the greatness thrust upon it, but rather those officials with "obliging airs," who encourage wrong by a tacit acquiescence in the betrayal of those whom they are most bound to protect.

In truth, the combatant officers of the army have hitherto been strikingly unselfish, while others have been clamorous; but, at length, finding that the *money* question was, after all, the only one which would command attention, they have been led on (by others, from political motives, perhaps), to follow the example of which they themselves have been the last to take advantage. Neverthe-

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less the spirit of avarice is not amongst them, and they have only assumed an honoured vice. They became aware (although late in the day) that the plain man who does his duty has no chance in the race of promotion with the active departmental intriguer—that their birthright of “rank for service” has been encroached on, and that men who have served *no apprenticeship* to war intercept their fair rewards, depreciate the value of relative military rank, and, having appropriated the substance, yet again return to rob them even of the shadow. Thus men who have received *larger pay on account* of the drudgery of feeding troops, are not satisfied unless they also bear the titles of those who command them in the field! But the authorities have generally been imposed upon by the “*ors rotundo*” style, and the pretentious, shallow man, with assurance and sufficient personal bulk, “talking the ‘Times,’ ‘Standard,’ or ‘Telegraph,’ with fluency, very often goes down with those in power, as men of “great ability”—“concise views”—“excellent executive officers,” and so forth!

That the combatant officer of the regular army under the old system was unfairly treated, can scarcely be denied. Trusting to still receding prospects of promotion, if without friends or wealth, he has even found opposition to his acquirement of professional knowledge! It is not many years since that a subaltern was really permitted to drill the men of his own company; and captains were frequently paralysed by the usurpations of an officious adjutant, sapping their influence through the *centralising* jealousy of colonels. This was especially the case abroad.

Since the late Lord Hardinge censured Sir C. J. Napier, for having degraded the superior rank by appointing captains to do the duty of majors—a censure, by the way, admirably answered,—we have seen the most astounding reaction, until at present every corner of society has its colonels and majors, who, on inquiry, turn out sometimes to have been orderly-room clerks promoted to quartermasterships; paymasters who had never actually commanded a company; purveyors who had simply supplied the hospitals with medicine. We do not disparage such men. Confined to their own avocations, and using their legitimate titles or designations, we respect them; but when a corrupt system dishonours their old age with the ridiculous and inappropriate travestie of *designations of command*, we do not know whether most to pity them, or the officers disparaged by this “game of war.”

With regard to the Medical department, one must not overlook at the outset, the fact, that this most useful branch of the service is entirely officered by men of education, whose influence has almost invariably been exercised in ameliorating military society, and in counteracting the otherwise resistless tyranny of those commanders

foreign stations, who aim at absolutism—and who, with the aid of the regimental staff, thoroughly in subjection, and “Confidential Reports” beyond the reach of any known law, within their direct control, might become the most dangerous of men, were it not for the power of *veto*, and, sometimes more, which to the medical officer, has most wisely been conceded—and yet, astounding as it may seem, a case occurred in India about 1846—7, where an itinerant colonel, at a lonely Himalayan station, was powerful enough to stifle the medical evidence, and the murmurs of his own regiment, and to obtain a good conduct medal and pension, for a private orderly-room clerk, who had just been accused of the murder of his wife in barracks, under circumstances which would satisfy even an Irish jury of the guilt of the accused!

But to return from this digression. Medical officers who, after they are not the *least* in consideration where combatant titles are entered broadcast, are precisely those to whom they have been reserved. On the other hand, an army surgeon after twenty or twenty-five years service, is assured an income of £365 per annum (besides private practice), with the *relative* rank of a lieutenant-colonel or colonel, whereas the regimental captain after the same period of service, may be placed upon half-pay—just exactly equal to what recently conceded to certain dockyard labourers (£127 per annum), with perhaps the drawback of having irrevocably sunk a small patrimony in the purchase of commissions worthless in value save their emanation from the Crown—which, by the way, might be said of the recent commissions.

As a rule, bad faith has been kept hitherto with the combatant officers of the army; and while departmental officers have secured their fair demands, the former have been subject to so many changing warrants and regulations, that they have never been able to look forward to any fulfilment of their implied contract with Government; and advantages under which they entered the service, when successively swept away, have not been equitably compensated—as for instance (we repeat the example) in the case of Brevet promotion, which, after undergoing every possible variation that the most perverted official ingenuity could invent, is now practically shut against several of the oldest officers with the best claims, while admitting the youngest with the most illustrious!

Can it, therefore, be surprising that the junior grades of the army feel distrustful, with such warnings ahead—for unless their promotion be sufficiently rapid to bring them within the trade-limits of preferment *before* the period of retirement comes, their prospect is indeed gloomy, being nothing less than what is equivalent to social degradation, with the bitter reflection that their time,



with wholesome reforms, there is great danger of the ul  
result being—"Confusion worse confounded," and the  
vaunted Royal Commission becoming a mere packed jury, to  
foregone conclusion, in which a select few will benefit, and p  
the best claimants be overawed or "stamped out."

B



GEMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A FAREWELL TO FLIRTATIONS.

(HORACE. LIBER iii. Od. 26. *Vixi puellis nuper idoneus*).

THOUGH once for conquests I went in,  
And had success in wooing,  
I'm giving up the fiddle now,  
And all my tootle-tooing.

Farewell, then, to the amorous strife  
That once went on between us,  
My patron saint henceforth is—well  
It isn't now Saint Venus.

Hang up my trophies in the fane  
My latch-key and et-ceteras :  
Since, when we're going to be sedate,  
Such adjuncts scarce will better us.

Yet, Venus, ere I say good-bye,  
Touch up that damsel showy ;  
My last, if not my only love,  
The teasing, tempting Chloë.

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LOVE :

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

WHEN in thy loving eyes I gaze,  
Bright grow earth's darkest, dreariest days :  
When on thy lips I print the kiss,  
Complete becomes my worldly bliss :  
When on thy breast I lean my head,  
Heaven's happiness seems on me shed :  
But when thou speak'st to me,  
I love thee, O so well, that I weep bitterly !

MAURICE DAVIES.

## THE AUTUMN WIND.

OVER the woodlands flying,  
Rustling the leaves along  
Singing, sobbing, sighing,  
I sing my solemn song.  
And birds grow sad and silent,  
And flowers grow pale and die ;  
While busy mortals listen,  
And shiver at my cry.  
Wild are the thoughts I summon  
Within the busy brain ;  
Fraught with mysterious sorrow  
And blindly-yearning pain.  
Over the stately mansion  
I pass by moonlight pale,  
And through the mirth and music  
I send my solemn wail.  
They pile the fires up higher,  
The lamps more brightly shine,  
And women strive with singing  
To drown this song of mine.  
But still my voice keeps saying  
The summer hours are fled,  
And sounds a hollow warning  
From regions of the dead.  
Over the wide, wild moorland  
I blow now soft, now strong—  
The little Highland maiden  
Pauses to hear my song.  
Her blue eyes fill with wonder  
As I lift the flaxen hair—  
Never in all my wanderings  
I crossed a thing so fair.  
I murmur child, be ready,  
The winter days do come ;  
Before the snow-clouds hover  
I'll waft your spirit home.  
And thus o'er hill and valley,  
By moonlight and by sun ;  
I herald hoary winter,  
And then my task is done.

## MY PET ANTIPATHY.

My pet antipathy was *woman*! (Fair reader, frown not, nor cast on the paper in disgust. Notice that my remark is in the past tense).

Woman, in every phase of her existence, I heartily detested. From the whining baby to the very latest period of her life, she was my most fervent antipathy. Most people have some pet object of hatred. I had mine, and under the circumstances was regarded as an unnatural monster. Some dislike railway travelling above all things—I didn't. Some can't stand Sundays—I always could. Some hate cold dinners—I never did. Some groan at getting up in the mornings—I always arose with cheerfulness. Some don't like long sermons—I really didn't mind them. In fact, altogether, I was every good sort of fellow, but I had this one serious drawback—I never felt charitable towards the feminine gender.

I imbibed my antipathy in the very first hours of my existence. From the earliest nourishment I took, I drank deep draughts of hatred for the sex. If any mother glances at these pages, in justice to her maternal feelings, I must state that I never had a mother—mean, she died when I was born, else, of course, I should have been properly brought up, and taught at least to revere *one* specimen of the daughters. In the days of my infancy I was handed over to an old hag, to be reared for the schoolroom, where a stern and kindly governess awaited me. The former half-poisoned me with opium drugs, for I was fond of exercising my lungs; the latter veiled, for my juvenile delectation, the sinfulness of mankind. (I had been disappointed in love.) Can you wonder that, with such types of the race before me, I, at ten years of age, when standing on the doorstep, preparatory to jumping into the cab that was to convey me to school, shook my fist at the house that held me, and vowed eternal hatred of such women and womankind. As older I grew, the more my dislike strengthened; and at thirty my pet antipathy was to all intents and purposes hopelessly eloped.

A baby-girl! what a little spoilt horror—even then vain of its looks, and desirous of attention! A schoolroom Miss—an awkward, ungular, *gauche* being, rough, untutored, slamming the doors, and adopting her brother's slang! A full-blown young lady in all the glories of her first season! A shallow, self-admiring, romantic creature! A bride—defend us from brides and bridals! How men be such fools! I remember once an embryo bridegroom

coming to me, beaming from head to foot, and telling me the day was fixed. "Poor fellow!" I said in my most consolatory tones, and then added in a pious strain:—"We all have our trials, Jones, and this is yours." Jones bolted, and I have not seen him since.

The brides become matrons. Who can picture the horrors of calling on a mamma, of listening to her feeble cackle about her offspring! Oh, yes! I hated women!

You must not suppose from this I was rude to women, or purposely avoided their society. True, I never sought it, but when I found myself in it, I tried not to manifest my feelings, though I often groaned in spirit when undergoing the infliction of mixing with them. More trying than anything, there was a constant scheming going on to force me among them; for I was not badly off, nor was I bad-looking. But from each encounter I came out unscathed, and my conversion seemed as far off as ever. Certainly, when I went down to stay with my old chum Maitland, at his place in Shropshire, my opinions were as firmly rooted as ever. We breakfasted *en famille*, and my place at the table was between his wife and his daughter, a maiden of five. What between the two, I dreaded that meal. The one dropping weak, little remarks and dealing out weaker tea, the other incessantly "feeding her pinafore;" and yet Maitland looked serene and happy, called the one "darling," and the other "dear." "During one of these matutinal repasts, "darling" having just poured out my second cup of her very feeble tea, and "dear" having just helped her pinafore to a generous piece of bread and honey, the former, after much thought, made this sage reflection:—"It's our school feast this afternoon." I shuddered involuntarily, and the cup of straw-coloured fluid in my hand trembled. Maitland answered cheerfully, even joyously: "All right, darling!" and "dear" put a sticky paw into my coat sleeve, and whispered confidently, "Won't it be fun!"

Oh! the misery that remark occasioned me; but my woe reached its climax when Mrs. Maitland opened a note, whose very feminine direction had shaken my nerves for some time as it lay on the table near me, and after further thought, and helping herself to her third cup of water-bewitched, she said in tones that cut me to the heart,—

"Maggie Cleveland is coming to help, and can stay some days with us."

"All right, darling!" answered Maitland, in an even happier strain than before; and again did "dear" clutch me in a friendly way, and this time whispered,—

"Maggie Cleveland is so jolly!"

I arose from that fatal breakfast a saddened man, having been quite unable to finish my tea.

"Hullo, George—what's the row?" exclaimed my worthy host, as I made for the garden; "whither away so early?"

"I don't feel very fit, somehow," I answered. "I'll see if the fresh air livens me up a bit."

"All square," he replied. "But you must 'come round,' I say, old fellow; for we must look alive this afternoon."

"This afternoon!" I said anxiously, sick at heart at the prospect.

"Oh! you know we always help the missus with the brats. You don't mind, I suppose; and Maggie is awful jolly, and heaps of tin."

I wandered miserably round the garden, trying to solace myself with a cigar. I thought over a thousand means of escape, but all were impracticable. I pictured myself ladling out a worse decoction than usual of "Darling's" tea in a huge tin can. I fancied myself with a vast dish of bread and jam, or unwholesome-looking cake, cramming it down the youngsters' throats, with "dear" nodding behind me, and hanging to my coat-tails. Then, there would be Maitland looking so provokingly happy, and "darling" serenely presiding over the making of her tea. Last, not least, there would be Miss Cleveland making love to me, for, of course, Maitland would have told her beforehand—"great chum of mine—George Phillips—capital fellow!—well off, too!" I took another turn round the garden, but things looked no brighter, and with a resignation worthy of a better cause, I returned to the house.

I heard sounds of laughter in the morning-room—feminine laughter—I fled. At the end of the passage I met "dear," her pinafore full of plunder from the kitchen-garden, in the luscious arm of raspberries. She, too, had been taking a constitutional, but with happier results than mine, for she looked in the seventh heaven of bliss. No wonder—her mouth was so full of raspberries she could hardly speak; however, she managed to gasp, "She's me!"

"Who?" I demanded, involuntarily.

"Why, Maggie Cleveland, 'c'orse," answered the child, contentedly, and gulping down her raspberries. "Come and see her," and she thrust a be-raspperried hand into mine.

I staggered, and replied briefly. "No, no, dear!"

She would have the last word, though, like all of her sex, and though half choking from another mouthful of her spoil, she managed to stutter, "But 'oo *must* t'om!"

"I can't—I don't care about Miss Cleveland," I said, trying to assuage her.

She laughed, so tickled at the idea, that they in the morning-room heard her, and "darling" opened the door, and called "Dear,

come and see Miss Cleveland." Of course she saw me—I was caught, and obliged to yield to my infant tormentor's wishes. I bowed distantly, on introduction to the young lady; but, to my horror, she held out her hand. I thought, "Maitland has been telling her I have tin." I barely touched the proffered hand, and "dear" broke in with:—

"Miss Cleveland, he says he don't care about 'oo."

"Naturally not," she answered merrily. "Mr. Phillips couldn't care about people he had never seen."

I felt a fool. Choosing a moment when she was engaged talking to "darling," I stole a glance at her. I beheld a remarkably pretty specimen of feminine humanity; but my heart had long been steeled to such weapons as garnished her armoury of charms. What cared I for her raven tresses, black eyes, a smiling mouth, and bright complexion? They were nothing to me—I turned away from Maggie Cleveland, unimpressed. My gaze rested on "dear." With a hugh sigh, she was just disposing of her last raspberry. She held it up admiringly to the light between her stained fingers, she took a last, loving look at it, her mouth opened—I could bear no more. I descried Maitland on the lawn; with a muttered excuse to the ladies, I joined him, and then followed a happy hour—an hour of sweet communion with my fellow-man. I forgot there was such a thing as woman. But good things are not made to last, and the most blissful moments must know an end. My peace of mind came to a fatal termination, when suddenly my easy-going chum exclaimed, "Here we are!" and I found myself back in the morning-room. But what a transformation had the apartment undergone in that short hour. I reeled against a chair for support, and tried to understand what I saw. The table was covered with a coarse kitchen table-cloth. On it were sundry vast trays bearing gigantic slices of bread and butter. Overgrown loaves were heaped at one end, and an immense china plate bore butter to match. "Darling," in an apron of unlimited dimensions, was buttering the slices that Miss Cleveland was vigorously cutting from one of the loaves. The latter had removed a pair of pink and white cuffs from her wrists, and had partially rolled up the sleeves of her holland dress—"dear" was picking up the crumbs.

"The servants are so busy," said Mrs. Maitland, apologetically, "that I said we would get the bread and butter ready."

The temporarily banished theme of the school-feast now returned to my mind with fearful intensity. I understood what I saw.

"What a lark!" exclaimed Maitland, seizing on a loaf, and hewing at it energetically. "Here George," and he thrust another, accompanied by a terrible-looking knife into my reluctant hands. I dug at random, I dug with gloomy despair.

Oh! horrors! I felt Miss Cleveland's dress brushing against me, awkward hands were thrust aside by her two cleverer members, badly-aimed knife wrenched from its purposeless situation, and far round scientifically detached from the whole; while the doctor said, laughing, "You have much to learn yet, Mr. Phillips, you were ruining the loaf. You must do it thus," as the slice fell from under the blade. Had I been a raw boy I should have blushed; being a man of thirty, I did not; but I thanked her gravely in measured tones, while I communed with my heart thus:—this girl is dangerous. She is clever and determined. She is to be feared; she is making a dead set at me. She is exhibiting readiness and abilities, hoping to blind me—to wean me from my antipathy. Yes, Maggie Cleveland is very dangerous."

Occupied with my cogitations, I worked silently, each slice being, as it was cut, pounced upon by "darling," quickly spread, and laid upon the tray, ready for the business of the afternoon. The doctors proceeded merrily, but mirth was far from me, my hands liked their unaccustomed task; still I went on bravely, till my equanimity was entirely upset by "dear" offering me a waif she had abstracted from the tray, not finding the crumbs very substantial, suppose, and saying, "Aren't 'oo hungry? Have some!"

Human nature had borne a great deal, but this was past bearing. I suddenly recollected there was a leader in the *Times* of that morning that I must peruse before lunch. I tried to say so, as if I had not remembered it, but I fear it came out rather labouringly. However, they weren't discerning people, and it "went down," as with Miss Cleveland. I fancy—I am sure I saw a smile lurk round the corners of her mouth as I bolted.

I banged the library-door too, and flung myself on the sofa, with a sigh of relief. But I was a conscientious man; so seeing the *Times* on the table, I arose, got it, returned to the sofa, and diligently read the longest leading article. It was on education, and very curious. All the time Miss Cleveland's words—"You have much to learn yet, Mr. Phillips," kept ringing in my ears. I wondered what I had to learn. She had taught me to cut bread—was that what I had to learn? If so, I had learnt it, and my education was complete. But she said, "You have *much* to learn." Learning to cut a loaf was little. Clearly she implied my learning was defective on other points. What could it be of which I was ignorant? I tried to see if the article would help me. But it left me as much in the dark as ever; and having quieted my scruples by, with a great effort, finishing it, I glanced at the first page. First announcement I read was the marriage of an old friend of mine. "Idiot!" I exclaimed, and flung the paper on the floor. He was a first-rate fellow, and to hear of his sacrificing himself to Hymen in that sort



of way, was disappointing. I had hoped better things of him. I was ruminating on this sore topic, when all of a sudden I solved the knotty point that had five minutes before been bothering my brain. "You have much to learn yet." The answer came as clear as if another had spoken it. She means you must learn to overcome your pet antipathy, George Phillips." And then another feminine voice seemed to whisper, "and *she* will teach you."

"No, by George, she won't!" I answered, impetuously, and aloud, getting up from the sofa. Maitland entered, he had overheard my words, and seen my action.

"I say, old fellow, there's something the row with you to-day," he began kindly. "You aren't yourself."

"I am, though," I retorted, savagely, painfully conscious of the fact. "When's luncheon? I am fearfully hungry." Second fib in an hour, I generally went it at an easier pace than that. The reins of conscience were slackening, and all through the women. "They are at the bottom of every evil." I said to myself. No one but a woman would have thought of school-feasts."

In due time luncheon appeared, and I felt better for it. Miss Cleveland sat opposite me, but she gave all her attention to the strawberries, and all her brilliant glances to the flowers in the middle of the table. That surprised me. Not every girl can afford to waste her smiles on such trifles, when £1000 a-year is sitting opposite her. "Independent," I mentally added to the character I had already drawn up of her.

After the repast, the ladies withdrew to adorn themselves somewhat; Miss Cleveland to see what advantage an intricate affair of white and rose-colour would have over the present plain holland garb. The change from morning to afternoon toilette was so striking, that Maitland exclaimed, "Stunning!" when his visitor entered in all the glory of her fresh turn-out. "Who is that meant to fascinate?" he demanded, curiously.

Miss Cleveland replied, with the utmost demureness, "The Curate's favourite colour is rose."

"A flirt!" was the next characteristic I entered in my private category of her failings.

At three, P.M., people arrived in shoals. Villagers, children, flocked upon the green, devoted to the entertainment. Mothers and babies arrived on the scene of action. Teachers, male and female, hurried through the ranks, and the Curate came from the midst of them, and shook hands with Miss Cleveland.

"Curates don't shake hands with penniless girls," I whispered spitefully to myself.

And then came the worst. The youngsters were marshalled round a table of enormous dimensions; grace was sung in an extra-

ng treble (there were more girls than boys), and "darling," ng placidly, placed a steaming can of her weakest tea in my bling hands.

'What am I to do with it?' I gasped, for the hot vapour was g into my face.

'What a lot you have to learn yet,' said Miss Cleveland at ide, in decided tones. She calmly took the vessel from my rs, very hot from holding it, and poured out cup after cup, with steadiness that not a drop was spilt. I must own I was kful—I forgot she was a woman. I was standing, fearful lest rling" should inflict something else on me, when "dear" ed up, seized my hand with her warm little fist, and said with g-drawn breath, "*Isn't it jolly?*"

My agonised expression caught Miss Cleveland's eye. She smiled, said something to the Curate, who of course smiled also. The of her sex quickly returned to my memory. But I felt rather med of myself, when she suddenly came round to me, and said, ly,—

'You are not accustomed to this sort of thing, I can see. I just asking Mr. Edwards, and he says the safety of the swings, ne end of the meadow, require attention, do you mind just ing at them? The children will be going there immediately have finished.

I quite forgot again that Maggie Cleveland was a woman, and shed off so light-hearted, that I found myself positively whistling ne—a thing "darling" and "dear's" society had of late quite erated from my accomplishments.

When I returned from my mission the gorging of bread and er and cake had reached its *finale*, so, owing to Miss Cleveland's ghtfulness, I was spared further apprehensions on that score. e had just been sung in an even shriller strain than last time; the Curate replaced his hat on his head, and looked at Maggie eland to see whether her eyes were turned in his direction. A l of wicked pleasure shot through me when I saw his dis- inted air, for she, of the golden charms, was in the act of cross- over to me—not that I wanted her. Dear me, no! Only I glad it was not Edwards.

'I suppose,' she said, laughing, "I must find you some more employment. I am so sorry for you. I have already divined pet antipathy." I started. She said the latter clause in a of ironical pity, I added "satirical" to my list. "Maggie eland's character is developing," I thought. "Then I asked, id pray what is my pet antipathy?" This I said in a freezing , meant to quench that young lady.

'School feasts,' she replied, looking wise.

"It isn't," I answered, briefly. "And I can't tell it you. You would say I was rude, merely because I said what I thought."

"Doubtless," she replied, indifferently. "It would not do if we all said what we thought. We think a great many rude things. However, I am going to say something I think, at the expense of being thought horribly unpolite. *My pet antipathy* is—well—you know, it is people, who are just a little—just a very little, you know, out of temper, and so I am going to help Mr. Edwards with the children."

She went. I looked towards the group she had joined. She was earnestly talking to the Curate.

"I'll punch that fellow's head!" I growled, wrathfully. I can't have been myself that day. There was no reason why I should punch the Curate's head. He was nothing to me. He was doing me no harm. It didn't signify to me who Miss Cleveland talked to.

"Why so glum, George?" said Maitland, coming to me with his provokingly happy smile, and slapping me affectionately on the back. "Has the fair Margaret given you the cold shoulder? You should keep your eyes open, old boy! She's a good spec!"

"Bother the women!" I said, savagely. "I hate women, and you know I do."

"Come, don't speak so hopelessly," he answered, soothingly, as if discussing some disease; and then added in the simple innocence of his heart, "I think we're bringing you round, somewhat; you must thank my wife and little one for that. I knew if we once got you down here, we would soon convert you. Here, dear," frantically picking up his daughter, who was lovingly embracing his knees. "You like Mr. Phillips, don't you?"

"Yes," said the child, solemnly.

Ah! I knew that to my cost. If the women only hated me, it wouldn't be half so bad to bear. "Darling's" liking took the form of profuse offers of her wretched tea. "Dear" wanted to share her petty thefts in the edible line, with me; and Maggie Cleveland—well, I could not quite make out Maggie Cleveland.

"Hang that Curate!" I suddenly ejaculated. Fortunately no one heard me, or they might have been surprised. He was doing me no harm, he was only buttoning Miss Cleveland's glove which had come unfastened. "What business had he to offer such familiar services. I call it very impertinent of him," I said, mentally. "I shouldn't have thought of such a thing."

The hours dragged slowly on. After lagging desperately on the way, the hands at last reached 8.30, the time for the revelry to cease. We, the entertainers, then adjourned to supper. Of course the Curate was asked in. The "cheek" of the fellow amazed me.

le calmly sat next Miss Cleveland, without waiting for the host to indicate some modest corner of the table for him to slip into. Of course it made no difference to me, but it was very "cheeky" of him. If I was Miss Cleveland, I wouldn't have stood it. These curates are insufferable. There is no putting them down.

About ten he rose to go. He bid Miss Cleveland good-night with a sigh.

"I'll go down to the gate with you," I said, for I wanted, somehow, to see him off the premises.

"Isn't Miss Cleveland a charming girl?" he began, as soon as we were outside.

"I don't care for women," I replied, indifferently. "She's all enough."

"Well enough!" he retorted, with a big note of exclamation after the "enough." "She's absolutely enchanting—perfect! A discerning girl, too. No chaff about her. Such a delightful conversation! You didn't enjoy much of her society. Ah! I know her well" ("You do, my friend," I muttered), "and, I fear, rather monopolised her. I hope you didn't mind?"

"Good night," I said, brusquely, for we had reached the gate. These curates are beyond everything in the way of "cheek."

As I gained the verandah I found Miss Cleveland (straining her eyes after the retreating Curate, I presumed) there. She was going in, but I said, "Don't run away. I'm not ill-tempered, now."

"Not my pet antipathy," she answered, laughing. "I should like to know yours."

"I think its altered lately," I replied. "I think it's the curate."

"Oh! he's not bad," she said, musingly.

"He's a fool!" I answered, decidedly.

Good gracious! There he was again!

"I—I have forgotten my gloves," he explained, nervously. "So I just hastened back for them. Here they are!" diving into the hall, and reappearing. "Good night, Miss Cleveland. Indeed, trust the night air won't chill you. Allow me—hadn't you better go in? Mr. Phillips does not know, as I do, how delicate you are"—(impudent wretch!)

"Ah! never mind me," she answered, carelessly, and wandered off to the greenhouse at the end of the verandah, without returning his good night.

Again I saw Edwards down to the gate. I fastened it after him, but there was no lock. I tapped at the door of the lodge.

"Don't you lock this gate at night? It is not safe, you know, in a lonely place like this to leave it unlocked."

I did not go back till I had made it fast myself, shook it to make sure, and observed that climbing over was impossible. Then I returned, and slept the sleep of the peaceful, for the Curate could not get in before morning I knew for a fact. Of course it didn't matter to me how often he came, only really his fearful cheek required subduing.

Somehow the following day, and the following, I was uneasy unless Miss Cleveland was in sight. I was so afraid lest that presumptuous curate should be attacking her. The third day he lunched with us, and made me so anxious, though I kept my eye on him, that when he went, I said to Miss Cleveland, "I am quite sure now. The Curate is my pet antipathy."

The fourth, fifth, and sixth days were all serene, but on the seventh I lost sight of Maggie Cleveland for two hours. Where was she? I hunted vainly high and low. And—I met her, at last, talking to Edwards in the lane, whither she had idly wandered.

Really the fellow's coolness was unbearable. He presented her with some flowers before my very eyes. My righteous indignation at his conduct knew no bounds.

Suddenly an awful thought struck me. "He will propose to her next time he has the opportunity! He is capable of any audacity."

Wild with infinite horror at the idea, there was only one scheme I could think of that would avert such unlicensed daring on his part. At any price it must be prevented. It must be done instantly. Not a moment was to be lost. How could I tell but that there might be a note in the very bouquet he had given her? I hastily pursued Miss Cleveland, when the upstart left her, into the conservatory. And then I did a thing that stunned me with amazement of myself, as soon as I had done it. A thing I had a hundred times vowed I should never be guilty of with regard to any woman. I asked her to be my wife. She turned her eyes upon me with such a pure gentle glance, that my stony heart has never been hard since, and said, in a voice that thrilled me through and through—But I won't tell you what she said. It's no business of yours.

We were standing very near each other after she had said—what I won't tell you—in fact, very, very near, strikingly near. You can imagine the attitudes. Suddenly I heard an unmistakable voice behind me say—"Does 'oo care about Miss Cleveland, now?"

"Dear," you're a villain!" I exclaimed, turning round wrathfully. The child fled, and told "Darling" all about it.

The next day the Curate called. I let him do all he chose. I

had the upper hand of him, now. I walked down to the gate with him when he left.

"Charming girl, Miss Cleveland!" I began.

"Very!" he answered, fervently. "So winning, falls into one's ways so, doesn't she?" (A pause). "Do you think she'd make a good wife?"

"Excellent!" I replied, dryly.

"These sort of things make one a little nervous, don't they? Marrying, I mean." The Curate was getting confused. "So you think Maggie Cleveland would make a good wife?"

"Sure of it. So sure of it, in fact, that I have asked her to be mine." (Exit Curate—a really good fellow, and afterwards chum of mine.

And so it came to pass that, notwithstanding "my pet antipathy," I am a married man.



## WAS IT A DREAM?

I WAS stretched full length upon the Seaton beach, close to the mouth of the little river Axe, basking in the sun, and in the thorough enjoyment of a day's idleness when I heard near me the crunching footsteps of a wanderer, who was evidently about to break the delicious reveries which my fancied solitude had conjured up. At the exact moment, when the sound of the footfall struck my ear, I was unscrewing the top of my brandy-flask, preparatory to indulging in a moderate sip of its contents, to enable me the better to enjoy the delicious perfume of Latakia tobacco, while I feasted my eyes with the crossed pages of the first letter I had ever received from Mary Jane, who had yielded to my request that we should correspond, and had enclosed her photograph. I was in hopes that the wanderer would pass on his way, but I was disappointed.

"Servant, sir!" exclaimed the stranger, who met my astonished gaze. He was evidently a seafaring man, of great age and experience, and, from the patched state of his garments, I concluded that the principal part of his time was passed in sitting on the shingle and hauling the heavy mackerel seines along the shore. "Servant, sir!" said my friend, bringing himself to an anchor—"sorry to see you doing that," and he pointed to my brandy-flask.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "you are a teetotaller, I suppose?"

"Yes, young man," he said, "I am a total abstainer, excepting in times of sickness, and then spirits are no doubt of use, particularly in seasons of cramp, to which I am much subject; indeed, I am hardly ever free from them, and oh, lor'! it's in my right leg now."

"Would you like a drop of the brandy now?" I inquired.

"Thankee, young man," he replied; "don't you trouble yourself to pour it out, I will just put it to my lips," and so he did. "I wonder at you," he continued after recovering his breath, "being such a young man, too, doing such a thing—you are smoking, too, and I ain't; now that can't be right, you know!"

"What?" I said; "don't you smoke?"

"Only," he replied, "when my tooth aches, and I was going to the dentist's this very day! You could not spare a bit of tobacco, could you," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "but I can't let you have my pipe."

"Providentially, I have an old clay in my pocket," answered the old sailor, and so, indeed, he had, one with a remarkably large bowl, too. After a few puffs, he continued his conversation.

at your young woman?" he inquired taking up the photograph of Mary Jane.

"Oh, come," I said, "you leave that alone; that is none of business!"

"I am not so sure of that," said he. "I have not got a young man, and I didn't know why you should have a young woman."

"Why," I exclaimed, angrily, "you are ninety years old, if you are a day, and what do you want with a sweetheart?"

"It isn't that," said my friend. "I don't want a sweetheart, that is why I object to your wanting one."

"Well," I replied, "you are a nice fellow! I must not be in, nor I must not smoke, nor drink grog!"

"Stop that!" said my companion. "I don't mind how much smoke, or how much you drink, provided it's the wish of the company; but it's against my principles, that you should enjoy yourself when the rest of the company ain't provided for. 'Share share alike,' that's my motto; although, mind you, as far as my own wishes go, I'm against spirits, excepting in cases of cramps, dead against tobacco, unless my tooth aches, and I would not have young girls at all, provided I had my way. I don't care if I never see one, and I've had a deal of experience too."

"Why, where on earth did you get these ideas into your head?" he inquired.

"Oh, they are common enough about here," he replied. "Did you ever hear of Permissive Bills?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you see that cottage there," he inquired.

"Certainly I do, my good fellow."

"Well, then," said the old sailor, "that's where the head of Permissivites holds out."

"Then," said I, "I'm off by the first train; for I don't like to go to his friends."

"I ain't no friend of his," growled my companion. "He is a rant; he wants to stop my medicine. I went with that man," he continued, "just as far as a human being could go. I gave up spirits and tobacco as articles of luxury, and I'm blowed if he don't try to stop them as medicines! There's gratitude for you! And it's more, young man," he continued, "all he knows about Permissive Bills he learnt from me!"

"How is that?" I inquired.

"Well," said my friend, "just hand me over your flask, to stop the pain which is just coming on in my left leg, and let me take a few drops to ease my tooth a-bit, and I don't mind if I tell you all about it. You looks to me like a young man who would be the better for it. So here goes for a yarn."



"It was aboard of the 'lively Peggy,' hailing from 'Sydney,' that I first began to have serious thoughts. We were engaged in providing labourers for New Caledonia, and a very profitable kind of trade it was. There was plenty of grog and liberty, too, on board, and a chance of a sweetheart, without going into port, and falling among land-sharks. Our object, too, was good, as we were developing the resources of a rising settlement, and spreading the knowledge of the dignity of labour among a lot of heathen savages—not that I mean to say that these reflections ever came into my mind, only I heard our owner at Sydney make some such remark to our skipper before the ship sailed, and then I recollect well they winked hard at each other. We had a merry cruise at first, although I don't deny that we came it rather strong sometimes. It was our skipper that dressed himself up as a missionary bishop, and asked the natives to come on board to prayers, and then forced them down the hold, while the boatswain was singing out Oh, Paradise! oh Paradise! One day we had roughish work off Banks Group. We stove in a lot of canoes alongside, and then picked up as many as we wanted, leaving the others to drown. Our skipper never liked waste, and kicked up a row about it. Then we had another rumpus for a likely-looking girl, sprung over the bulwarks into the darkness, and was drowned. They were like that some of them, and this one had seen her husband and child drown before her eyes in the morning; so that the captain got angry, as he said, "We men might have waited for a day or two until she got at home like." However, this was only the beginning of the row. On a sudden some one calls out 'fire!' and sure enough a lot of smoke was seen coming out of the hold. I'm blessed if the heathen brutes had not fired the ship! They had got off their handcuffs, too, some of them, and they were on us before we knew what they were after. I never saw such a set of beasts in my life. Women fought like men and worse. One young girl flung herself on a sailor who had got knocked down, and, fastening her teeth in his throat, she worried him just like a dog! In the midst of the awful row, I could not help thinking it was a queer end for 'Fancy Jack,' as we used to call him. However, I did not stop to think very much, for I had to look after my own skin. The last I saw was the skipper. Three black brutes had dragged him to the main hatch, which was just a hell of fire, and in they all tumbled, into the fiery gulf. I made my way up the mizen rigging, and the flames did not get well at me, as the ship was before the wind, but there were clouds of smoke which almost choked me, although they hid me from the black fellows. I suppose in a quarter of an hour the whole business was over. About twenty of the natives—indeed, all that were left—began singing some outlandish gibberish, and, on a sudden, they

ave a jump altogether over the bulwarks, and struck out swimming to the North-east. I crept down at last, and looked round for a chance of life, but there seemed no hope. At last I thought of the little dingey swung at the stern, and I tried to lower her. It was no use, so I got out my knife and cut her away. Into the water she went, and, as luck would have it, didn't capsize. I was not long in going after her, and after baling with my cap for an hour or more, I got into her. I suppose I fainted off, for when I came to myself there was no sign of the ship, though she was not half a mile away when I climbed over the stern of the dingey. The night passed away somehow, but it was awful while it lasted. I was frightened, and out of my mind. Sometimes I cursed and then I prayed, and all of a sudden I saw a dreadful flash of lightning, and I recollect nothing more until I woke up, and found it was broad day. The boat was ashore! Sure enough there she lay rocking and grating on the beach with the gentle swell of the waves, and in another moment I jumped out and managed to haul her high and dry. I looked round, but could only see a thick belt of brushwood, extending almost down to the water's edge. I wandered along for nearly a mile to try and find an opening, and came at last on a clearing, where there was a grove of cocoa-nut trees. Two or three nuts were on the ground, and glad I was to quench my thirst with the milk. I lay down to rest for awhile, and tumbled off into a sleep again, and when I opened my eyes, there were six black fellows sitting round me in a circle. They were precious ugly, and all as like as two peas. They all wore etticoats, and I might have thought they were women, only they were so still and quiet. I suppose I stared and they stared for a matter of half an hour before they spoke to each other.

"But what astonished me most was the fact that they all spoke English. 'My dear fellow,' said one, 'have you finished your ketch of the poor creature? It is getting near dinner-time, and the sooner we put him to sleep the better.' 'Have you the bottle, doctor,' said another? 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have a new preparation which I am anxious to try. It is better than chloroform, as it produces death in a quarter of the time.' I had opened my eyes wide enough now; but I was confused, and could only make out something about a bottle, so I called out, 'Give us a drop of grog.' I think if I had exploded a powder magazine under them I should have created far less astonishment. 'Why, he speaks our language!' said the senior of the party.—What is your name?' he continued, hurriedly. 'Bill, your honour,' I replied. 'Then,' said the gentleman, 'we have only one course to pursue. Any one bearing that name and speaking our language must at least be heard in his defence, and this grog-consumer must be brought before the

court.' They made me get up and follow them, and, after a long walk, we entered the town. The man who built that town was a man after my own heart; he was all for uniformity. Jack's as good as his master, and share and share alike all the world over, that's my motto. One could see at a glance that the houses had once been of all sorts, sizes, and shapes; but it was wonderful to see how the last architect had got everything ship-shape and all of a pattern. Every house had precisely the same number of windows and chimney-pots, and all the doors, both sides of the streets, were marked No. 1. It was just beautiful.

"I had little time for observation, however, as a crowd gathered about me and my conductors as soon as we entered the town. The persons who had me in charge grew impatient. 'Where is Robert?' said one to the other. 'Never can get Robert if you want him!' said another. At last a common-looking man of large size appeared from an underground opening. He spoke thickly, as if his mouth was full. 'Now, then! what is this here row about?' My conductors explained how I had been found, when Robert knocked me down and handcuffed me, saying, 'I shall take you before the magistrate as a 'jetsome.' My case evidently excited great interest, and the sitting magistrate, who was a very venerable-looking black, was a good deal surprised when I was put in the dock. 'Why is this individual brought before me?' he said—'the law is clear, that all animals thrown alive upon our shores are instantly to be put to death, and why, I ask, has an exception been made in this case?' Robert now spoke up. 'From information which I received'—but the magistrate stopped him. 'It was not your duty, sir, to receive information. It seems to me that you are always receiving information when you ought to be knocking people down, and knocking people down when you ought to be receiving information.' The senior of the party who first discovered me, now stepped forward. 'Sir,' he said, 'this creature speaks our language, and owns to the name of Bill.' 'That alters the case,' said the magistrate, 'and perhaps some hesitation was excusable with regard to carrying out the strict letter of the law. Prisoner, you say your name is Bill—are you connected with Permissive Bill?' 'Never heard of him, your honour,' said I. 'This is sad,' replied the magistrate—'there can be no other Bill in the world worth anything.' 'I thought it better to bring him before you,' said my advocate, 'although, at the same time, I do not wish to disguise from you that this man is very dangerous. As soon as he opened his mouth he asked for grog!' 'Clear the court,' said the magistrate, 'these indecent expressions should not be repeated in public.—Prisoner,' he continued, 'state your occupation or profession.' 'Able seaman, married man and five children, your

your,' I replied. 'This is awful,' said the magistrate; 'do you list of your crimes?—Gag him, Robert—gag the villain at once!—I shall remand the prisoner,' he continued, 'for a month. 'Let the chaplain be instructed to endeavour to bring the wretched creature to some sense of his duties, and perhaps it would be as well that the doctor should see if he is altogether sane. By the bye, has he been searched?' 'Your worship,' said Robert, 'from information which I received, I put my hand in this criminal's pockets, and found these burglarious articles,' and here he held up my old pipe and some Cavendish tobacco. 'Have you a medical certificate, prisoner,' inquired the magistrate? 'Never on the sick list of my life, your worship,' I replied. 'We had better end this dolorable scene at once,' he exclaimed. 'Take this reprobate, away!' In another hour I was in jail.

"The next day the chaplain visited me, and encouraged me to make a full confession. When I had finished he addressed me in a very kind way. 'You seem to have been a terrible blackguard,' he said, 'but it must be acknowledged that you have been taught better. All your crimes evidently spring from the extraordinary illusion, that individual conscience can by any possibility produce uniform results. Strange that you, a sailor, cannot see that when men haul at a rope, they must all haul one way. Uniformity is the very basis on which the perfection of humanity must be placed, and you appear utterly to have neglected it. What could be expected from a man who confesses that he was drunk one day and sober the next, utterly regardless of the wishes of the majority of his associates. Now consider that if 'no drinking' was the rule universally enforced, it would be impossible to get drunk, and most of our errors appear to me to have sprung from drunkenness.' 'If I please, sir,' I said, 'if you will let me out of this I will never drink another drop, so help me bob.' 'But,' said the chaplain, 'will you pledge yourself to enforce total abstinence in the case of others?' 'Why,' of course, your honour,' I replied, 'it is not likely I am going to allow other people to get grog, when mine is stopped.' 'I have now some hopes of you,' said the chaplain; 'your view is philosophical enough.' 'At the same time, your honour's reverence,' I said, 'if a poor man might speak, I should think it would be a pleasanter sort of uniformity if we all got drunk together.' 'That,' said the reverend gentleman, 'I have no objection when the permissive Bill shall have been passed for universal drunkenness. But obedience to the laws is the first duty, and as the law proclaims 'total abstinence,' it is both my duty to obey it and enforce it. Take my advice, my good man,' he continued, 'and when you are brought up again before the magistrate, take the pledge and sign the Permissive Bill.' 'I am afraid, sir, my con-

stitution will suffer a good deal,' I said. 'You need not be afraid,' replied the reverend gentleman. 'Sickness has its privileges, and there is no limitation to the prescriptions of a medical gentleman. We Permissivites, are deeply indebted to medical men, and entertain a true regard for them. I am a very sickly man myself, and am obliged frequently to resort to them for aid. Indeed, were it not for a mixture called 'Spiritus Vini Gallici,' I should hardly now be able to explain to you your duties as a teetotaler.' 'I'm in shocking bad health, too,' I exclaimed, 'so I'll take the pledge, your honour, at once, and sign the Permissive Bill in duplicate.' 'This is very gratifying,' said the chaplain, 'but I must say a few words on the subject of tobacco. You must renounce it?' 'Why?' I inquired, 'Because,' said the reverend gentleman, 'tobacco renders every man indifferent to the welfare of his brother man. Absorbed in his own dreams, he leaves other people alone, and it is only by constant interference in other people's affairs, that society can be held together.' 'But tobacco does interfere with people,' I answered. 'True,' replied the chaplain, 'and so far tobacco has its good quality, but the happiness that it affords the smoker is quite sufficient to make it objectionable to the non-smoker; and the one good tobacco possesses of irritating other people can be effected by the consumption of onions, which renders a man equally a nuisance to himself and to his neighbours, and thus fulfils one of the chief obligations of a Permissive enactment. Will you give up tobacco, my friend?' he continued. 'Is there any objection to tobacco as a medicine?' I inquired. 'Certainly not, when properly recommended by a physician,' he replied. 'Toothache, for instance, is usually treated by the chewing of an article called a quid, which bears some resemblance to that stupefying drug found in your pockets; and smoking is a favourite remedy in the sick room.' 'Don't say another word, your reverence,' I replied. 'I'll take the pledge against tobacco, cheerfully.' 'I must leave you, now,' said the chaplain, 'and I think you may soon expect a visit from our worthy doctor.'

"The next day, sure enough, the doctor came into my cell, and I'm blest if he was not a woman! She was dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and buff-coloured inexpressibles; but education had not been able to obliterate all traces of female vanity, and she evidently was wearing a dress improver. With this exception, however, she had been most successful in acquiring the appearance of a studious professor. She had a very dirty face and hands, her neck-tie had not been changed for a week, and her hair was untidy and uncombed, twisted up in a little knot on the top of her head. (She felt my pulse and looked at my tongue, and asked me a few simple questions, evidently to prove my sanity. I think her test question

was, 'Can you describe the structure of glaciers, and the mode of their formation, and what traces of their action are found on the earth when they are not found?' I answered this simple question easily, and the learned lady smiled. 'Lucky for you, my man,' she said, 'you answered right, or into a lunatic asylum you would have gone for the rest of your life. Now,' she continued, 'tell us all about it, and what the deuce you meant by telling the magistrate you had a wife and five children?' I explained how I got married, and what the law was in old England, at which she was much amused. 'We have at present totally obliterated the distinctions of sex,' she said, 'and, of course, infants having been abolished, it was difficult for the magistrate to understand your assertion that you had a wife and five children. Long, long ago, we had a marriage system such as you speak of, but it did not answer. As women obtained their rights, no one could be found to nurse the baby, and the whole thing had to be re-arranged. We have tried many plans since then. Limited partnerships without liabilities—platonic societies and various other philosophical plans; but the wretched baby-question always interfered, and now we have passed a Permissive Bill abolishing the distinctions of sex.' 'And are the men and women quite willing to unsex themselves, doctor?' I asked. 'Yes,' she replied; 'we have ceased to be men and women, and have become Permissivites, which is a totally different thing. Then, again, we have more time to interest ourselves in the private affairs of our neighbours, and, above all, 'we are all in the same box.' There is nothing like uniformity, and, under the old system, one woman got a husband and another did not, and it was impossible to stand that!' 'I suppose, doctor,' I said, 'that all professions are open alike to all of the former male and female lasses. Undoubtedly,' she replied: 'I am in large practice, and I have three resident pupils, who, curiously enough, are of what used to be the male sex. My next-door neighbour is a man milliner, who, by a strange coincidence, has three female Permissivites to assist him. In fact, there are practically no distinctions of sex. I will tell you what it is, young fellow,' said the doctor, 'I have taken rather a liking to you; and when you are discharged from prison, I will take you as an assistant. 'Can I have the free run of the medicine chest, your honour?' I inquired. 'What's your disease?' said he. 'Cramps, your honour, three times a-day, and toothache after meals.' 'All right!' said the doctor—'it's a bargain.'

"As soon as I was discharged I entered that medical lady's service, and a happier and more blessed time of it a poor fellow never had. No drunkenness! no smoking! no squalling children! We were all just one united family and all uniform. Our cramps

took us all at the same time, and the toothache came on at regular hours, and the idea of marriage never came into our heads. It was too good to last, and it all came to an end. At the end of a year there was a contraband article found in our house, although the doctor and I knew no more about it than the man in the moon. The magistrates said it was an unlawful 'Bill,' and a warrant was issued ; so the doctor and I had to cut and run. 'And how did you escape?' I exclaimed, for the voice of the old sailor grew faint and indistinct. I waited a long time for a reply. When at last the reply did come, it came in a totally different tone from that to which I had so long listened. 'I'll tell you what it is, young fellow, the next time you goes to sleep on the beach, you look out for a berth above high-water mark?' I started up and a sailor stood by my side, but it was not Bill. 'He did escape?' I exclaimed. 'He aint the only one 'escaped,' I reckon,' said my new friend. 'You take my advice, young man, and go back to your friends by the first train.' I took his advice, and gathered up my empty flask, my tobacco-pouch, and my Mary Jane. They were all right; but where, oh where, was Bill?

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HARRISON AINSWORTH'S NEW NOVEL.<sup>1</sup>

seldom that a novelist adds to his reputation by his later works. Constant operations on the most abundant vein eventually exhaust gold in the mine—or, at all events, cause the ultimate yields to possess but a small proportion of the pure metal. Like all other, this one has its exceptions. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's last is equal to the best of his earlier novels.

The author has been very happy in his selection of scene and period. The adventures of the Pretender have, indeed, been again and again woven among the threads of a novel—but never by who possessed so considerable a knowledge of the locality in which the most important disasters occurred to the sanguine Prince. Manchester seems to have few secrets of which Mr. Ainsworth is unaware, and the portions of the present work which describe the situation of that town, at the time of the ill-advised march of Charles Edward, are extremely valuable.

The story itself consists of simple materials; but there is such a continuity of interest that the reader's attention is chained throughout, and his spirits quite roused by the hurry and bustle of the times.

The first chapter, which is really a sort of prologue, describes the abduction of an infant heir from a moated castle. Twenty-one years after this event we are introduced to Manchester—and to the history of the period. The cause of the Pretender is being discussed. The beautiful women and heroic men espouse the Prince's cause. There are the unamiable or imbecile characters—represented by magistrates and cowardly curates—profess Whig principles. The ladies form a potent element. Two of them succeed in inducing their husbands to join the Manchester regiment. Constance Rawcliffe falls upon the hero of the story; and Monica Butler despatches Percy Dawson as her knight. Atherton Legh, the hero, is one whose birth is shrouded in a mystery, which the story unravels. In him and his adventures we say nothing, recommending the reader to go to the book itself. Besides the record of Atherton Legh's adventures in love and war, there are other records, forming a sort of by-plot, which add greatly to the interest of the story. The romantic and touching history of Helen Carnegie and

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<sup>1</sup> The Good Old Times: The Story of the Manchester Rebels of '45. By William Harrison Ainsworth. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1873.



the Scotch Sergeant is admirably told, and when their tragic death takes place quite a blank is occasioned in the book.

We propose, however, to let the novelist speak for himself, assured that in nobody's hands is his case so safe as in his own. The following description of the attempt made by the magistrates to blow up Salford Bridge, in order to prevent the entry of the Pretender, whose arrival is imminent, is very graphic :—

“By this time the fire-bells had ceased to ring, but the effect had been produced, and a great crowd, much more excited than that which had previously assembled in the market-place, was collected in the immediate neighbourhood of the bridge.

“Salford Bridge, which must have been a couple of centuries old at the least, was strongly built of stone, and had several narrow-pointed arches, strengthened by enormous piers. These arches almost choked up the course of the river. Only a single carriage could cross the bridge at a time, but there were deep angular recesses in which foot-passengers could take refuge. It will be seen at once that such a structure could be stoutly defended against a force approaching from Salford, though it was commanded by the precipitous banks on the Manchester side. Moreover, the Irwell was here of considerable depth.

“Before commencing operations, the magistrates, who were not without apprehension of a tumult, stopped all traffic across the bridge, and placed a strong guard at either extremity to protect the workmen and engineers from any hindrance on the part of the populace.

“A couple of large caissons, containing, it was supposed, a sufficient quantity of powder to overthrow the solid pier, had been sunk under the central arch of the bridge. Above the spot, in a boat, sat two engineers, ready to fire the powder-chests when the signal should be given.

“But the preparations had been watched by two daring individuals, who were determined to prevent them. One of these persons, who was no other than Tom Syddall, the Jacobite barber—a very active, resolute little fellow—ran up to the collegiate church, which was at no great distance from his shop, and soon found the man of whom he was in search—Isaac Clegg, the beadle.

“Now Isaac, being a Jacobite like himself, was easily persuaded to ring the fire-bell ; and the alarm being thus given, a mob was quickly raised. But no effectual opposition could be offered—the approach to the bridge from Smithy Bank being strongly barricaded. Behind the barricades stood the constables, who laughed at the mob, and set them at defiance.

“‘The boroughreeve will blow up the bridge in spite of you,’ they cried.

'If he does, he'll repent it,' answered several angry voices in the crowd, which rapidly increased in number, and presented a formidable appearance.

'Already it had been joined by the desperadoes armed with pikes, who had figured in the previous disturbance in the market-place, and were quite ready for more mischief.

'The usual Jacobite cries were heard, but these were now added by 'Down with the boroughreeve!' 'down with the council!'

'Mr. Fielden himself was on the bridge, with his brother-in-law, superintending the operations, and irritated by the loud shouts of the mob, he came forward to address them.

'For a few minutes they would not listen to him, but at last obtained a hearing.

'Go home, quietly,' he cried, in a loud voice. 'Go home loyal and peaceful subjects of the King. We mean to destroy the bridge to prevent the entrance of the rebels.'

'On this there was a terrific shout, accompanied by groans, sobs, and hootings.

'Down with Fielden!—down with Fielden!' cried a hundred voices. 'He shan't do it!'

'Mark my words,' vociferated the boroughreeve, who remained exactly unmoved amid the storm, 'in five minutes from this time the central arch will be blown up.'

'We will prevent it,' roared the mob, shaking their hands at him.

'You can't prevent it,' rejoined the boroughreeve, contemptuously. 'Two large boxes filled with gunpowder are sunk beneath the arch, and on a signal from me will be fired.'

'Surprise kept the mob quiet for a moment, and before another burst could take place, the boroughreeve had turned on his heel and marched off.

'Meantime, the three young damsels, under the careful guidance of Jemmy Dawson, had made their way, without experiencing any annoyance, to the precipitous rock on which Ather-Legh had stood, while contemplating the same scene on the previous night.

'From this lofty position, as the reader is aware, the bridge was completely commanded. Another person was on the rock when they reached it. This was Isaac Clegg, the beadle, who was known to Bepsey. He instantly made way for her and her friends, and proved useful in giving them some necessary information.

'He told them exactly what was going on the bridge—explained to the angry mob that they were kept back by the barricade—pointed out

the boroughreeve—and finally drew their attention to the engineers in the boat beneath the arch ready to fire the caissons.

"As will readily be supposed, it was this part of the singular scene that excited the greatest interest among the spectators assembled on the rock. But, shortly afterwards, their interest was intensified to the highest degree.

"A boat was suddenly seen on the river, about a bow-shot above the bridge. It must have been concealed somewhere, for its appearance took all the beholders by surprise. The boat was rowed by two men, who seemed to have disguised themselves, for they were strangely muffled up. Plying their oars vigorously, they came down the stream with great swiftness.

"From the course taken it would almost seem as if they were making for the central arch, beneath which the engineers were posted. Evidently the engineers thought so, for they stood up in their boat and shouted lustily to the others to keep off. But the two oarsmen held on their course, and even increased their speed.

"Though the two men had disguised themselves, they did not altogether escape detection, for as they dashed past the rock on which Constance and the others were stationed, the foremost oarsman momentarily turned his head in that direction, and disclosed the features of Atherton Legh; while Isaac Clegg declared his conviction that the second oarsman was no other than Tom Syddall.

"'Tis Tom, I be sartin,' said Isaac. 'He has put on a different sort of wig from that he usually wears, and has tied a handkerchief over his keven-huller, but I'd swear to his nose. What can have induced him to make this mad attempt?'

"It was a moment of breathless suspense, for the purpose of the daring oarsmen could no longer be doubted. Not only were they anxiously watched by the spectators on the rock, but the gaze of hundreds was fixed upon them.

"Mingled and contradictory shouts were raised—'Keep off!' 'Go on!'—But the latter predominated.

"The engineers prepared to receive the shock they could not avert. In another instant, the boat propelled by all the force the rowers could exert, dashed into them, and staved in the side of their bark.

"No longer any question of blowing up the arch. The engineers were both precipitated into the river by the collision, and had to swim ashore.

"Leaving them, however, to shift for themselves, the two daring oarsmen continued their rapid course down the stream amid the deafening shouts of the crowd on Smithy Bank.

"Such excitement was caused by this bold exploit that the mob could not longer be kept back.

"Breaking through the barricade, and driving off the guard after a short struggle, they took possession of the bridge—declaring their fixed determination not to allow it to be damaged. Compelled to beat a hasty retreat into Salford, the magistrates were glad to escape without injury."

The execution of Sergeant Dickson and the fate of his faithful Jessie, are thus described. We should say that Dickson had shot his superior officer, having interrupted that gentleman in his attempted abduction of Helen. For this crime a court martial condemned him to death, the Pretender declining to set aside the decision.

"The order to march being given, the door was thrown open, and all passed out.

"Outside was a detachment from the corps to which Sergeant Dickson had belonged. With them was the execution party, consisting of a dozen picked men from the Manchester regiment, commanded by Ensign Syddall, who looked very sad. The detachment of Highlanders likewise looked very sorrowful. With them were a piper and a drummer. The pipes were draped in black, and the drum muffled. Though the morning was dull and dark, a good many persons were looking on, apparently much impressed by the scene.

"Having placed himself at the head of the detachment, Colonel Johnstone gave the word to march, and the men moved slowly on. The muffled drum was beaten, and the pipes uttered a low wailing sound very doleful to hear.

"Then came Erick, with Helen by his side, and attended by the chaplain.

"The sergeant's deportment was resolute, and he held his head erect. He was in full Highland costume, and wore his bonnet and scarf.

"All the spectators were struck by his tall fine figure, and grieved that such a splendid man should be put to death.

"But Helen excited the greatest sympathy. Though her features were excessively pale, they had lost none of their beauty. The occasional quivering of her lip was the only external sign of emotion, her step being light and firm. Her eyes were constantly fixed upon her lover.

"Prayers were read by the chaplain as they marched along.

"The execution party brought up the rear of the melancholy procession. As it moved slowly through a side street towards the field, the number of spectators increased, but the greatest decorum was observed.

"At length the place of execution was reached. It was the spot where the attempt had been made to capture the prince; and

on that dull and dismal morning had a very gloomy appearance, quite in harmony with the tragical event about to take place.

"On reaching the centre of the field, the detachment of Highlanders formed a semicircle, and a general halt took place—the prisoner and those with him standing in the midst, and the execution party remaining at the back.

"Some short prayers were then recited by Mr. Coppock, in which both the sergeant and Helen joined very earnestly.

"These prayers over, the sergeant took leave of Helen, and strained her to his breast.

"At this moment her firmness seemed to desert her, and her head fell upon his shoulder. Colonel Johnstone stepped forward, and took her gently away.

"The provost then ordered a handkerchief to be bound over the sergeant's eyes, but at the prisoner's earnest request this formality was omitted.

"The fatal moment had now arrived. The detachment of Highlanders drew back, and Erick knelt down.

"The execution party made ready, and moved up within six or seven yards of the kneeling man.

"'Fire!' exclaimed Syddall, and the fatal discharge took place doubly fatal as it turned out.

"At the very instant when the word was given by Syddall, Helen rushed up to her lover, and kneeling by his side, died with him.

"Her faithful breast was pierced by the same shower of bullets that stopped the beating of his valiant heart."

The effect of his varying fortunes on the temper of the Prince is admirably given. His high sense of honour—his chivalry—his decided objection to retreat, even before a foe whose forces outnumbered his own by tens of thousands,—these characteristics induce us to forget for the time his consummate folly, and we are inclined to regard as an enterprise of some importance, one of the rashest escapades which history records. But his highness was a fine fellow; and if he at all resembled the picture given us by Mr. Ainsworth (and we think he did), we are not surprised that the Manchester ladies should have fallen in love with him, or that the heroic youth of the period should have accepted commands in his regiments.

The powers that be, however, do not allow chivalry and good looks as a set-off against treasonable practices, and the Manchester supporters of Charles Edward were treated as quite ordinary rebels. The hero of the story escapes through the intercession of an influential relative, and swears allegiance to the reigning sovereign. Some of his companions were not so fortunate. The law in those

re awarded terrible sentences—and the last chapter in the history of the enthusiasts is thus narrated :—

“By-and-bye the unfortunate men were brought down, and in the presence of the sheriffs and the keeper of the prison were bound to the hurdles with cords.

“This done, the dismal procession set forth.

“At the head of the train marched a party of grenadiers. Then followed the sheriffs in their carriages, with their tipstaves walking beside them.

“Those about to suffer came next. On the foremost hurdle were stretched Colonel Townley, Captain Deacon, and Jemmy Lawson. The remaining prisoners were bound in like manner. Another party of grenadiers followed.

“Next came several hearses, containing coffins, destined for the mangled bodies of the victims.

“After the hearses followed a number of mourning-coaches, drawn by horses decked with trappings of woe. In the foremost of these coaches sat Monica, with her attendant, Lettice.

“In this order the gloomy procession shaped its course slowly towards the place of execution. The streets were crowded with spectators anxious to obtain a sight of the unfortunate men who were dragged in this ignominious manner along the rough pavement. But no groans were uttered—no missiles thrown. On the contrary, much commiseration was manifested by the crowd, especially when the mourning-coaches were seen, and great curiosity was exhibited to obtain a sight of their occupants. For Monica, whose story had become known, unwonted sympathy was played.

“At length the train drew near Kennington Common, where a large assemblage was collected to witness the dreadful scene. Hitherto the crowd had been noisy, but it now became suddenly silent. In the centre of the common, which of late years has been enclosed, and laid out as a park, a lofty gibbet was reared. Near it was placed a huge block, and close to the latter was a great pile of fagots. On the block was laid an executioner's knife, and one or two other butcherly instruments.

“At the foot of the fatal tree stood the executioner—a villainous-looking caitiff—with two assistants quite as repulsive in appearance as himself. The two latter wore leather vests, and their arms were bared to the shoulder.

“On the arrival of the train at the place of execution, the sheriffs alighted, and the grenadiers formed a large circle round the block. The prisoners were then released from the hurdles, but their limbs were so stiffened by the bonds that they could scarcely move. At the same time the fagots were lighted, and a

flame quickly arose, giving a yet more terrible character to the scene.

"Some little time was allowed the prisoners for preparation, and such of them as had papers and manifestoes delivered them to the sheriffs, by whom they were handed to the tipstaves to be distributed among the crowd.

"At this juncture a fair pale face was seen at the window of the foremost mourning-coach, and a hand was waved to one of the prisoners, who returned the farewell salute. This was the lover's last adieu.

"The dreadful business then began.

"Colonel Townley was first called upon to mount the ladder. His arms were bound by the executioner, but he was not blindfolded. His deportment was firm—his countenance being lighted up by a scornful smile. After being suspended for a couple of minutes, he was cut down, and laid, still breathing, upon the block, when the terrible sentence was carried out—his heart being flung into the flames and consumed, and his head severed from the body and placed with the quarters in the coffin, which had been brought round to receive the mangled remains.

"Colonel Townley's head, we may mention, with that of poor Jemmy Dawson, was afterwards set on Temple Bar.

"Many of the spectators of this tragic scene were greatly affected—but those about to suffer a like fate witnessed it with stern and stoical indifference.

"Amid a deep and awful hush, broken by an occasional sob, Dawson stepped quickly up the ladder, as if anxious to meet his doom; and when his light, graceful figure and handsome countenance could be distinguished by the crowd, a murmur of compassion arose.

"Again the fair face—now death-like in hue—was seen at the window of the mourning-coach, and Jemmy's dying gaze was fixed upon it.

"As his lifeless body was cut down and placed upon the block to be mutilated, and the executioner flung his faithful heart, which happily had ceased beating, into the flames, a cry was heard, and those nearest the mourning-coach we have alluded to, pressed towards it, and beheld the inanimate form of a beautiful girl lying in the arms of an attendant.

"All was over.

"The story spread from lip to lip among the deeply-sympathising crowd, and many a tear was shed, and many a prayer breathed that lovers so fond and true might be united above.

"Before allowing the curtain to drop on this ghastly spectacle, which lasted upwards of an hour, we feel bound to state that all the

ferers died bravely. Not one quailed. With his last breath, and a loud voice, Captain Deacon called out, 'God save King James Third!'

"When the halter was placed round poor Tom Syddall's neck, executioner remarked that he trembled.

"'Tremble!' exclaimed Tom, indignantly. 'I recoil from hateful touch—that is all.'

"And to prove that his courage was unshaken, he took a pinch-muff.

"The heads of these two brave men were sent to Manchester, and fixed upon spikes at the top of the Exchange.

"When he heard that this had been done, Dr. Deacon came thither, and gazed steadfastly at the relics, but without manifesting any sign of grief.

"To the bystanders, who were astounded at his seeming unconcern, he said:

"'Why should I mourn for my son? He has died the death of a martyr.'

"He then took off his hat, and bowing reverently to the two dead, departed.

"But he never came near the Exchange without repeating the story, and many other inhabitants of the town followed his example."

In conclusion, we must congratulate Mr. Ainsworth on the great success of this work, and we venture to predict for it a popularity equal to that of his most widely-known novels.

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## A LOVE AVENGED.

## CHAPTER I.

HE was sitting comfortably and carelessly—so it seemed to a casual observer—in a large easy chair, drawn up close to the fire in his study, through the window of which the spring sunshine was yet beaming over dusty books and piles of papers, and all the heretogeneous assemblage of a student and bachelor's necessities. A young man of some twenty-five summers, fair and handsome, but with something *blasé* and effeminate in his countenance, a flowered dressing-gown wrapped round him, his feet thrust into slippers, evidently the work of some fair lady, an Indian hookah resting by his side, with its amber mouthpiece on a small table near him, supporting a cup of strong and fragrant coffee. He passes his hand listlessly through the waves of his blonde hair, and listens with an ill-concealed weariness to a comely-looking, but somewhat common-place woman, who seated opposite to him on an ottoman, which has been partly cleared of papers for that purpose, shows a countenance florid, and agitated between anger and grief.

"Yes, Mr. Pierce Egremont, you may sit there as cold and superciliously as you please, but for all that I do not leave this room till I get an answer to the errand that brought me here."

"Really, my good woman, you distress me," returned the beau negligently. "Nothing is so painful to a man of fine feelings as to have to say coarsely what I think you ought to understand by my implied silence. I have never promised your pretty Aline to marry her. I know her to be a very good and lovely girl, and laid up sick as I was for three weeks in your pretty cottage in the country, I may certainly have told her so. Under the circumstances, you must, I think, allow that was admissable. As for anything further, I deny it altogether. A delightful creature she was certainly, so much innocence, and candour, and artless simplicity. I am so sorry to hear she is so ill, but I cannot lay the flattering unction to my heart that I am the cause of it. You do not agree with me! My dear woman, if you were to know the world as I do, I should not need to inform you that these little passing fancies and affections never mean anything serious. They are sent to us as distractions for the moment, and like the flowers of earth soften for us the nakedness of the hard road we poor scholars have to travel over."

The beau ran his fingers through his hair, and sighed gently touched by his own simile.

"Anything more that I can do for you?" he asked, languidly. "Of course I will visit your daughter, if you still wish it; but it would distress me more than I can say, if she is as altered as you are; and, besides, I might be too much for her. Now, my good man, do not start up so angrily; my nerves are anything but strong, and I am sure I meant no offence either to you or your pretty Aline. I am quite willing to believe what you say, that she cares for me; but as for broken hearts, they belong only to the barbaric ages. No one breaks a heart now over a few meaningless protestations, and half a dozen love-letters. Do receive this assurance from me, and allow me, as a philosopher, to prophesy that your daughter will recover. She may look pale and thin for a little time, but—"

"Good evening to you, Mr. Pierce Egremont," interrupted his visitor, rising up before him, red and wrathful in her righteous indignation. "I came here, sir, prepared to find you vacillating, nervous, and supercilious—in fact, I came prepared to find you a fool; but I have had to deal with a cold-blooded villain instead. Neither you nor my daughter, sir, shall ever trouble you further."

"But, my good woman," began Pierce Egremont. It was all in vain, he was only speaking to empty air. A wrathful step down the long passage, a slamming of the front door, and the mother of Aline had departed, shaking the dust from off her feet.

"What nerves those common people have!" said the young man, pettishly. "How fond they are of getting up a sensational tale, and expecting you to believe in it! and then you are to marry a girl to get her out of it! I wonder where I was when that man interrupted me?" and Pierce Egremont took up an uncut gazette that lay near him on the table, and soon became engrossed in its contents.

Meanwhile, out, through the fresh spring air, with the hedges ringing forth their tender leaves, the mother of Aline Worthy passed like an embodied thunder-storm.

"What did he say, dear mother?" asked the poor girl, raising herself painfully up from the low couch in the little cottage parlour, in which she lay reclined. "It seems such an age since you left, and I am sure I am very much worse. I thought at one time I would have died before you got back. Was he sorry to hear of my case. Did he promise he would come and see me?"

"Yes, darling! yes!" faltered the unhappy mother, her anger gone, and misery alone prominent, as she saw that dread change already on her child's face, and knew not how soon her angel would die for her. "Yes, darling! yes! He was very sorry; so sorry, he could hardly believe me."

"And he will come to-morrow?"

"Oh, to-morrow, certainly; so now you will lay down and take a little rest, will you not? There, rest your head on my shoulder, and I will read, or talk, or sit quietly besides you."

"Not so, dear mother; all those things are over for me now. I only want your hand in mine, and your prayers for my poor, weary departing soul."

The long, terrible night is passing over at last, amid faintings, death damps, and exhaustion, and the cry of the heart-broken mother, that more may not be laid upon her than she is able to bear; but still it is passing over, and daylight shows her face, bright and rosy, at the cottage window.

"I wish he would come; do go and fetch him, mother," sighs the restless girl; "but no, I might be dead before you returned. I must wait still, wait in patience, and hope." And again the weary sigh, while the bright day clouds over, and the sky lowers dark and terrible, and the young green of spring's tender things contrast vividly against the lurid background. Then thunder rolls heavily across the vaulted heavens. The sun shines out hotter and fiercer as the clouds grow denser—all nature flags, all living things stand still, and the forked lightning splits the angry sky, and rain descends, and thunders roar, till it seems as though heaven and earth are coming together. But the mother's agony for her child deadens all this war of the elements, or is in a way sympathetic with them. She smooths back the long, damp hair, speaks loving words, tries to raise and cheer her, whilst her own heart is bursting within her. But peace comes at last. As the storm, tired of its fury, sobs and sighs itself out upon the earth it has desolated, and the pale rain-dimmed sunlight breaks again over the wet fields, so a sweet smile, not of this earth, dawns upon the face of the poor dying girl. See whispers her mother "that Pierce is here; that she knew he would come; that she might raise her up higher in the bed to receive him, for already he is in the next room," and as with a mighty effort the poor mother complies with this request, the Angel of Death stoops down, and lifts the worn spirit high up, even to Heaven.

## CHAPTER II.

"WHAT a night it has been!" said Pierce Egremont to himself, as he sat at his late breakfast the next morning. "If one was superstitious one could fancy evil influences had been abroad, the wind shrieked and howled so desperately, and once, when it lulled, I was almost sure I heard the church bell tolling. It is strange what one cannot fancy, lying wide awake at night! They say—  
 \*Conscience makes cowards of us all;' and though I do not own yet

at I behaved badly to Aline Worthy, yet, strange to say, I could not get her out of my head all night. I will send over this morning and hear how she is; I ought to have done so yesterday, but I did not like to ask my fellow to turn out in such weather. Here, you Martin. Pull up the blind—do you hear?—and let me get all the sunshine I can. You can just bring in the paper, and then I will want you to go over to Mrs. Worthy's with my compliments, and—what is that you are saying, fellow? that Miss Worthy died yesterday morning! By Jove, if you dare to impose on me—there, that will do. What are you standing, staring at me? Get out of the room, I tell you! I shall ring for you fast enough when I want you."

You will not ring just yet, though, Pierce Egremont. Cold you seem outwardly, you will be too spirit-haunted for that for some little time yet. Things are often made clear after death which in life we were blind to, and as you weigh now your superiousness, pride, and egotism, against the love and trust of the poor girl who gave you the kingdom of her heart, we know well which of them must prevail.

"It is very unfortunate!" he keeps repeating to himself at intervals; "poor girl, if I could only have divined the truth, I should have acted so differently."

Alas, alas! how often we repeat these same words to ourselves whilst the ghost of past time looks down upon us, and sighs back in answer, "Too late! too late!"

But I must take an author's privilege, and lead you onwards. I have not done with Pierce Egremont yet; but now that you see him again, you will notice that his hair is thin, and slightly tinged with grey; that there are tell-tale wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and his upright form is ever so little drooped. Scarcely a score of summers since we saw him last, but they have not past over him lightly. He has tasted, as he tells himself, the best and worst of things,—dearest of knowledge!—been crowned by riches, and possessed by women; and the sum of all is, as Solomon declares, "vanity." He has subsided now into his proper position (so he assures himself) as a bachelor landowner. He is the great man of the parish, the principal magistrate in the county, and the largest landed proprietor. Wherever he goes he is flattered, courted, and caressed. He knows just the value of all these things; but he smiles kindly, all the same, and puts people into good temper by letting them believe they have deceived him. In fact, he has all the world to give, except love—and that he does not care for. "It might have been different once," he tells himself with a sigh sometimes, as visions of Aline, in her white robes and low-toned voice, flit past him; "but that was when he was comparatively poor, and might

have been loved for himself. The thing is impossible now, and—well, he does not require it.”

Thoughts similar to these were flitting through his mind one day, when a letter was put into his hand from an old college friend of earlier days. The man had married, and passed away from his circle of life long ago. He had gone into the Church, and if he ever thought of him at all, it was as vegetating in some out-of-the-way parish, dragged down by a wife and family of children, and looking, most likely, on his college experiences as days when he was fast bound in sin and iniquity. Now, this letter came to him from his friend's deathbed. It told him that he had lost his wife years ago, that she had left him one child, a daughter, who was everything to him on earth, but that now he was going to be taken away from her. He had caught cold, which had brought on inflammation of the lungs, and his doctor did not conceal from him that he was sinking rapidly. He would fain see him, and place his Ruth under his care before she became an orphan. He would have written to him before, having full confidence in him, only he was ignorant of his address. He had found it now, and should die happy, for he knew how quickly Pierce would obey his summons—the letter ending with, “From your friend, who loves you, Paul Horton.”

And it was this, though Pierce would have been the last to own it, that went most home to him. Love and he had been so long on estranged terms, that he could hardly understand this new strange warmth of pleasure that crept round his heart, and would fain have made entrance there in closer companionship. A strange, wild, delicious thing love must be, if only there were any reality in it; but he had proved to the contrary. What on earth should put all this nonsense just now into his head?

It is two days after this that Pierce enters the little gate that leads up to his friend's cottage. His breath comes thick and fast as he notices one of the blinds is drawn half down. Cold, supercilious man as he is, he cowers before meeting Death in presence, like the very weakest of us. But death has not yet entered and taken possession. As he lingers, a shadow crosses the blind, which is partly lifted up, and the face, as it seems to him, of a child, looks forth from the window. Now he hears a light step on the stairs, the door is opened, his hand taken by a small velvety palm, and he is conducted, without one word being spoken, into the presence of the dying man, for that he is dying it needs but to look upon him to see. Old memories must be strong in Pierce Egremont, breaking up all the harsh lines of his features, for he does not seem altered in the eyes of poor Paul Horton. He stands alone with him now in the shadowed room, and he fights with difficulty for his breath. He repeats again the substance of his letter, and begs him, by their

old boyish love, to take charge of his daughter. And Pierce promises, defiant of himself as he does so, not recognising even yet the voice of the heart speaking to him through that one word. Then Paul calls for her. She enters softly, and with child-like grace, clouds of dark hair hanging over her white dress, and her blue eyes swollen and disfigured with much weeping. Paul smiles as he sees her. Placing once more within his friend's that small velvety palm that had before led him up the stairs, he bids her love him as her father's friend. Then he tries to tell Pierce something that concerns her, but the hard, dry cough breaks in upon his voice, and he struggles vainly with his expiring breath. He motions to them to raise him up in their arms, but sinks backwards even as they do so. A few more painful moments, and all is over; and there, in the still room, Pierce Egremont finds himself trying to comfort the poor weeping girl with assurances of how she shall be cared for, and how she must love him, for had he not been loved by her father?

### CHAPTER III.

"THIS thing has been forced upon me. It is in no way of my own seeking." This sapient remark Pierce Egremont has repeated to himself very many times during the twelvemonth Ruth Horton has spent under his roof. It has been his excuse for discovering that no fingers, save her own small ones, are to be trusted for dusting his papers and arranging his books in his study. It has caused him to allow her work-table and flower-stand to be established in the bay window, where he tells her she is welcome to sit as long as she does not disturb him by talking. It has given a social tendency to his meals, and has made him wonder how he ever sat down to food in solitary state before. It has been an object to an otherwise self-contained and dreary life; and he does not know which is the greatest pleasure, buying pretty things for Ruth, or seeing her enjoyment over them. It has been so natural for her to be loved and petted all her life long, that she sees nothing strange in this, nor is Pierce himself aware of the construction put upon his conduct by the outer world, till a kind friend takes upon herself to let him know it. He is too much of a philosopher to be surprised. He saddles himself with an old duenna in the shape of a companion for Ruth, who, at the same time, represents the proprieties, and drifts back again into his old happy life with her. She has discarded, by this time, her mourning for her father, and there is at times something in the gentle face and the white dress that reminds him strangely of Aline Worthy. "But Ruth shall never meet a fate like



How long he sat tranced in thought after this light had in upon him he never knew. All night he turned the over in a thousand forms, but, put it as he would, the stood out in its plain nakedness. He loved this girl, and could not return his love, then should he be, of all men, miserable. "God help poor Aline," he says to himself in his communings, "if she loved me only half as well as I love her. But was there any reason, after all, for his making himself unhappy? Had he not all that this world can offer to lay at her feet; but unless Ruthie loved him, that would be as nothing to him. It might be different with other women, but Ruth's heart was not to be bought with gold. No riches, not even gratitude, could claim that. The gift must be of her own heart. So on through all the hours of the night, and on again through the next long day; but with dinner over and Ruth seated on a low stool in his room by the fire, the duenna having gone to bed with a sick head, the suspense became too mighty for him, and Pierce spoke out.

What he said on the occasion he could never recall, but he spoke from the fulness of his heart, and pleaded as a man for that which is dearer to him than life. She never interrupted him all the time, and when he stopped it was only because a choked sob caught his ear.

"Have I vexed you, darling?" he said, gently, and as he saw the sweet face that had dropped downwards, he saw it was tear-stained, while in a low voice she begged him to listen. "Speak on," said poor Pierce, for there was something in her voice that seemed to strike him to the heart.

to her. You will see she could not well have known her own heart, guardian, when I tell you that she questioned him—the young man just entering Oxford, why he was so cold to her. It was—as perhaps you will have guessed—not coldness, but a discovery of his own love that has changed him; and when they had once spoken on this subject, he would not let the girl go without her assurance that his love was returned. That was the first time she felt the loss of a mother. It is so difficult to speak of the inner heart, even to one's own father. I think, though, he suspected the girl's secret, for his kindness to her increased, and I knew that he and the young man's father were closeted together for a long time. Then Henry went to college, and the girl would have found it very dull, only that a new and terrible sorrow swept away all other thoughts, for her dear father sickened unto death. When he found the end approaching, he wrote to his old friend who loved him so dearly, and he came and was with him to the last. I think the sick man would have told him of Henry Digby, only death was too swift for him. So the poor girl went away with this new friend, and he became in every way a second father to her. You know, guardian, mine, how he petted and indulged her, laying aside all his own stateliness, and letting the poor child just creep into his heart. He could not tell the girl's history, though, for she kept it back from him—not from want of confidence, dear guardian, oh, no—nor of love, she is sure. It was just a little foolish fluttering nervousness of her own. And so, not knowing this story, and feeling how fond he had made the girl of him, and that it would pain her as much as himself, should they ever be separated, he, in his generous heart, persuaded himself this was love, and so stooping down from his high estate, he offered even to marry this poor, silly, little Ruthie. Guardian, dear guardian, you are not angry with me, are you?" concluded the girl, as, looking up, she saw Pierce's white face, and felt his hand grow cold and dead in her clasp. "Oh don't be angry with me, dear, dear guardian!" she continued, piteously, "or you will break my heart. Only tell me what I can do for you."

"Nothing, nothing!" said poor Pierce, trying vainly to retain his composure. "I am not angry with you, my little Ruthie. Not angry at all, poor child!" he added, more gravely, "only perhaps just a little sorry."

But Ruth's troubles are not yet over. Sobbing herself to sleep like a very child, she goes down next morning with a heavy heart to meet her guardian; but Pierce Egremont is not there.

"He left early for town," says the old housekeeper, "and there is a note left in his study for you, Miss Horton."

"Poor Ruth! How scared she looks, and how she trembles



before she opens the missive, and yet it only contains these words. "I have business that calls me up to town, my dear Ruth, and I am not sorry for it; as we old people, do not easily relinquish our dreams of happiness. I love you just as much as ever, Ruthie, though I know you never can be mine. It is not that—but I fear I could not help paining you did I remain, by showing you how unphilosophical I am over losing you. I shall not come back, therefore, till I have quite regained the mastery over myself."

And this is all Ruth's confidence has brought her. The girl sits down in her guardian's chair in the study, and as a large lump rises in her throat, the quiet tears assert themselves, and so she weeps.

Meanwhile Pierce is speeding forward on his journey. All through that time, after Ruth had told him her simple story, the two spirits of good and evil had waged fierce conflict in his heart. But love is of God: and He that hath begun a good work in us can continue it even unto the end. And so it was that love conquered at last, while self-sacrifice stepped forward and placed her seal on the compact.

It was early morning before that conflict was over, and as he dropped off into a quite sleep, Aline seemed to stand before him, in "the snowy robe of her woman's crown," as bending down with a smile, she impressed a kiss upon his brow. This vision haunted and consoled him during all the long hours of his tedious journey.

He was going down once more to Ruth's home, the same man and yet how different! It almost seemed a dream to him as he drew up at the door of Squire Digby's house, and, sending in his card, requested an interview with his son, should he happen to be at home.

These two men, so different in age and yet so close in heart in their affections, never spoke outwardly to others of what then passed between them; but it was noticed that when Pierce came out from the audience, though he looked pale, he was still firm and composed, whilst young Digby's eyes were full of tears, and the muscles of his face quivered with emotion. "I will go down with you with pleasure, sir, and God bless you for your goodness!" were his last words as they parted at the door; and the next morning early a chaise might be seen in waiting, and as young Digby stepped into it, the two men were whirled off swiftly in the direction of London. Here spending a night, they proceed the next day to Pierce's old house, where Ruth still keeps watch for his return. It is dark as they arrive at the gate, and getting out of the chaise, Pierce discharges the driver, and the two men proceed on foot together across the lawn. There is a light burning in the bayed

window, and inside you can see a slight girlish figure leaning over a book. Involuntarily they both pause for a moment, and then Pierce's fine figure strengthened itself, his step is firmer, his countenance brighter. He leads his guest on through a side door into a drawing-room, lighted only by a single lamp from the ceiling. "Wait here," he says, "and I will return for you;" and then he passes noiselessly through into the adjoining study, and Digby hears an exclamation of joy as Pierce enters. "Come back to you cured at last, Ruthie," he says; "and now you must give me one kiss before I take you in to see an old friend." Then Digby hears no more.

You know, I am sure, all of you that rush of eager expectation and joy that drowns all the world's outward voices. He could not have delayed a moment longer if Ruth had not then entered; but in she came, hanging on Pierce's arm, with such blushing happiness, such trembling joy. It was well for him that he had armed himself, or he could hardly have borne, I think, that rapturous meeting. Yet it was all his own doing; they would know through all their lives that it is to him alone they are indebted for their happiness. Strangely altered man that he is when this reflection is a pleasure to him! "Thanks, Aline," he whispers, aside: then turning round frankly and kindly to where the two lovers are still standing together:—"You are sure I am not angry now, Ruthie," he says, "only don't thank me too much; for I have considered myself in this matter, and Digby has promised me that when you marry, you will both still continue to live with me. So you see, Ruthie, I am not at all angry; and I don't think, now, I am even sorry!"



## FAIRY FENELLA.

CHAPTER XV. (*continued.*)

AT this juncture a ragged urchin was seen running towards them with a note in his hand. "From Mr. Steward," said he, breathlessly, handing it to her. She tore it open, read it through, and then stood frowning and beating the heather impatiently with her parasol. James was hesitating as to whether he should leave her or not: he found his self-imposed task of advising her a highly disagreeable one. She turned to him sharply, saying, "You can't have seen Mr. Steward to-day: he says he left Shovelin's early this morning to walk to Clara on business."

"Pardon me: I saw him but ten minutes ago, walking along the shore with his gun."

"I don't believe you! You are inventing a story to provoke me."

"Josephine! No motive could induce me to do such a disgraceful thing."

"Oh, I forgot! Of course, your rectitude is quite unassailable," cried she, tauntingly.

"Your Aunt told me you were walking to the post-office,—that you had said so," replied he, pointedly.

She did not look at all abashed, but exceedingly angry; her face was crimson, and her eyes flashed fire, as she exclaimed "How dare you speak so to me, James? I should not suffer even Mr. Oliver to take that tone."

"Mr. Oliver and your aunt would be surprised to see you here."

"Is that a threat? You need not try to threaten me with Mr. Oliver: it's 'no go,' as Lionel would say."

"Don't let us quarrel, Josephine; we have been friends and neighbours all our lives, and I really did not wish to offend you; I only meant to serve you," said he, going a little closer to her, and speaking more gently to her. She had been rude to him, but then she was a handsome, clever young woman, and his devotion to the sex was great: he was by no means insensible to the influence of her erect figure, glowing cheeks, and bright eyes, and could bear a good deal more from her than if she had been a plain girl.

Josephine's face softened a little. "Well, James, perhaps I was too angry," she admitted; "but the truth is I have been so badgered and tormented of late, that my life has been a burden to me, and I did think it rather hard that you should join my persecutors. I have a particular reason for wishing to see Mr. Steward

ay, and have been waiting in the cold all morning, if that is excuse for ill-temper. Perhaps you will call him to speak to me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but had not I better speak to him for you? Is there any message that you can entrust to me?"

She hesitated and looked very unhappy and irresolute. "Now I know he is at home, I cannot understand his not coming to to-day: it is dreadful treatment, James, if you knew all."

"Tell me all, Josephine," said he, dropping his voice to the tone that he always found so effectual with Lucy and Fenella.

"It is very humiliating to have to tell you, but I see no help for it," she replied. "He asked me to lend him five pounds for a few days, until his expected remittances came from England: that is before he left the Castle, and I lent it; and he has never paid me yet."

"He borrowed five pounds from you—the mean, young scoundrel!"

"I beg your pardon; what did you say?"

"I said he was a mean, young scoundrel," replied James, hotly.

"What a highly clerical speech!" observed Josephine, sarcastically. The truce between them was a very slight one on her side.

"Clerical or not, it is the plain truth. How could you have anything to do with him?"

"I'm sure I wish I hadn't. An account from the dressmaker came in yesterday morning, and this five-pound note was to have paid my share of it. Mamma and Harriet expect me to pay to-morrow, and I dare not confess what I have done with the money: I should let them all down upon me far worse than they have been yet. I can't afford to lose five pounds,—I shan't have another farthing of my own till February. Oh, what can have made me so foolish! I don't know why I tell you this, James."

"That I may have the pleasure of helping you. You must let me pay you, and I shall make Mr. Steward pay me."

"But you may not be able to get the money from him;—he has solemnly promised to meet me here to-day, and pay me."

"Oh, trust me! He shall not humbug me, I promise you!"

"He may make you wait a long time, however: are you sure that lending me the money will not inconvenience you?"

"Not in the very least degree. I had intended to walk round St. John's, to pay the workmen at the Vicarage, but remaining longer at Shanna than I expected, I had given up the idea before I met you, and meant to send the money over this evening. That is, if I happen to have it about me. Nay, don't hesitate to take it," she half drew back her hand,—“I have more money in my desk than I know what to do with.”

"Really, James, this is too kind of you, and it does relieve me from a horrible difficulty."

"Take it, and you put me under an obligation, Josephine, and make me feel that you pardon me for interfering with you," replied he, gently. "And if I may advise you so far, don't see that wretched youth again. I shall settle everything with him."

"I do not want to see him again: his conduct has disgusted me. Ask him for some letters I wrote him, James," said she, looking intently away from him. "He swore he cared for me, and he got me to promise that I'd marry him. I know you have heard something about it, so I need not mind telling you the whole of my folly. I did not care a-bit for him, but I wanted something to do—something to amuse and interest me—some change, in short; but for the last week I have repented my madness, and longed so to get back those letters."

"I shall get them, never fear," replied he, pitying her confusion. "I shall manage so that you shall never again be troubled by him."

They were by this time walking very amicably side-by-side along the road towards the Lodge.

"Do you remember the hymn we learned when we were good little children?—

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

"I have furnished you with an admirable commentary upon it."

"Why don't you make something to do, Josephine? You have far too much talent to lead a useless, idle life."

"What ought I to do, James! Instruct me, please," with a sarcastic curl of her lip.

"Well, get up a human interest: visit the sick, or teach the children."

"Oh, yes! How kind and considerate you are to the children, James!"

"If you do not like teaching, you may visit the poor and sick; you will learn as much from them as you teach."

"That is by no means unlikely! But whom am I to visit? Don't you know that those unfortunate poor people are visited to death. Aunt Harriet, our girls, the O'Haras, Mary and Mr. Oliver, and you and Lucy, all looking after them! Good gracious! What *can* there be for me to do?"

"I might find you a little work over at St. John's, if you were equal to the walk."

"Thank you, James; but I may as well confess at once that I don't like parish work."

"Suppose, then, you undertake some serious study,—either ancient or modern history, for instance?"

'To what end? If I were the best lady historian in Ireland, use would it be of to me?'

'I don't know,' replied her adviser, rather puzzled—"the sure of study,—

" 'Is no pleasure to me.'

tal improvement?'

'I don't care to improve my mind. There's no society here ne to shine in, and I am not going to be a governess. Why ld I improve my mind, pray?'

'Painting? music?' suggested he.

'Or a dispensary, like Harriet? No, James; I wish to good. I were like any one of you crazy people with a hobby; but 'no go,' for me, to quote Lionel again. Heigho! Here we at the Lodge-gate, and I must go in to take my scolding.'

'I hope we part good friends,' said he, holding her neatly-ed hand, and pressing it kindly.

'Certainly!' she answered. "You have accommodated me lerfully: if any of them discovered that I lent Mr. Steward pounds, I should never hear the end of it. They talk about wickedness up at the Castle, and to Mr. Oliver and Mary; and don't know how nasty it is to be always talked at and lectured. mised to marry Mr. Steward just in hopes of getting away them all. Don't tell Lucy," she continued. "I want her ink well of me still: she's the only person in the world whose opinion I could not bear to lose; so you must not tell her."

'Not tell her what?'

'Oh, that I—that I—James, it *was* wrong of me to say I was g to the post-office, and you cannot understand my temptation think nothing would have made you do it; but then you a man, and can go where you like, and do what you like. are not fettered by the odious trammels of society;—you no tiresome aunt and spiteful sister watching you, and hunt-you about, and denying you the least scrap of excitement or sement. Oh! you'd tell a lie in a minute, for all your good-, if you were situated like me! It's hateful to be a woman," luded she, her passion rising with every word.

James repossessed himself of her hand, which she had snatched r in the energy of her tirade, and said in his most soothing s, "I was too severe: pray excuse me for speaking as I did. sh I could do anything to make you happier. If we had a sister-

over at St. John's, you should see what real, noble work en are capable of—work that we coarser creatures could not ffectually with the best will in the world. Oh, Josephine, r say that women are useless in the world—such devoted lives ose Anglican-deaconesses lead! I shall lend you a new and

interesting history of the sisterhood movement, and its working in London, and some of the larger English towns."

He had mounted one of his dearest hobbies, and was carried away for the moment, unobservant of the rising wrath and satire in his fair listener's face.

"But for the sad want of progress in public opinion in Irish country-places, I should try to get up such an establishment at St. John's. I am convinced that our ladies would be capable of splendid work, if they had the advantage of organisation and clerical guidance: and there should be scope for every talent—occupation suitable for each particular taste—no time for *ennui* in my deaconess's establishment, Josephine."

"What a kind plan, James!" cried she, with smiling lips, but bitter tone, "I should like that—it would just suit me! I do wish your sisterhood were established already, and that you would make me the Lady Superior. Of course, you would come in to confess us every day, and there could be no *ennui*."

There was something offensive in her tone—an undertone of irony which he felt keenly; and his good temper was nearly taking flight. He released her hand, and raising his hat ceremoniously, said coldly, "I see that I have offended you, Josephine: I beg your pardon for presuming upon our old acquaintance. Good evening!" and was gone.

She had not intended to send him away in anger, but her temper, which she had restrained with the greatest difficulty throughout the entire interview, had fairly got the better of prudence, gratitude, and every right feeling, and forced her to be downright rude to him at last.

She dashed up the shady avenue in a towering passion. "What a young donkey you are, Mr. James!" thought she. "It was simply the odious trammels of society that kept me from boxing your ears two or three times while you were mooning on. Oh! how my fingers tingled to do it! It was so condescending of you to lecture me! What shall I do to vent my rage? If I had a child I should cuff it, or a servant I should scold her well; but I must keep my feelings to myself, for even Sophy would turn upon me were I to attack her now."

But gentler thoughts came to her later,—gratitude to James for having lent her the money and promised to get back her unlucky letters.

As for James, his walk home was by no means a happy one. Josephine had humiliated him, and cruelly wounded his self-esteem. Never before had he felt so ill at ease, or on such bad terms with himself. He chafed and fumed, too, as he recalled her satirical speeches and unfriendly looks.

"She looked as if she could have struck me," thought he. "What a temper she has! Really the man who marries her will have a heavy responsibility. A woman should be yielding and docile, like my Fenella,—my little, feminine darling! Having brought his thoughts into this attractive channel, he proceeded cheerily on his way, and Josephine's figure retreated into the background.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ARE THE DEAD AT REST?

"COME, now, Galbraith, don't be so hard upon a fellow!"

"I do not think I am hard upon you, Mr. Steward. I ask you a plain question. Does it not occur to you that you are inconveniencing Miss Drummond by making her wait for her money?"

Mr. Steward hummed and hawed, and fidgetted on his chair, wondering how he could contrive to escape from his persecutor. It was easy to put Josephine off with promises, or to let her wait his leisure long hours upon the mountain, but not so easy to outwit Reverend James Gailbraith, who was seated opposite him in the parlor's parlour, clearly resolved upon carrying his point. The latter's face wore a different look from any Lucy, Fenella, or even Josephine had seen on it,—a look which said very distinctly, "I do not intend to be trifled with."

"Miss Drummond has commissioned me to ask for the five pounds she lent you: you say you cannot give it to me to-day. When will you pay her?"

"She said she'd wait a few days: I declare this is shabby of her!" muttered he, sulkily. He had been fencing with James' question the last quarter of an hour, but it was impossible to delay his answer any longer.

"To the point, Mr. Steward," proceeded James, mercilessly, "When do you mean to pay your debt?"

"Oh, in a day or two,—she said that would do,—I thought I'd have patience."

"It strikes me that you have tried Miss Drummond's patience pretty severely: it was not the conduct of a gentleman to leave her waiting for you on the mountain all day yesterday."

"But I had nothing to say to her, you know: the money hadn't come," replied the shameless youth, with a grin, that made James begin to shake him.

"Have you any hope of its coming, Mr. Steward? Tell me the truth; do you expect remittances or not?"

He looked more and more uneasy. James was between him and the door, but he glanced hurriedly at the little cobwebbed



window, as if seeking some mode of escape, and began to mutter what sounded like "private affairs no business of anybody else,—wish people would not come where they are not wanted. I'll answer Miss Drummond, not you," said he aloud.

"Miss Drummond does not wish to see you again : she charged me to get her money, also a packet of letters which she has sent you in the course of the last fortnight."

"Mr. Steward's countenance fell. "She wants her letters back? I don't believe you, Galbraith."

"You may believe me : I insist upon getting those letters."

"You shan't have them!" cried the other. "She can't want them. Why, Josephine and I are great friends—in fact, more than friends."

The disagreeable youth's cunning look as he said this made James sure of what he had before guessed,—namely, that he had feigned attachment to Josephine in order to gain a secure footing at the Lodge, and to make her lend him money. He had signally failed in his first object, and the second—! James had stepped in to rob him of the fruits of his well-laid plot!

"We are engaged," persisted he.

"All that must end, Mr. Steward : I can tell you Miss Drummond has not many more five-pound notes in her possession," replied James, scornfully ; "besides, her friends will not suffer her to make such a rash engagement."

"But the engagement is made already."

"Now, look here, my good fellow! you give me back those letters, and I'll forgive you the five pounds."

Mr. Steward's brow cleared : he looked at James as though hardly thinking he could be in earnest. Josephine would scarcely have felt flattered could she have seen his eager consideration of the offer.

"I'll save her at the cost of five pounds," thought James, observing the relief expressed in Mr. Steward's face. "You don't expect any money from England : your story of the remittances was fable : now, is not that the honest truth?"

No coherent reply.

"I see I have guessed correctly," proceeded James. "You just hand me Miss Drummond's letters, and I pay her your debt, and give you a pound to take you back to England."

"Nonsense, Galbraith! You don't mean it! Why you're a brick—a first-rate fellow!"

He got up instantly, and went into the little bedroom, whence he emerged with poor, foolish Josephine's notes, which he handed to James.

"Promise me that you leave the country without attempting to see her again?"

"I promise," replied Mr. Steward, with his eyes fastened on pound James was taking out of his purse. Much though the er disliked him, he could not take his final leave without giving a little good advice. "I don't bid you resign all hope of winning Miss Drummond. Go back to your studies: work your way in r profession, and then come back to Ballyshandra such a suitor as family could not reasonably object to. If you really care for her toil will seem light. Recollect that your future lies pretty h in your own hands."

To the advice Mr. Steward did not make much reply; but if skless for it, he was full of gratitude for the money that accomied it. At any rate, the interview ended more amicably than er he or James expected when they met in Shovelin's parlour.

James went home exultant, pausing at the Lodge-gate to leave important packet, with a cold note for Josephine, briefly inform-her that he had executed her commission.

Mr. Steward kept his word: he took his departure next morning ever. What new prey he hunted down—what new gold mines worked in other regions, must always remain a secret at Ballyndra; but it was many years before his name ceased to be ousehold word at the Castle and Lodge,—e'er the two families e up dating everything from the "summer Mr. Steward was s," or before Reby and Aunt Harriet ceased to torture Josephine ut him.

Lucy's painting was approaching completion, and Fenella had overed a new duet, which she was practising assiduously with es. It was the morning after James's successful embassy to velin's, and he persuaded himself that he had earned leisure to ote to his fairy Fenella; so they sang all the gay hours, for-ful of the quiet Lucy. *Quiet Lucy*, did we say? Yes, out-ldly so, but there was a volcano underlying the calm. She was ating a pre-Raphaelite bit of foreground,—bending grasses, and s, but she hardly knew what she was doing;—each delicate ay might have been coloured with her life-blood.

At length she tossed down her paint-brush and palette, and k up a book, in hopes of diverting the current of her thoughts; the book happened to be Mrs. Browning's Poems,—James's latest s, and the poem she opened on was "*Bertha in the Lane*."

Many times of late had the volume opened of its own accord at t page, and a superstitious feeling, mingled with her jealous rage, she told herself the reason why. "I am Bertha, and she is the pplanter; but she shan't sing, 'I know a Bank' with him: I bear to hear her sing all the rest, but not that," and if a wish dld have swept the lovely rival from her path, assuredly the wish uld not have been wanting.

But all the time her outward manner was as gentle and considerate as ever, and Fenella still believed her to be her dearest friend. She had just heard Fenella whisper "James," and had seen the grateful, tender look with which he rewarded her, and all Bertha's agonies were hers. They left her for their walk. Neither ever thought of inviting her to accompany them: she was quite forgotten. "We shall have another practice at our delicious duet when we come in," said Fenella, as she left the room.

"Never," thought Lucy, "never!" She sprang to the piano, snatched the song from the desk and thrust it down a yawning crevice in the old wainscot, just behind the instrument. She was metamorphosed in some strange manner; and the wicked enchantress who had wrought the change was called Jealousy. That wicked enchantress it was, and none other, who caused her pale cheeks to flame, and her slight figure to shudder, as she turned away.

She chanced to be in the room later in the day, when James and Fenella were hunting everywhere for their song. The little syren was new-fangled with it, and made sincere lamentation when all the search proved unavailing: it was so new to her to be denied anything! James could not bear to see her disappointed of her slightest wish. He placed one song after another upon the desk, but she declared she was tired of them all, and still sighed for the lost duet.

"Very mysterious indeed, for we left it open when we went to walk: have you seen it Lucy?" inquired James.

"No," replied she; but the word had hardly passed her lips when she repented it, and asked herself what she had done. Restless and miserable, she went to wander alone in the woods. "I have told a lie," thought she over and over again as she wandered among the damp fir-branches, and heaps of decaying leaves. For the moment her repentance eclipsed her jealous misery. Had things been as formerly between her and James, she would have confessed to him, and let him comfort her, and reconcile her to herself; but that relief could not be thought of in the present instance. To tell him that she had hidden the duet, would be to let him guess her motive for doing so,—to tell him, in fact, that she loved him.

"He forgets that we used to love one another," cried she; "he shall never be reminded of it by me,—never, never, never!" and the pride of many generations of Fitzpatricks came to strengthen her resolution.

She was very nearly a saint in the eyes of Ballyshandra, but in her own eyes she was then the worst of sinners: she would confess to One greater than James, so she sank down upon the fir-needles, in the solitude of the wood, leaning her forehead against a rough, red stem.

She had not knelt long before she heard steps approaching, and

rted to her feet : she would not suffer any human eye to discover  
r upon her knees in the wood. On and on came the footsteps  
ng the gravel walk,—firm, even footsteps, each one awaking its  
io in her memory. Trembling with agitation and a kind of terror  
slipped behind the gaunt fir-trunk, and resting her clasped hands  
on it, peeped out to see who was coming. On still came the  
asured steps,—steps that had once been very familiar to her, and  
was fully prepared for what she saw. The gravel path was  
her more than a hundred yards from her fir-tree ; near enough,  
wever, for her to recognise the man who passed her swiftly, with-  
t looking to right or left. He had the appearance of Cecil  
clair.

Lucy did not change her position until the sound of his step had  
d away ; and then slowly, and somewhat unsteadily, she left the  
od. It was a relief to her to quit the heavy shadow of the pines,  
d stand once more under the open sky upon the broad avenue  
ding to the house.

A group of labourers in the potato-field were leaning on their  
ades, talking very earnestly together. They caught sight of her  
erging from the plantation, and waited open-eyed and breathless  
til she came close to them.

"She seen him too, I'll be bound!" whispered one to the other.  
old man, who considered himself privileged to question her,  
an. "Miss Lucy, jewel, what was shon?"

"What, Mickey?"

"Ah, then, Miss Lucy, you needna be hiding it fra' us! Sure  
scare's on you yet. Was that Captain Sinclair, or was it na?"

"What did you think you saw, Mickey?" she inquired, rather  
nulously.

McPherson's boy, Jack, answered before Mickey could speak.  
lad was more excited than terrified. "We seen, a big, clever  
tleman coming down the avenue fra the house, walking very fast;  
when he come convenient to us, we seen it was Captain Sinclair,  
s. He went in there, where you come out."

"Lord, save us!" from the Protestant portion of the group.

"Holy Mary, an' all the saints, preserve us!" from the Roman  
tholics.

Lucy felt very sick, and her sight seemed suddenly going.

"Who was he, honey?" persisted old Mickey.

"It was like Captain Sinclair," said she with difficulty: she  
as though she could say no more, and the words had not left  
lips when she fainted dead away in the arms of the potato-  
gers.

"Poor crathure, but she got the sore scare!" exclaimed they.

"Go up to the house, Jack, an' bid Miss Hannah come here.

Fetch her along wi' you, an' dinna stop ane minute on the road. If you offer to come wanting her, I'll break your head," said George Neely, a kind of head man over the rest.

They were all devoted to Lucy. She had attended one through a long illness; she was paying for the schooling of another's children; a third was a member of her night school. All were filled with consternation to see her lie so pale and quiet. But the faint did not last long: when she recovered consciousness she was in Mickey's arms. William Mackenzie was sprinkling water over her face,—water that fell in brown drops from his earthy fingers; and George was holding a little bottle of whiskey to her lips, and saying, "Taste it, Miss Lucy, dear. Just a wee sup to lift your heart. It'll do you all the good in life.

She would not repulse his kindness, so she tasted the whiskey, and found that he was perfectly right as to its invigorating effects.

Old Hannah was following Jack down the avenue as fast as her tottering limbs could carry her. She was full of importance, ordering the men to stand back, and not crowd Miss Lucy that way; asking William what he meant by throwing dirty water in her face, and George, if he wished to poison her outright with his poteen.

Lucy was recovered enough to soothe the old woman.

"Dear Hannah, they have been very kind to me; I am so obliged to them! I can get home nicely now, with the help of your arm."

"An' what's all this I'm hearing about Captain Sinclair, my jewel? What for is he that onrestful. The saints protect us, there's something we dinna know keeping him fra' his rest."

"Ay, what can be keeping him fra' his rest?" repeated the others in various intonations of awe. Their question was addressed to Lucy. What was there, thought they, that Miss Lucy did not know?

"I don't understand it at all," replied she, in a dreamy tone, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosophy."

"Eh, Miss, what did you say?" asked they, puzzled.

Lucy had totally forgotten the rank and capacity of her audience. "I only meant that there are many things we cannot understand at all," she hastened to reply.

"My darling," said old Hannah, "if you gi'e me the money, I'll get his reverence, Father Stephen, to say masses for the repose of Captain Sinclair's soul."

"Ay, do, Miss Hannah," from Mickey and Peter Rooney,— "do, woman, dear, an' we'll say a wheen paters an' aves for him we'erselves.

Lucy felt obliged, but rather embarrassed, by this kind offer.

other Protestants for once had neither scornful words nor looks their ignorant neighbours, a sure proof that they were horribly frightened.

"Thank you very much!" said Lucy; "but you know, I don't believe that prayers can do the dead any good; their eternal state is fixed. Let us, the living, pray for ourselves and for one another."

So saying she left them, and went slowly home with Hannah, instructing her by the way to keep the occurrence secret from Mrs. Fitzpatrick. That it would be well canvassed in the country was, she knew, inevitable. The potato gatherers stood looking after her, whispering a little before they went back to their work. "Dear, dear, but she's the sweet, good crathur! God keep all trouble far from her!" ejaculated they, and then they returned to the mysterious searance.

As Lucy anticipated, the affair made a great noise among the poor people throughout the entire parish, and she was forced to submit to be questioned about it in every cottage she entered for the next three weeks. It was in vain she started other subjects; the people were sure to revert to Captain Sinclair.

She was one day seated at Mrs. McPherson's hearth, engaged in mending up the burnt foot of little Sarah, the youngest child, when Ellen Boyd, from over the street, came in. Ellen was a widow, a particular friend of Lucy's, who was well up in her family history, having visited her husband during his last illness, and attended her and her two sons in many ways. The sons were grown up; one was sober and steady, the other very wild, causing much scandal in the village of Finn, by cursing the Pope when he was in his cups, and strutting up and down the street, proclaiming his own good Orange principles, and daring those of the opposite side to fight him. A fight did often take place on these occasions, and the sergeant was sure to bring Alick Boyd before Mr. Fitzpatrick next morning, to be fined.

Alick was just gone to America, Lucy and James between them having advanced part of the passage-money, thinking he might be more likely to reform in a new country than in a place where his precedents were known. He had been no credit to them; both had tried to reform him, and James declared it was his want of education which had baffled them. The elder Boyds had never learned to read, and suffered their sons to grow up ignorant also.

The other son, Robert, had supported the whole family; he had taken kind care of his widowed mother.

When Ellen came into Mrs. McPherson's, therefore, Lucy was glad to see her, that she might ask for news of her graceless professor. "I hope you have had a letter from Alick?" she said.

"Ay, miss, dear; we'd a letter fra' him on Sunday, wrote the

day after he landed in Philadelphia. Dear, send he may be steadier out there nor he was here, for no one knows the way he fretted the father an' me, drinking and rambling about the country, an' knocking up Robert to let him in late at night, when the poor, hard-working boy was sleeping. When he did do a day's work, we were never the better for it; never a penny of his wages did I see. Oh, he's better away!"

"Perhaps he may become good and steady in America, Ellen."

"Dear, send it, Miss Lucy," but her tone was not hopeful. "It wasna just about Alick I came in to speak to you, dear; it was about him that was seen thon day in the planting. I'am going to mak free, an' I hope you willna be offended wi' me."

"I don't think I shall, Ellen; but then I do not yet know what you want to say."

"It's just this, Miss Lucy: may be you ha' been mourning after him, an' that what's keeping him fra his rest."

"I have not been thinking of him at all, lately, Ellen."

"Some one's been thinking o' him, then, or he'd rest better."

Ax Mrs. McPherson there?"

"Ay, Miss," said the mistress of the house when thus appealed to. "Ellen's right enough; it's easy to keep the dead onrestful by lamenting after them. My grandfather was a tender-hearted man, an' he used to take trouble very sore when his friends died. I mind weel he told me he'd ha' known them to come in the night time an' lie heavy on his breast, till he was forced to give up mourning after them."

"That was a dream, Mrs. McPherson."

"No, dear, it was no dream; he said he felt the weight on his breast quite plain."

"Miss Lucy, I'll tell you what happened to myself last spring when my old man died," and Ellen began to cry.

"Don't tell me if it vexes you," said kind-hearted Lucy.

"Ah, dear, I dinna fret after him now, an' I'm going to tell you the reason. Robert an' me kept him fra his rest wi' our lamenting. He came back to me the night he was buried, an' five nights after that."

"Save us!" cried Mrs. McPherson, and little Sarah ceased her low wailing she had been indulging in during the dressing of her foot.

"Ay, Miss, as sure as I'm a living sinner, my old Jack came back to me. The fire was nearly out, an' I'd laid down on the bed in the kitchen (Robert was in bed in the room) when I felt Jack kapping me; I knowed his hand on my shoulder rightly."

Such a tale would have forced a smile from Lucy four years

, but she was very grave as she inquired, "Did you hear any step?"

"No, Miss, but I knowed he was there. He stopped near five utes, an' then he gaed away. The next night, an' the night r that," he came back, an' at last I spoke to him. 'Jack r,' says I, 'is that you?' but he never spoke a word. Robert me keep up the fire to see if I could see him, an' the t night I made up a bonnie wee fire, but that time he dinna e to me,—he went across the street to my daughter: she came ell me her father 'd been happing her in the night time. It s a sore heart to me to think he was flying about between ven an' earth, and couldna rest."

"Did he come back, Ellen?"

"Ay, did he! He came to Robert next. I'll tell you how t was. It was one night in the gloaming that Robert was sit- g on the big stane at our door, wi' his back to the garden. He s he felt a waft coming up fra the garden, an' he knowed his her was there."

"Speak, an' say what you are," says he. "If you're my er, what's keeping you fra your rest?"

Wi' that his father's voice made answer, "It's your mother an' wi' your crying an' mourning, that's keeping me out of heaven. your mother give up lamenting after me, an' dinna you be vex- yoursel' about that rambling boy; (that was Alick, you know, s: he was aye a thought to the fether), but keep yoursel' quiet, the house quiet, an' be a good son to your mother."

Robert promised he would do what he bid him, an' then Jack , 'Farewell,' an' told him he was going to heaven."

"A very strange tale, Ellen!"

"Ay, dear, that it is: you see what too much mourning for the d can do. I wonder if Captain Sinclair——"

"Oh, no, Ellen—impossible! There's no one in the world to rn for him, now. It's so long ago, you see—he is almost for- ten."

Forgotten! The word struck a deeper chord than Lucy's nble auditors knew of. They little understood the anguish in voice as she spoke it, neither did they guess why she hastened ay, leaving them to discuss their ghost story more freely in her ence. "Alas," she thought, as she stepped out upon the street "Alas! alas! It is not the dead only who are forgotten!"



## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

## CENTRAL ASIA.

RUSSIA has unquestionably acted with great wisdom, after the conquest of the Khanat of Khiva, in recognising the chief of that turbulent, bigoted, and most unprincipled community, as a feudatory in his own capital, while holding Kungrad and Khodjaili, which commands the mouths of the Oxus, and Surakhan, which controls the upper waters of the same river. It is the continuation of the same policy which has been observed with regard to Tashkend and Khokand, as also in respect to Bokhara and Samarkand.

The countries themselves are either occupied or held under control by the occupation of advantageous points, whilst the capitals are left nominally in the possession of the native rulers, and thus the appearance of an actual subjugation is avoided, and the sensitiveness of European and Asiatic powers is as little ruffled as possible, while the reality is obtained just the same as if the Cossack government had been set up in the existing capitals of the different khanats.

The indemnity of £300,000, exacted from the Khan of Khiva, is quite sufficient to make it impossible for him ever to pay it, while it looks very moderate, after so large an outlay on the expedition, and thus the occupation of the country is rendered doubly secure.

By the possession of Khiva, Russia obtains a second base to further operations in Central Asia. She had, first, the road from Orenburgh to the Jaxartes, and by Tashkend to Kashgar and Yarkand; she has now a second line, by the Oxus to Bokhara, Balkh, and Kunduz; and her next efforts will be to open a line from the Caspian to Merv and Herat. This whilst M. de Reuter is busy opening a future highway to Russia from the Caspian to Teheran, and from Teheran to the Persian Gulf.

Whilst we are neglecting the only one line available to Great Britain overland to India, Russia is, in fact, preparing for herself five great lines of approach to that country. 1st. From the Caspian and the Trans-Caucasian Provinces to the Persian Gulf. 2nd. From the Caspian *via* Merv, Herat, and Kabul, to Pashawur. 3rd. From Khiva *via* Bokhara and Balkh, by the pass of Alexander the Great, to Kabul and the Indus. 4th. From Kasilinsk, by the Jaxartes, Tashkend, and Khokand, to Kashgar and Yarkand; and 5thly. From the Issi-Kul to Yarkand.

The greatest difficulty connected with the new conquest has to determine upon the best site to command the base at the of Aral. The southern portion of that sea, known as the Gulf bughir, close to which Kungrad is situated, was found to be up. An admirable plan has in consequence been hit upon, h is to drain the Taldik branch of the Oxus into the Ulkun th of the same river, thus uniting the two streams into one gable river, and planting the fort, not at Kungrad, but at djaili, on the united stream, and upon a spur of the Shaikh , or Sheikh Djalee, hills, the only range in the Khanat, and h stretch along the right bank of the Oxus to above Khiva.

The whole delta of the Oxus is honey-combed with canals, and sian engineering science will soon form a navigable approach by grad and Khodjaili, by which light gun-boats will be enabled o up the Oxus to the Afghan frontier town of Khodja Salih, re the Oxus is still 823 yards in width, and 19 feet deep, and beyond that, to where the river lies in closest proximity to ch and Kunduz. There would still remain the pass used by rander the Great, and occupied by the British troops at the e of the Afghan war (and the difficulties of which have been rided at length in our pages), between the upper waters of the is and those of the Indus.

In connection with the Central Asiatic Question, it is also said t a commission has been appointed by the Royal Academy of ences, of Paris, to aid in the explorations essential to M. de seep's scheme of railway communication with India. This eme, as we have before described, embraces two great mountain ses, in addition to that over the Hindhu-Kush, and M. de seep's son is said to proceed at once to Pashawur, whilst Cotard goes to Orenburg. The Commission itself, which comes the well-known names of Elie de Beaumont, and Milne wards, will, it is said, start in spring. This may mean some mbers of the Commission, for it is not at all likely that Acade- tians, at an advanced period of life and with established reputa- ns, are going to risk both amidst the capricious populations of ntral Asia.

No information has as yet been vouchsafed as to whether, h the aid of Russia and Persia, and the influences of the hschilds, the projected railway from Resht to Teheran, will be ceeded with. The preliminary surveys are, however, being car- l out. It appears that, in the meantime, a guarantee has been, s to be, sought for, from the British Government, in order to nect Persia with Turkey *via* Tabriz and Erzurum. It is be hoped t whilst the Shah was at Constantinople, he was made duly sible of the advantages that would accrue to his country by

establishing communication with Europe by Turkey, rather than by Russia, with its prohibitive tariffs. But it would require that Constantinople should be connected with Erzurum before the question of a line from Erzurum could be discussed; nor can it be expected that a government which has declined participating in a joint guarantee with Turkey for a Euphrates railway would enter into responsibilities for remote Persian railways.

It may further be mentioned, in connection with the same order of ideas, that the Servian State Railway is at last in a fair way of being entered upon. When this is carried out, it will, by establishing communication between Belgrade and Adrianople—the line from Adrianople to Constantinople being now completed—open a through line from the continental shores of the Straits of Dover to the Bosphorus, beyond which a short line is already in existence as far as to Ismid (ancient Nicomedia) in Asia Minor.

#### THE REIGN OF TERROR.

*The Reign of Terror. A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, First Minister of the Crown.* By Geoffery Crayon, Jun.—Provost and Co., London.

THE writer of this letter is a Yankee, or if not, he is an Englishman thoroughly imbued with American ideas. At the conclusion of a tremendous war, compared with which, we are told, the recent war between Germany and broken-backed France was but a bagatelle, Mr. Lincoln said, "Let us not think of revenge, but let us set about getting things into working order again." So the writer, seeing that Mr. John Bright vouchsafed his opinion that the people of England are taught nothing but violence, and he himself, being able to declare that in this year of grace, 1873, an epidemic and reign of terror reigns throughout all England, he, in his infinite kindness, volunteers to set things into order.

As some may be in the same predicament as ourselves, unaware of the existence of a reign of terror, we must hasten to explain that it lies in the fact that England is ruled by an oligarchical, or "Few Men Power," as our author has it. That the "few men power" rules politically by the legislature, socially by a terror. An assertion which is neither flattering to the Liberal nor to the Democratic party. What is worse is, that as the political power of the present "few" is weakening, their social power or terror is, we are told, every day becoming stronger.

If so, the terror does not extend to the working classes, for they, we are further told, seeing that no change can take place to do them justice in this country without violence, are forming secret societies and republican clubs among themselves. That is to say,

their idea of justice is simply to get the upperhand, not of the archical or "few men power," but of the higher and middle es. Supposing this accomplished, they would have to select few " to govern, and thus to return to the "few men power," as they are at present. But as the new few men would in all ability be neither as educated, or as experienced, nor endowed the same wide extended sympathies as the existing few, it it be well worth their consideration if it would not be wiser to their objects by constitutional means, than by revolutionary violent proceedings—to change the oligarchical few, and not verthrow the constitution. To argue to the contrary, and that ce cannot be obtained in this country, is tantamount to saying they have no real claims to put forward, but what they want supplant the existing power by one of their own nomination. n presents, at the present moment, an instructive example of advantages of power being placed in the hands of the people—lective, but executive power. Not a province or a town is ad as to what is wanted. In each town different parties clamour anciful changes, social order is annihilated, the very sources of erity are the first destroyed, and discontent alone reigns eme. Nay, even charitable and religious institutions are led, and yet we are told it is not reasonable "to expect the nce of Christ's Kingdom upon earth other than in the frame-; so to speak, of the democratic principle." The democratic iple under constitutional restraints—good; but the first thing Communists in France, *Intransigentes* in Spain, and Interna- lists all over the world, do, is to discard the first great elements hristianity. Love your neighbour as yourself, and do unto rs as you would be done by—in the parlance of the working es themselves, "Live and let live."

If people will write about a reign of terror under constitutional icles, it is well that those who read should understand that to blant such principles by violence is to bring about no fictitious 1 of terror, but one which would inevitably involve the insti- rs in the same utter ruin as that which they would fain entail 1 others.

Our author's illustrations of the fact, that we are passing through ase of barbarous civilisation, and that therefore another phase unting, are very amusing. If, he says, one gets into an omni- one finds twelve persons jammed together in a vehicle, where, ie utmost, there is only room for a decent ten. A Republic d, it is to be supposed, remedy this state of things, by ejecting wo too many. The dwelling-places of a large number of work- nen are not what they ought to be. Would Republicanism do uch to alleviate such a state of things as philanthropy, intel-

ligence, and legislation, have done, and are doing! Then, again, the new Houses of Parliament cost five millions, and that at a time when the great bulk of the people are living in ignorance, dirt, and irreligion. Now, education, cleanliness, and religion, being, if not efficiently, still slowly and surely, disseminated, at a vast expense to the middle classes, it might be questioned if, without the aid of these, the throwing the said five millions broadcast among the ignorant, the idle, and disaffected, would have in any way ameliorated their condition. This system of condemning; as unchristian, all great public works, instead of giving the monies to the poor, is one of the most common and unreasonable forms of democratic selfishness and dissatisfaction. Every nation should be proud of its prosperity, and of the outward evidences of that prosperity, and the heart of every patriotic unit should beat with the same pulse as that of the nation. To teach it always to envy or to hate that which does not belong to itself, but to the community at large, constitutes a part of that grovelling education which has republicans and democrats as teachers. "The extravagant public expenditure is," we are told, "just so much ammunition being stored up, and which, sooner or later, will be fired against the crown." If it were possible to admit that the State is growing weaker on account of the evils that are everywhere, this is a most striking example of how it could be rendered still more weak by the remedy proposed. Of all doctors, political doctors are the greatest quacks. But to an intelligent and educated class, like the British electoral body, to preach violence as a remedy for evil is an insult to public feeling which can only recoil upon the fanatic.

Speaking "as a physiologist and a physician," "action most immediate, prompt, and imperative," being required upon all the laws which regulate the land, our physician's remedies are far less heroic than what might have been expected from such a preposterous diagnosis. Fictitious "gold warrants," should be done away with. A richly endowed, pagan-growing ecclesiastical corporation must also be swept away. Local parliaments should supersede an imperial parliament. The national debt should be reduced. The laws should be codified. Decimal coinage with the "almighty dollar" as a basis, should be adopted. Ministers of public health and public justice appointed. The vice-royalty of Ireland abolished. The army reformed. Votes should be equal with the ballot, and biennial or triennial parliaments elected with a rate-paying clause. "Give the equal vote and triennial parliaments, and revolution and revolutionary violence will be for ever outlawed in old England." But if nothing can be done, then we are duly forewarned, the centenary of the American republic is approaching, "the people sick and indignant at this corrupt and unchristian

government, will raise an unmistakeable shout, when the royal standard will be ruthlessly torn down, when that other standard

“ The Republican Jack, the red, white, and blue,  
The old Union Jack in the Horizontal Tricolor.  
The Tricolor flag . . . . .

When the Tricolor Flag of a Republic will float over Westminster Abbey.”

If the people are “sick and indignant at this corrupt and unchristian government,” how any one of the proposed changes would restore health and allay indignation, would puzzle any one but a Tricolor doctor to explain. The separation of Church and State might gratify the large body of Nonconformists by bringing down the ministry to their level, but it might not improve the character of the ministers themselves, or enhance their means of doing good. It certainly would not strengthen the State, in whatever form it might exist. The power of separate states in the United States has long ago been swamped in the Union. People might tire of equal votes and triennial parliaments, when they found that their social position, which is independent of legislative action, was not bettered by them, as they have tired of each successive reform. Every man has his nostrum for diseases in the body politic, every doctor his panacea for evils, which lie not on the surface, but in the canker of a corrupt social system—envy, idleness, discontent, dissatisfaction, bad habits, and want of thrift, and especially drunkenness. There will always be disaffected persons in every community, no matter under what political arrangements, and there will always be prophets of evil, even among physiologists. But what will the King of Terror—for a reign of terror under our present system presupposes a king—say of his rule, when the final results are that missives of such dire import can be addressed to him?

#### THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF THE JAPANESE.

EVERYWHERE mountains are sacred in the eyes of the people. What an important part did not Olympus and Ida play in the mythology of the ancients? Atlas, Taurus, and Caucasus, were holy mountains. So also, in later times, Mons Palatinus, Caelius, and Citorio had their especial divinities. Sinai, Hor, Hermon, and Lebanon are dear to Jewish, as Olivet and the Mount of Beatitudes are to Christian associations. Etna, Demavend, Elburus, Adam's Peak, Ararat, St. Elias, St. Bernard, St. Gothard, and a host of others, have their religious, classical, or legendary traditions, or have had sacred names attached to them.

So also has Japan its Holy Mountain, Fuji-Yama, or “Rich scholar Peak,” as it is called in the language of the country, from the expenses attendant upon a pilgrimage to its summit, for here

we see repeated in another form—that of shrines and resting-places for prayer and charity on the part of penitent pilgrims—that frequent connection, which we have before remarked upon, in the religious ceremonies of the East and the West.

Fuji-Yama—"Mons excelsus et singularis," as Kœmpfer describes it, and "which in beauty, perhaps, hath not its equal," is in many respects a remarkable mountain. Rising to an altitude of some 14,000 feet, it can be seen at sea in fine weather, at a distance of upwards of ninety miles. From Yeddo, it may be seen at a distance of some eighty miles, on a bright summer evening, lifting its head high into the clouds, the western sun behind it, and making a screen of gold on which its purple mass stands out in bold relief; or, early in the morning, its glittering cone of snow tipped with the rays of the rising orb;—and in either aspect it is certainly both singular and picturesque, springing abruptly from a broad base into an almost perfect cone, truncated only at the extreme pinnacle, and towering far above all the surrounding ranges of hills. To the Japanese, who are anything but cosmopolitan, it may be the "matchless" for which, as Kœmpfer goes on to say, "poets cannot find words, nor painters skill and colours sufficient to represent the mountain as they think it deserves."

From its peculiar position, however, Fuji-Yama feels the effects of strong winds in a most remarkable way. Its isolation exposes it both to sun and wind, and the consequence is that it throws off its canopy of snow and puts it on again with extraordinary rapidity. Sir Harry Parkes says that during one ascent made on the 6th of September, there were only small patches of snow to be seen here and there, when on the 27th of the same month, another climbing party had to pass over four miles of snow, and suffered from snow-blindness on their return.

Fuji-Yama is an extinct volcano, and was for some time the scourge of the country. An eruption, dating as far back as A.D. 799, lasted for thirty-four days, and devastated the surrounding country. Another occurred in 800, and two others in 863 and 864, which were preceded by disastrous earthquakes. The eruption of 864 was peculiarly severe. It lasted ten days, until the fire found an issue at the base of the mountain, and it was accompanied by three severe shocks of earthquake, which were felt at a distance of thirty leagues. The torrents of lava extended over an area of from three to four leagues. In 1707, a last and violent eruption took place, and cinders and ashes were ejected to a distance of ten leagues. There seems to be some misconception as to Fuji-Yama being still an active volcano. Keaproth speaks of it as such, and M. d'Archiac repeats the statement in his "*Histoire du Progrès de la Géologie*," but the eruption of 1707 is the last upon record.

Jephson, in "Our Life in Japan," says "that venerable, white-headed old mountain, Fusi-Yama, monopolised most of the attention, as it would always be sure to do, no matter under what circumstances. It is not its height so much that makes it remarkable, its peculiar shape and isolated position. After living some time amongst the Japanese, one begins to share their veneration for the old mountain." Fortune says in his "Narrative of a Journey to the capitals of Japan and China:" "There appeared some fifty or sixty miles inland, Mount Fusi, or Fusi-Yama, the 'Matchless,'

Holy Mountain of the Japanese. Its northern slopes were covered with snow, but on its southern sides green streaks of verdure were visible. This mountain is the highest in Japan. It was formerly supposed to be only 10,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, but later observations made by Mr. Alcock's party in 1850, give it a height of 14,177 feet." (p. 27). Again, at page 30, he adds, "Landward, Fusi-yama, or the 'Holy Mountain,' was seen towering high above all the other land, covered with snow the purest white, and its summit already basking in the rays of the morning sun, although that luminary had not yet shown himself to the denizens of our lower world. Sailors and passengers were looked often and long upon that lovely mountain, and it was with regret we watched it gradually disappear from our view and sink in the horizon.

A mountain so remarkable by its elevation, position, isolation, and beautiful and imposing aspect, has become the resort of an immense number of pilgrims, more especially in the summer months, who come from all parts of Japan, and may be met with at all hours of the day and night, wending their way in small bands, distinguished by some peculiar badge or mark, and uttering cries of encouragement to each other.

Sir Rutherford Alcock was the first European to make the ascent of this far-famed mountain. At this epoch it appears to have been considered that there were but two months in the year usually, July and August, when the mountain is sufficiently free from snow to permit the ascent. "So at least," said Sir Rutherford " (*Capital of the Tycoon*," vol. i., p. 395) "the natives assert, to go to this snow-capped and cloud-enveloped shrine of their gods is in crowds every year; and, from my own subsequent experience, I should judge the ascent to be well-nigh impossible whenever any snow has fallen." These pilgrims are, it appears, of the lower classes, and it is not considered consistent with the dignity of a Daimio, or even of an officer of any rank, to make the pilgrimage. The peculiar advantages to be derived from such a laborious excursion, appears, indeed, to have lost favour in the eyes of the more intelligent portion of the Japanese community—to be regarded, in-



deed, as a superstition by many, and in the Baron Ch. de Chassiron's "Notes sur le Japon, La Chine, et L'Inde," there is an amusing native caricature, evidently from the long sticks in their hands, of pilgrims wending their way up the flanks of Fuji-Yama.

On the way from Yeddo to the Holy Mountain, the Hakoni range of mountains, rising some 6000 feet above the sea, has to be crossed. The roads over these mountains are as bad as can be, sometimes mere watercourses, filled with fragments of rock, but the scenery amply repays any fatigue of body. Here, high up the mountain sides, forests of *Pinus densiflora* mingle with the graceful foliage of the bamboo and the cryptomeria, which is here seen in its glory as a timber tree. The wild hydrangea, with its large flower clusters—lilac, blue, and white—covers the banks side by side with the Scotch thistle. From the valleys to the highest summit, every hill and mountain presents, indeed, one dense mass of luxuriant foliage, in trees and shrubs. The oak, the maple, the beech, the alder, and the chesnut,—all are here. The botanist can also obtain many rare ferns and other specimens of interest. Lake Hakoni, a remarkably beautiful expanse of water, which is crossed on this route, also constitutes an interesting feature.

The way at the base of the mountain lays through waving fields of corn, succeeded by a belt of high rank grass, beyond which woods of oak, pine, and beech, creep high up the sides of the mountain, clothing the shoulder of the towering giant, like the shaggy mane of a lion, with increased majesty. These woods bear evidence of the occasional fury of the typhoons, in large trees broken short off and others uprooted. As the ascent is proceeded with, the wood soon becomes thinner and more stunted in growth, while the beech and birch take the place of the oak and the pine. These woods are said to abound in stags and wild boar, but all traces of life, animal or vegetable, are soon lost with the progress of the ascent. After ascending about half-way over rubble and scorise, little huts or caves, as the resting-places are called, partly dug out and roofed over to give refuge to the pilgrims, make their appearance. They are about eleven in number, from Hakimondo to the summit, and they are generally about a couple of miles asunder.

The first part of the ascent—after leaving the horses, occupies about four hours' steady work, amid lava and scorise. But the last half is by far the most arduous, growing more steep as each station is passed. The path, if such the zig-zag may be called, often leads over fragments of outjutting rocks, while the loose scorise prevent firm footing and add to the fatigue. The air also becomes more rarefied and affects, more or less, the breathing. The last stage, more rough and precipitous than all the preceding, has also, naturally, the farther disadvantage, that it comes after the fatigue of all

others. But it is questionable if this is not more than compensated for by the gratification experienced at the last step, which sees the happy pilgrim on the topmost stone, and enables him to look down in the yawning crater below.

This a great oval opening, with jagged lips, estimated by Lieutenant Minson, with such means of measurement as he could command about 1100 yards in length, with a mean width of 600, and is probably about 350 in depth. Looking down on the other side, which had a northern aspect, there seemed a total absence of vegetation, even on the lower levels, and the rich country below was completely hid by a canopy of clouds drifting far below. Water led at 184° Fahr. The estimated height of the edge of the crater, above the level of the sea, was 13,977 feet; and the highest peak, 177. The latitude was calculated 35° 21' N, and the longitude 138° 42' E. Variation of compass, 3° 2' W. Temperature of air in sun at noon 54° Fahr.

The Japanese, who perform this pilgrimage from religious motives, are generally dressed in white garments, which they are proud to have stamped with various mystic characters and images by the bonzes located there during the season for that purpose. On the sleeves of many of the pilgrims are to be seen the crusading emblem—the scallop-shell, “a strange coincidence,” says Sir Rutherford Alcock, “which I have never been able to explain.” The scallop-shell was probably used as a portable drinking-cup by poor pilgrims, and became afterwards adopted as a badge. The origin of the pilgrimage is traced back to an ancient date, when a holy man, the founder of the Sintū religion (apparently the oldest in Japan), took up his residence in this mountain; and, since his death his spirit is still held to have power to bestow health, and various other blessings, on those who make the pilgrimage in honour of his memory.

The volcano, we have before remarked, has been now for some time extinct. The tradition is, that the mountain itself appeared on a single night from the bowels of the earth, a lake of equal dimensions making its appearance, near Miako, at the same epoch. The time actually spent in climbing up to the summit was about eight hours, but the descent occupied a little more than three. Many patches of snow were found here and there near the summit, and on the return of the party to Yeddo, three weeks later, it was completely covered. Laborious as the ascent is, still it is not so much so, but that profitting by the experience of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Lady Parkes accompanied Sir Harry in an ascent effected shortly afterwards—a wonderful feat for a lady to accomplish.

The account of a still more recent ascent of the Holy Mountain, Mr. J. H. Gubbins, student-interpreter at Yeddo, has been

published in a late number of the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," which possesses some new features of interest. Mr. Gubbins started on the ascent from the village of Subashin, one of the four halting-places for pilgrims, the others being Yoshida on the north, Tuyama on the south-east, and Miya on the south. The ascent is described precisely as by Sir Rutherford Alcock, only it is added that there are numerous shrines on the way up the mountain, where pilgrims are expected to contribute a certain sum, and that there are also ten (Sir Rutherford Alcock, says eleven, from Takimondo) resting-places, equidistant, on the upper part of the mountain, usually erected in some sheltered spot under the lee of a rock or boulder, as a protection against avalanches. The party passed a night, as their predecessors did, in one of these huts or resting-places, and gained the summit on the ensuing morning.

The descent was, on this occasion, made by the northern route to Yoshida, the forest being described as extending far higher up the mountain on that side than on the side near Subashiri, and the slope as more gradual. At the foot of the mountain, too, on this side, about eight miles above Yoshida, is a cave with a low entrance, in which the goddess Konohana Sukuya Himé no Mikoto, or tutelary deity of Fuji-Yama, is said to reside, and pilgrims from this side are obliged to enter the cave for the purpose of soliciting her aid before commencing the ascent. An attempt made to explore it by a Japanese soldier, 700 years ago, is said to have aroused the ire of the goddess, who caused him to beat a hasty retreat. It is no wonder that the faith in the pilgrimage should be waning away, when the Japanese have to go so far back for a tradition, easily explained away, as connected with the locality.

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ALASTOR.

BY LIEUT.-COL. COPINGER.

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AMONGST the riders in that fashionable Calcutta drive there was whom every one noticed, from the peculiar grace which he showed in riding, the style of his figure, and his prepossessing countenance. Although his steed was one which he hired for the day, yet he looked a personage of distinction. Mrs. Gibbs was a short time on the course when Alastor—for he it was—rode up in the carriage, and soon entered into conversation with the ladies. Mrs. Gibbs was proud to know that he looked superior to any one amongst the gay crowd, and she felt also an inner consciousness of attraction when she understood, with the intuitive tact of her sex, that he felt a pleasure in conversing with her; for he had got round the other side of the carriage, and another cavalier, an Indian civil servant, who had been a long time acquainted with Mrs. Gibbs, was on the other side of it, conversing with her. Then Alastor began, with his ready wit and exuberance of spirits, to comment upon all he saw; such a flow of easy eloquence, as well complimentary as banter—was his, that no person could help being interested while he talked, and she especially, who had never ceased to think of him, listened to him with delight.

Before he left them, he received numerous injunctions from Mrs. Gibbs to be sure to come and see them, and she invited him to come again the next day. She said Mr. Gibbs had called on him—indeed, that was the case, but Alastor had not been at home. He had taken up his quarters at the fort with an old friend, and meant to remain there until his boat was ready for travelling up country; for, on his arrival, he had found an order for him to

proceed, as soon as practicable, to join his regiment, stationed at Cawnpore. But a delay of a few days was unavoidable, as, indeed, the preparations for a river voyage of two months continuance could not be completed in less. He accepted the invitation, and the next day after the time that the assemblage on the course had returned from their ride, set out so as to be at Mrs. Gibbs's house at seven o'clock. All who know what a Calcutta dinner is have a recollection of its style. They who have seen the profuse luxury, grand display of plate, hosts of turbaned servants in flowing white dresses but bare feet, an immense punkah being moved, with its deep frill, over the large dining-table—spacious hall and matted floor, gentlemen all in white jackets, having changed their coats worn on the course, to suit the heated atmosphere,—cannot forget the first feelings of surprise which they experience at seeing these things. There were several gentlemen, and two or three married ladies, at this dinner party; but the only unmarried lady was Amelia, and she certainly looked lovely, dressed in white gauze and rose-coloured sash. She had no ornaments but a pearl necklace and bracelets; but her beauteous whiteness of skin and glowing colour, and brown flowing hair, made her appear such a Hebe as is seldom met with in India. Had her sash been fraught with the magic which lingered in the folds of Aphrodite's girdle, it could not have been more instinct with charms than those she presented to the eyes of Alastor, and Mr. Selden, who was one amongst the number of guests at the dinner-table. But, excepting for the pleasure of drinking iced champagne, the epicurean enjoyment which the taste of hermetically-sealed dainties, in the way of salmon with oyster sauce, and venison, claret fresh from the iced pannier, and all the sybarite appurtenances of an Anglo-Indian feast could afford; for he might as well have stayed away; for though when the dinner was announced by the old bearded patriarch—who looked like the seneschal of a feudal castle in ancient times—he was allotted to Amelia, some other elderly gentlemen, higher in station in India, having taken the married ladies in—yet Alastor sat by her on her other side, and she could not but think to herself that no amount of yellow guineas could reconcile her to the yellow cheeks that she now saw before her when she looked to her right hand, and that every throb of pleasure that her heart was conscious of responded to the accents which were addressed to her by the youth who sat on her left side. But he told her with a sigh that he lamented to say that his stay would be so short—that he was busied about getting ready his boat for his departure up the country. Then she thought of what a pleasure it would be to leave Calcutta and her aged suitor, and almost made her thought a parent to the wish that she could accompany Alastor, though she dared not, even to herself, own the feeling.

Mr. Selden determined to bide his time, and did not much trouble her with conversation during the process of this dinner.

After the ladies had gone out, the conversation, treating of various topics, was wholly engrossed by the old civilians, so Alastor soon left them. But even after he had got to the drawing-room, his time for conversation with Amelia was somewhat circumscribed, being the few minutes before the other gentlemen made their appearance. Early hours were very much in vogue at Calcutta. In fact, the extreme earliness at which all the English rise, as to have a small modicum of morning air, make them always anxious to retire soon, except in the case of some grand ball. The married ladies at this dinner party very soon showed symptoms of weariness, and in a short time after coffee both their husbands and themselves took their departure, neither did the hostess make any effort to prolong the evening by music or diversions of any kind. So it was his first appearance, Alastor soon took his leave, and the next morning, knowing how soon he would be wanted in the cutcherry the next morning, left Amelia and Mrs. Gibbs to themselves. Now, notwithstanding the *éclat* which followed the appearance of Alastor whenever he presented himself, and also the favourable impression which he had made on Mrs. Gibbs, yet she was a sworn ally of Mr. Selden, and did not hesitate to plead his cause with Amelia when they were alone together, saying also, after she had heard from Amelia of her great partiality for the young dragoon who had been her fellow-passenger from England, that it was observable that he had not made any mention of marriage. That even if he were to do so, how much more desirable it would be to be at the head of a gentleman's establishment who had ample means to live like a gentleman, than to be obliged to go where the camp went, and follow the fortunes of a young officer; that the young officers were very pleasant companions, and, in fact, mostly ornaments to society, but when you come to the common-sense view of domestic life, it would be found that the economy of a household was not at all within the sphere of subaltern's means—that, however gay and attractive Mr. Alastor's appearance and manner were, there were other and weightier considerations, which ought to be decisive in making the choice of a partner for life; and that, though Mr. Selden might shine much in company, yet his sterling qualities should recommend him to a lady as a husband; and there could be no doubt that he could make her home comfortable. These and many other arguments Mrs. Gibbs urged upon Amelia; but though she heard them patiently, and, in fact, was able to see great force in them, she did not still feel that she could consent to taking up her lot with Mr. Selden, and, indeed, she felt more strongly than she dared confess, that the image of Alastor was too dear to her to suffer her

to forget him. She did not, however, say much, but Mrs. Gibbs, who was very tenacious in the belief she held, was sorry to leave her, when they parted to retire for the night, in an unaltered mood, with a conviction in her own mind that her arguments had been in vain.

For Amelia's part, she slept little that night. She ran over in her mind all that Alastor had said to her; she knew that he had not been explicit, but still she said to herself, it must be as Mrs. Gibbs says, his means are not ample, and he feels that he has scarcely enough to warrant his making the proposal of marriage to me, and it is that alone that hindered him from doing so.

The next day Alastor was visited early in the morning by the native sircar, who was agent for all the officers in the Fort, to whom he had given orders to provide a budgerow for him, who told him that the preparations for getting it ready, the stores and necessary furniture, the comforts requisite for fitting out two rooms, beside the general dining-room, the servants, and all that was requisite, was duly provided. This sircar, who received a commission from the owners, found it to his interest to make the most expensive preparations, as thereby he was enabled to pocket a large per-centage; so, having had a *carte blanche*, he was determined that the wealthy English gentleman should be well accommodated, and he himself profited. The two infantry officers who had come out in the same ship with Alastor had taken for their own passage up the river a much smaller budgerow, studying economy. Then their destination was much nearer, as they had only to go as far as Dinapore. As this small budgerow also was all in order, and fitted for immediate use, they started the next day after their arrival at Calcutta. The time for departing Alastor saw could not long be delayed, but he resolved to have an interview with Amelia, if possible, that day. If it rested with himself only, he would have remained some time in Calcutta; but the order having been received at the Brigade Office for his departure, he knew that his days there must be very few. Mr. Selden was rather embittered against the gay cavalier who seemed to supplant him in his hopes, but was still not all disposed to give up the contest altogether, and came the next day to visit at Mrs. Gibbs's house, and finding the ladies at home they had some conversation on indifferent subjects, when Mrs. Gibbs left Amelia alone with him. She had used every argument she could possibly think of, and they were not a few, to induce her to think favourably of Mr. Selden; and, for very peace's sake, Amelia at last had appeared to agree with her. So she felt she had some grounds for hoping that Mr. Selden might plead his suit in such a manner that he would be successful. When he was alone with Amelia, he began recapitulating the different letters which he had

received from her mother, the promises that they contained of her intention to be united to him ; the certainty which he felt previous to her arrival of having his most anxious hopes realised, the supposition that he entertained of her reluctance to agree to his offer at first arising from timidity, and ended by earnestly soliciting her to consider how favourable the prospect would be for her, if she only consented to make him happy. This entreaty was so urgent, and his words flowed so incessantly, that she scarcely had time to give him an answer for some minutes, feeling also very much diffidence in speaking to him at all ; but when she did muster courage, she told him that she had hoped, from what had happened when first she met him, that he would not again have addressed her on the subject, and he said that though she felt deeply grateful for the very great honour which he had done her, and knew that it was a great privilege to be thought of so highly, yet she really could not alter her opinion. Then he said he that he would not farther press her, but leave it to time, and perhaps she might, after some consideration, receive his proposal more favourably, and that he hoped he might be able to renew his visits to the house. But though Amelia had nothing further to say to him after this, and, indeed, felt harassed at being thus solicited, so much so, as to be ready to weep, she resolved in her heart that she would not endure his presence again ; and when he took his leave, and Mrs. Gibbs returned soon after to the sitting-room, she told her what had passed between herself and Mr. Selden, and entreated her to tell him not to call again for the purpose of meeting her. Mrs. Gibbs who, as we said before, was such a strong ally of Mr. Selden's that she looked on him in the light of a brother, felt rather hurt, and recriminated upon Amelia, by saying that former promises ought to be adhered to, and that she certainly thought Mr. Selden was a most ill-used man ; then they talked together for some time, and the words began to run high, and at last Mrs. Gibbs said she would not hear of Mr. Selden being snubbed in her house. Amelia's pride at this was much roused, and she resolved to have her trunks packed, and take the first opportunity she could of leaving a domicile where she suffered such torments. But then where to go was the question. However, stay she would not. She dared not even confess to herself how much she longed for Alastor's society. She felt very unhappy, indeed, but she got the servants to pack all her clothes up, and resolved when she should next see Mrs. Gibbs (who had gone away from her in rather a gusty temper), she would break the subject of leaving the house. Mrs. Gibbs had ordered her carriage, to go and see one of her old friends, at Chowringhee, and would have asked Amelia to accompany her, only for their late *fracas*, so she went away alone ; and as for Mr. Gibbs, his day at the cutchery would not end till near six, as he had



much business there, which he only left for a few minutes, and usually returned there after a slight tiffin. But when she had seen all her goods packed up, she sat down disconsolate to think what she would do. She dwelt upon the pertinaciousness with which Mr. Selden had adhered to his suit. She could have despised him for it before, and now felt a positive hatred to him. But she was most of all moved by Mrs. Gibbs's conduct on the occasion. She said to herself that she was determined to break with them all, and felt every minute more confirmed in the resolution, when she heard the sound of wheels on the compound which surrounded Mr. Gibbs's house, and an ayah came in to tell her that a lall-coortee, meaning an officer, had arrived, to pay a visit.

It was then a short time after the tiffin hour, so Amelia had given up the idea of seeing Mrs. Gibbs until the evening; and she told the ayah to desire the burkundos to say she was at home, and show the gentleman into the sitting-room. She went in soon afterwards there, and found Alastor, who having been to his boat, had hired a carriage to drive round and pay his farewell visits, as he expected very soon to be obliged to set sail up the river. When Amelia came in, and he saw that she had been weeping, he said,

"How is this, Miss Constant? I hope you have not heard bad news."

"She sighed, and for a time was silent; at last she said:—  
"I feel that I have been most cruelly treated by Mrs. Gibbs, and I am determined to leave her house. She forces upon me the necessity of listening to Mr. Selden. I have told him over and over again that I would not have anything to do with him. I, now positively hate him, and feel so unhappy that I cannot tell you to what a pitch I resent being persecuted in this way."

"Then," said Alastor, "hear me, Miss Constant. I never since I saw you have ceased to think of you, to love you, to adore you. I am here now prepared to take your part. Then, I say, fly with me; come up the river with me in the large boat, which I have got ready. At the first up-country station I will wait on the Protestant clergyman, and we shall be married. Say you are willing, make me the happiest of the happy; leave this odious place, this unheard-of tyranny, this most cruel persecution, and I—I never will desert you. I shall be your guardian; trust me, who hold your honour and yourself dearer to me than my own life."

He knelt at her feet, he seized her hand and kissed it; the impetuous style of pleading, the ardent manner, the soul which showed itself in every gesture of the youth, quite disarmed Amelia of her power to chide him, but she said,—

"Oh, Mr. Alastor, I cannot think what is best to do, but I certainly will not stay in the house."

Then Alastor, who was as quick-witted as he was gay, asked her she was prepared to leave it; and she said that she had all her trunks packed up. Then, said he, I will at least undertake to convey these away in my carriage, which is now waiting, so saying he told his groom to hire porters, and to take the boxes down, and as nothing is easier in India than procuring the services of natives, so one and all respond to the motto, "Sire, to hear is to obey," in a very few minutes all the trunks were deposited in the carriage. At the most material point to gain, which was to induce Amelia to go with him and drive to the boats, required a little more time.

When he knelt to her, he begged her to consent; he went over and over in and again what she might expect to meet if she waited for Mrs. Gibbs's return; and at last she consented to go with him, writing a short note directed to Mrs. Gibbs, to say merely, "that I had decided upon leaving her house, and was going some distance up the river; that she regretted being obliged to part with me, but feared that they should not meet again." She added that it was no use sending after her, for she expected to be away some time before Mrs. Gibbs received the note; but after what had occurred in the morning she could not feel surprised at her leaving. Even after Alastor had persuaded her to get her ayah to accompany her, and all three entered together into the carriage, and when they had been driven away, she scarcely found that she could realise the situation, so strange, so sudden, were all the events which had passed over her. She knew that she was exceedingly hasty and indiscreet, but then she said, What could I do? To stay and listen to the reiterated pleading of such a man, and to be again upbraided, perhaps insulted, by Mrs. Gibbs, is more than I could bear; but a young officer means honourably to fulfil what he has promised. I feel that I can trust him. So quick, so decisive, so impetuous, were the movements of Alastor, that she had scarcely time to run over the different considerations in her own mind before they got to a large budgerow, and what with hosts of attendants, and the busy zeal of the master, very little time elapsed before all was got ready for sailing, Alastor having led Amelia into one of the inner rooms, and told her ayah to stay with her, set sail, and the budgerow, with a fresh breeze, and plenty of danrees rowing, was proceeding up the river.

It seemed like the uncertain imagery of a dream, the being hurried forward thus from scene to scene up the broad river, with its numbers of native boats, dinghees, boleaus, budgerows, merchandise boats, large and lumbering pansways, gay and light, all manned by natives or native boatmen, singing, yelling, and vociferating—its banks lined with groves of tamarinds, neem, cocoanut-trees, bamboos towering high with their feathery foliage and innumerable

stems, laced so thick together, as to be impervious, date-trees, bananas, guanvas, the hideous idol temples rearing [their heads between the groves, with their steps down to the river, in front of which stood the worshipping priests, and apart the groups of natives, most of them performing their acts of worship in it, with eyes fixed on the sun. They passed then tracts of country flooded with water, where the rice in stray shoots, like the straggling hair in a scanty-bearded man's chin, showed at intervals here and there.

When they had passed the most thronged part of the river near Calcutta, and got up a few miles further, where the native boats were fewer, and the din and concourse of the large native city left behind, Alastor, who had left Amelia with her ayah in the budge-row's inmost cabin, came to the door to ask her whether she had found every thing she had required to have with her, as he could easily, he said, send back to Calcutta when they arrived at their place of anchorage for the night. He wished to know if she found the accommodation satisfactory, and whether the ayah had duly attended to her. Seeing her in tears, he entreated her to be comforted, and to trust to him. Alas, she did trust him; she almost adored him; she thought he was the guardian genius who had come to snatch her from a miserable doom. She thought no evil ever could enter such a heart.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with it."

Thus the blindness of an affection, which made the daring recklessness of precipitate youth appear the disinterested generosity of a noble spirit, and converted the feelings of its object into excellencies, carried her mind away from its proper principle; and when she had so far forgotten her self-respect as to leave a home (even such as it was) with him only for a guardian, the downward steps which led to her disaster were fearfully easy to take. When they travelled, though it was not what is called the regular hot season in India, it was the time of the year when it is quite agreeable to go out for a short time before sunset, though during the glare of sunshine the air was quite insufferable, for it was about the end of October. On the river, what with the breeze and the appearance of the woodland scenery, the novelty of the objects around them, the birds of different plumage, the flock of green paraquets, the hood-hoods, the minahs, and the wood pigeons, the shady paths amongst the tamarinds and the bamboos, were very inviting, amid groves so lovely and replete with charms to the lover of nature. Then Alastor, when they got to the place of anchorage, near one of those groves, proposed to Amelia to walk a short distance into the country, and leave the

it to the servants while they prepared dinner for them. Amelia felt as if she had resigned every idea that she ever possessed into his keeping; and had he asked her anything, no power could have influenced her to refuse it, and especially now, as there was every inducement to comply with his proposal, she agreed. Then they went off, and wandered by bye paths, where the accasia, the jumbaylee, the saringhee, and other flowery shrubs, were lavishing their beauty in wild exuberance, and the air was teeming with their odour. Just before the day's dying away, which came suddenly, the atmosphere, by the flash of innumerable lights, like the mechanism of revolving views, replete as it was with insect life, was transformed into a flowing illumination of flickering and uncertain stars, and the whole surrounding forest was lit with thousands of corruscations in myriads of fire-flies, Amelia felt the softening languor of spirit which waits upon that peculiar hour, especially in a tropical climate, and Alastor's very soul beamed from his eyes as he breathed to her his vows of attachment. Then he talked to her of the impatience that he felt until the time should arrive when they should reach the station where the clergyman should perform the ceremony of their marriage. He talked of his unalterable, undying love. He swore that no earthly power should sever them. He won upon her yielding heart so far that she could not command him to desist when he clasped her to his breast, and they sat together long ere they returned, and she leant weeping upon him all the way backward to the boat.

Yes, she wept. How truly was it said by one of those Heathen teachers, who have given us hosts of wise sayings, "*Nemo repente ut turpissimus.*" For the fall of a man from respectability to infamy is a lengthened, gradual process; the departure from the region of truth to the hateful realms of vice is made step by step; the tempter of the soul does not ask you to leap a fence, but leads you smoothly and almost imperceptibly to the mire. But with man the descent is otherwise; it is an instantaneous fall from the heights of peace to the valley of humiliation and bitterness.

Near the cantonments of Berhampore, not far from the royal city of Moorshedabad, lived one of those devoted missionaries, who, adding in the steps of Carey and Henry Martin, gave up all his belongings to the pursuit of his Master's work, and being of the Church of England, frequently, though he had given up preferment in his own country, to migrate to India, officiated in the bungalow that was appropriated for church service to the military in Berhampore. His mode of life made even the natives regard him with a feeling of respectful admiration, which the Hindoos are not slow to yield when they see a genuine spirit of Christianity, though for its empty professions they entertain a secret contempt. If you can become

acquainted with them so intimately as to induce them to converse freely, they will tell you, provided you know their language, that it is by his fruits you should know a man, and that when they see men professing a belief in Christianity swearing, drinking, committing acts of outrage, and cherishing enmity, they cannot understand the benefit of belonging to such a religion—"bad as our creed may be," say they, "we are consistent to it, but the professors of yours daily make it a farce." But Mr. Moorgrave was not one of the professors nominally of Christianity, who confine it to the walls of a church merely, for daily his task was to disseminate the gospel truths amongst the natives who would listen to him, or reading by the bedside of the sick soldiers, and nightly, in place of joining parties at the messes, or elsewhere at other entertainments, he made to himself a strict rule to dine nowhere if there were no prayers introduced. His piety was thus habitual, and he never forced it upon any one's notice; and even though he had never been known to deviate from the rule which he had laid down for his mode of keeping his evenings, he still had never been heard to state to any men likely to meet religion with scorn his sentiments with regard to this matter. Where frivolity, or revelling, or the gayround of pleasure, were rife, he was always far away; but when the stroke of calamity fell over a household, when disease had visited any of its members, or when sorrow had cast its blight over any individual, young or old, then there was one to whom all eyes turned, certain to find sympathy, consolation, and relief. He was called by the natives the good feringhee sahib, and by the English the revered Mr. Moorgrave. A very abstemious living, and a natural temperament, which was suited to the climate, had made him inured to a country which is often fatal to European constitutions. But temperance had been so habitual to him that he was enabled to stand its awful heat. This was more than could be said for many active and strong young men, particular those who, on first arrival, suffer most. Also, in the cooler seasons of the year, the pestilential air of the thick forests is rife with the seeds of fever.

In the middle of November, or about three weeks after the time of Alastor's leaving Calcutta with Miss Constant, one of the doctors of the cantonment, at Berhampore, came to Mr. Moorgrave's bungalow, and having asked to speak with him, was soon admitted, and said that he was come to beg of him to accompany him in his gig to the river side, as he wished him to see a patient who was in a very precarious state, and he knew there was no one whose words were so likely to carry comfort to such a person as his were. His request was met with a ready compliance, and soon they were both on their way to the river side, the doctor driving in his gig. The doctor entered at once into an explanation of the circumstances of

case, and said that the young man who was now laid up in his dgerow, with a jungle fever, had a short time before left Calcutta, and that there was a most interesting-looking young lady in the dgerow also, but he was almost certain she was not his wife, and that they, by his advice, had stayed in the budgerow, as he thought the air on the river preferable to any that they could breathe in the stationment, which was, from the neighbourhood of several tanks, very dangerous to persons suffering from fever; that he had caught the fever from shooting in the jungle, and it had mastered him all the more fearfully owing to his youth and strength. The doctor had just finished telling Mr. Moorgrave this, when they reached the boat by the side of the Ganges; and the doctor then stepped into the budgerow, said some words to his patient, and returned for Mr. Moorgrave, who, going in with him to the interior of the budgerow, one of the sleeping-rooms, saw Alastor, who was in the last state of exhaustion from fever, but still as conscious as he was when in good health. When the doctor left them together, Mr. Moorgrave said that he wished him to believe that he visited him as though he were a long-known friend, and hoped that he would confide to him his feelings, and that he would be induced to seek for succour where alone it could be found, in the belief of the truths of the Gospel. When Alastor answered him by a sigh, Mr. Moorgrave said if there was anything on his mind previous to his reading with him and praying, he begged he would communicate it to him; and Alastor said that he feared he had not latterly been leading an exemplary life; that he felt before all things a deep sorrow in having spoken his word to one who was now staying in the same boat. Then," said Mr. Moorgrave, "make her, before you go further, the only amends you can make: marry her here. I, a minister of that Gospel whose end is to proclaim peace, am ready to perform the ceremony." Had Alastor been in the zenith of his health, and in the enjoyment of his youthful exuberance of pride and high spirits, he could scarcely have agreed to this proposition; but the good clergyman pleaded strongly in many more words; and, after a little while, Alastor yielded, and Mr. Moorgrave went out and called the doctor, who, going to the room in the budgerow occupied by Miss Constant, knocked, and on its being opened, prevailed on her to enter with him into the sick man's room, where Mr. Moorgrave was now sitting.

When they were both inside, Mr. Moorgrave, in a few but solemn words told them, as a minister of religion, he felt they should be united. He told Miss Constant that he had sent for her at Mr. Alastor's request, to read over the service of matrimony, provided she agreed to it, and that the doctor should be a witness to his having done so. She felt exceedingly; she was touched by the

goodness of the man's conduct ; she was deeply moved by the sadness of the occasion, added to the grief which she had given way to from Alastor's painful fever, in which she had tended him most anxiously and incessantly. She, of course, murmured her consent, and Mr. Moorgrave went through the ceremony. Soon afterwards Amelia returned to her chamber, and Mr. Moorgrave read and prayed with Alastor as long as he thought he should do so without exhausting him, and then returned home with the good doctor, who told him that that night he expected the crisis of the fever to come on, and by the next day he would probably know whether the turn in the disease had been for recovery, or for fatal consequences. But whether the consciousness of having acted, at the eleventh hour, rightly, or the normal power of his frame, or both causes, had had their effect upon Alastor's state of body, it is certain that soon after Mr. Moorgrave left him, he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted several hours, and woke early in the morning, exceedingly weak, but with all the traces of the fever having gone ; and the doctor, who visited him soon afterwards, pronounced him convalescent, but said that he would still suffer from weakness for some days, yet his appetite would return, and there would be nothing to apprehend. So it turned out : a delay of only a few days at Berhampore, and daily, almost hourly, his strength returned to him, and he proceeded up the country. The rest of the voyage was perfect elysium to Amelia, unalloyed by any of the heart-rending feelings which would have been hers had not kind Mr. Moorgrave come like an angel of mercy to bring about her release from disgrace and ruin, and each passing day was a day of joy. They made the voyage daily, sailing at the rate of about thirty miles. The colder the weather became the more agreeable was the sailing. They passed the Rajmahal hills, through wild and striking scenery of wooded heights, which have been often the theme of admiration with travellers, and were a pleasing change to them after the flat, though luxuriantly cultivated country of Bengal. There is no more pleasant break upon the river voyage than the sight of those hills,—wooded, wild, tracts of immense extent, covered with the reeds and the jungle. The picturesque wildness, the specimen of Indian forest landscape, the thick and impenetrable jungle,—all have charms for any lover of natural scenery. The enjoyment of it, as has been said so frequently, depends on the society you are in and the frame of mind with which you look on it ; and the traveller in viewing objects is quite dependent upon the spirit which animates him at the time he views them. But very much more so than with an ordinary traveller is this the case with a lady who, in every way nearly, is wholly regardless of what she sees, except in so far as it bears reference to those she is with, or to her state of feelings at the time of seeing it. “ What is a holiday,” says the Hindoo proverb,

"without my lover?" So what but the sickening of sorrow and shame was there to season the sensations of one who had felt herself disgraced, and had allied herself to evil? Such would have been Amelia's question before her marriage. But Mr. Moorgrave had turned her prospect of murky gloom into a fairy vision of enchantment. The strange sights on the river, the constant change, the panorama of objects unheard of and unknown which met her gaze as they sailed slowly up the stream, her mind had now leisure to dwell upon and inquire about; whereas, before her marriage, all that she saw was tinged with the bitter feeling of self-condemnation and despair. Alastor daily grew stronger, and they enjoyed together seeing the new sights. At different times, when the pelicans or the kites sailing above the boats were objects of curiosity, he shot them, and often he succeeded in killing others, and the wild pigeons on shore frequently fell to his fowling-piece. They conversed together about the various scenes that they came near, and the most interesting seemed the Musselman tombs, which the followers of Mohammed devote wonderful pains in constructing, and expend such vast sums in adorning and making extensive. To these pilgrims from all parts of the country resort. The men kneel in prayer, and the women leave locks of their hair, or shreds of their garments, as a memento, round the frame-work. These, situated as they were, in a sandy and flat line of country, where the principal sights on the banks were the alligators basking in the sun, were striking buildings. They came to the town of Bhungulpore, near which is a round tower, similar to the round towers seen in different parts of Ireland. The town, at a distance, looked picturesque; but on approaching the bazaars, consisting of native huts and stalls, for the sale of grain, confectionery of mawkish description, and all sorts of poor vegetables, —the low nature of the merchandise that characterises a native town showed itself. They passed what seemed three rocks in the centre of the Ganges, called Culgaon, which are small islands, where innumerable pigeons resort, and went onwards to Monghur, which is woody, mountaineous, and considered also healthful. Near this is a hot spring, called Seetacoond, which they went to see. Its water is much prized for its purity. It is sold at Calcutta at a high price, being useful for those about to undertake a long sea voyage. Alastor, both here, and during the way up, whenever he found an opportunity, left the boat early in the afternoon, and generally returned laden with either snipe, quail, partridge, and frequently peacock—but, in any case, the ready smile of welcome met him, and he felt, on his return home,—

" 'Twas sweet to know there was an eye to mark  
His coming, and look brighter when he come."



Then, on to the country beside the Corruckpore hills. They brought to their recollection the Rajmahal hills, and though lower, they still had their own characteristics of wildness and interest. After that they sailed through a line of country rich in palm-trees; the coconut also, in its curious branching crown of waving, pendant leaves, enormous in size, marked the landscape peculiarly. The palm-leaves, which give the natives the hugh fans that are so essential to comfort, and almost to existence in the East, grow on a tree whose juice, as a morning draught, is healthful and refreshing, but after the sun is up is fermented, and becomes intoxicating. In these palm-groves, during the evening, they landed, and sat and conversed, and dwelt, in anticipation, upon the life which they should lead together on their arrival at Cawnpore. Through a rich country, abounding in grain, and countless fields of poppies, which produce the opium from their capsules, they reached the city of Patna, called by the natives Azeemabad, which is so famed in Indian history for the massacre of English residents. By it is meant the colony of greatness; and its extent and supply of every sort of grain, the staple food of the natives, render it quite an emporium of richness. It is adjacent to Bankipore, inhabited by the English civilians, and a little further on is the cantonment of the military, called Danapore, which means in the native language the city of grain. Near this they anchored, and went ashore to see a large native farm, where every produce that India could boast of was in the greatest abundance, kept by an English farmer. It was like a series of parties of pleasure to this youthful pair, roaming, as they did together, to visit all these novel sights; and what would have been wearisome and tedious to Alastor alone, became fraught with charms to him now. They travelled onwards, and if slowly, they still had the satisfaction of seeing what sort of a country it was that they were going to take up their residence in. By Buxar and Ghazeepore, all famous in their way, to the city deemed holiest of all Kasee, and its ghauts, they saw the great idol temples of Benares, and their numerous steps down to the river. In the midst of these is the towering mosque, built by the most fanatic of the Mogul conquerors, Aurungzebe. But, oh, what a world of idolatry and fanaticism is opened to the mind by the sight of this city! Never let the observer of mankind forget how lost and sunken is the state of fallen man when left to himself, and the deplorable obstacles thrown in his way to improvement by the iron rule of priestcraft, whether it be the rigid despotism of the Bramin or the crafty duplicity of the priest. Who, at the present day, is ignorant of the horrors of Braminism? Who has not seen pictures, or read accounts of the holy city?—the town, which may be called the head-quarters of its ceremonies; to descant upon them would be at once painful and tedious. After seeing one temple one

and with the view, and one is not desirous of seeing another. I should not be inclined to join Miss Eden in jeering at those ignorant men, who have come to the East to endeavour to attain better things—I should rather join Lord Lawrence in commending their efforts.

They travelled onward to Chunar, where is a fine fort built of granite situated on a rock, and secure in its position; and afterwards a large native town, called Mirzapoor, where the idol statues with their bass-reliefs, standing in the centre of the town, on every side, present to European eyes a wondrous sight. The architecture of these buildings is noble, but the uncouth nature of the architecture shows you that the objects of worship are as debased as the Egyptians of old, and that you are in a country of the most gross idolatry. Further on, when they came to the confluence of the two rivers—the Ganges and the Jumna; at Allahabad, they saw the immense crowds of pilgrims, the Hindoos being all going into the water, affording the most striking spectacle in the nature of Hindoo worship. They did not stay long at Allahabad, but towns, and were anxious that they should arrive at Calcutta, as the cold season had closed; but they went to see the Shambhu, the column and the underground cave, called the Shambhu, which the natives believe to be an entrance to the regions of the dead. They saw the beautiful blue waters of the Jumna, and themselves at the confluence of the two streams in the Ganges, with its brown and disturbed waters; and proceeding further, they arrived, after some time, at Kurrah, where they saw the fields of country planted by long reeds, which the natives pile up into rafts; and as soon as they have finished the construction of these, they commit themselves to it, and sail down the stream, and stopping at the different native villages, take a portion of their primitive raft, which contains the furniture, chairs, screens, roofs, baskets, and other pieces of baggage, and re, to the village inhabitants, and proceed onwards with their freight until the whole is disposed of.

After a few days sail, with a fair wind, brought them on to Calcutta.

Alastor here proceeded to the house of his commandant, and having reported himself, he went in search of a residence.

With the customary hospitality which is to be found in India, one of the officer's wives proceeded with her husband to the budgerow where Alastor had left his wife, and invited him to come and take up her abode with her until he had been able to settle himself in a new residence. On the next day that she felt the great kindness of the offer, and would soon as Mr. Alastor returned, let them know, as she had decided without him, the officer, who came with his wife.

to see her, left his wife with Mrs. Alastor, and went in search of Alastor. He met him, on his return, at the mess room, and there, having told him how glad he would be to see him at his house, Alastor consented, and before two hours were over they were both comfortably settled in Captain Mabel's bungalow.

I will not here attempt to describe Cawnpore, or the society which they found themselves in there. I have before endeavoured to sketch the outlines of the place, and others have told so much of it, and it is a fact so well-known by the prominent place which it held in the days of the terrific mutiny, and the fearful scenes which were enacted there, that to begin a description of it is like travelling over a well-beaten track. What it may be now is, perhaps, different from what it was before the time of the mutiny. But the time that Alastor and his wife arrived at Cawnpore was many years before the mutiny took place; and, indeed, such an event was so wholly unlooked for then, that it was a common occurrence for young ladies to travel in palkees from one end of the country to the other, from Calcutta to Merut, and apprehend no danger, although travelling alone. The society of the English at Cawnpore, whether belonging to the military department—which, of course, were in a majority—or the civilians, so far from apprehending any mishap, were almost wholly given up to all sorts of amusement. The men, either to sport or gambling, to amateur theatricals or feasting; the ladies certainly did not do much, but were delighted to enter into the enjoyment of the balls, attendance at the band-playing, and driving on the course. They received visitors seated in their rooms, darkened, so as to exclude the glare, made bearable by the incessant movement of the punkahs, and, during the hot winds, refreshed by the artificial breeze which was wafted into the room through the medium of the wet khus-khus tatties, or, in some houses, by the thermantidote. This constant confinement to the house, ever unbroken by a visit to the garden during the eight months of hot winds and rain, was inevitable. 'Twas true that if they chose to get up very early, before any appearance of dawn, they might have a little exercise in the way of riding, and that for a short hour in the evening they had the drive on the course; but the indoor life was, of course, much more tolerable to the ladies than it could be to the men. The mode of life led by Anglo-Indians is, strange to say, apparently a topic of the utmost indifference to the general public in England, although amongst the gentry there is scarcely a family in good circumstances throughout the country that has not a relative or friend in India; and with regard to the lowest classes, has not Mr. Bright told them that 70,000 of their brethren are serving with the army in India?

Alastor and his wife entered with full zest into the spirit of the

tiety. The daring and thorough-going character of his conduct in having taken her away wholly from the tutelage of the lady in alcutta, and freed her from the thralldom of Mr. Selden's solicitations, was looked upon in that society as evincing a proper spirit ; and now that he had made her the most ample amends, and that no doubt could exist of their marriage, few voices were raised to say a syllable of comment upon her conduct. Her appearance was so much in her favour, so young, so fair, so unsophisticated—her glowing cheek so fraught with the bloom of youth ; her eyes mild-looking ; her rich brown hair ; her skin of matchless whiteness—that her entry into the different balls and places of assembly, used quite a sensation. When grey eyes and fair hair are the characteristics of a biondina in India, the admiration which they excite is sure to be paramount. It is naturally so when the effect they produce is contrasted with the number of faces having dark eyes and hair—when you see a predominance of brunettes of every shade, from the complete Eastern down to the mildest type of Eurasian blood, in short, where beauty in its purity is shown and prized accordingly. Much too powerful upon the feelings is the adulation, admiration, and homage which everywhere waits upon the youthful belle who signs as a queen of beauty in an Indian cantonment. It is such as could be wholly unknown to the inhabitants of any European country.

When Amelia found herself surrounded by hosts of admirers in assemblies which numbered, so far as regarded the proportion of ladies to gentlemen, the average of one to ten, she gave herself up to the pleasing task of listening to every change of flattery, indirect or otherwise, and the insidious effect produced upon a mind unprepared by the wholesome discipline of principle, and unblest by the loving guidance of religion, was to render its deceptive power acceptable to her.

Alastor, who had the highest spirits, and who, in the heyday of youth and strength of manhood, was foremost in every active feat, in the very pursuit of sport or trial of horsemanship, for a short time led a domestic life, but the tameness of the scene soon began to render it insipid to him, and he was led, after a few months, to forsake the society of his wife, and frequent the mess parties and the billiard-rooms. She consoled herself by the frequency of the number of balls, theatricals, and other parties which took her from home, and for one wishing to be gay there certainly was no lack of these at Calcutta. Amongst all the gentlemen there was a great rivalry as to who should have the honour of being her partner ; and where every arm of the service, except the Guards, was represented, there being two Queen's Regiments, two Company's Cavalry, and three Infantry, together with Artillery in proportion in the cantonment, besides a fair proportion of civilians, there was no want of claimants

for her hand. It seems strange that after all that had passed she had not been so far actuated by gratitude as to prize the position of being mistress of the home which should welcome her benefactor; and that the forgetfulness and caprice incidental to her sex, made her every day think more and more lightly of it. But the true state of the case as it occurred is now instant to my mind, and I do not in any way diverge from relating it, except in so far as the narrative obliges me to omit some trivial incidents, as well as to alter names of the different persons concerned. One of the most zealous followers of the fleeting phantom, pleasure, has said—

“ You will find  
Tho’ sages may pour out their wisdom’s treasure :  
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.”

The “*voluptas empta dolore*” is the tale of all sensualists, whether refined men of classical tastes, or men debased by debauched habits, and the scenes of carousing and gambling which nightly took place in this Indian cantonment were calculated to impose lessons of morality upon all who mingled in them, and to serve as warnings to those who were living there, but still did not join in them.

There was the colonel of the Dragoon regiment to which Alastor belonged, who was one of the handsome, dissolute men that, during the reign of George IV., were so frequently met with in the army. He had served during the Peninsular war in one of the infantry regiments, and had been selected by the Prince to hold a captain’s commission in his own Hussars, so much were his figure, appearance, and aristocratic bearing in his favour. He carried with him into his command the same style of exclusive haughtiness and habit of self-possession and self-control which mark the high-born Englishman, but in his private life he was as dissipated a *roué* as ever belonged to an army. When the commandant is such a character the general tone of the regiment may be guessed at. Man is eminently an imitative animal. The officers who served under Colonel Loder could not but emulate his excellent example. He had been obliged to relinquish the sphere of fashionable life in England, finding that his fortune was not adequate to meet the expenses of a crack cavalry regiment at home, and had emigrated to a country where wealth was to be had; but retaining his extravagant habits, there seemed little probability of his recruiting his broken fortune. There was his major, who did the active part of the drill and discipline of the corps, and who was really a hard-working soldier. He had been in the ranks, and, through his steadiness and good conduct, having been given a commission as adjutant, had, on active service, attained to his present rank, still, how-

ver, retaining much of the style of the private Dragoon trooper, a position which had been his first object of aspiration, he having ran away from his friends to enlist as one. There were two officers in the regiment, the two senior captains, who were the sort of men that are alone met with in the army—men who, in conversation, never think of talking of anything but the absurd topics of fashion and dress, disciples of the Brummell school, which had such a large number of followers at that time. The third captain was a character much more agreeable, who piqued himself upon his extreme urbanity, and did not even propose a wager without using the words, “Should you like to back your opinion with a bet?” Though mild and agreeable, and one who studiously affected to win golden opinions of all, he was equally as dissipated and dissolute as his colonel. There was one officer, a captain in his regiment, who had been married, but on leaving the church door a quarrel of some momentous kind had occurred between him and his wife, and he had left her, and the better to ensure his never again meeting her had exchanged to an Indian regiment. In his manner, and even if it were, engraven on his handsome features, you might discern the trace of some latent sorrow, which reminded you of the allusion the undying feeling of grief which, even in scenes of revelry and the turmoil of business, haunted him. *I suoi pensieri in lui donnar*  
*ponno.*

“One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes.”

Light-hearted and gay, with whom he was associated, never had he to complain of his temper, but though his fortune was ample, his mind was ill at ease.



## SOME MALFEASANCES IN OUR ADMINISTRATION OF INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DETHRONEMENT OF LAW."

It is a trite saying, that the interest of this country in her great possessions in India is increasing—not the less is it a disgrace to us, and a reflection upon our common sense, that that interest is still so infinitesimally small in quantity and inferior in quality.

Concentrating all our attention upon matters concerning the immediate administration of these Islands, or connected with our political situation upon the Continent, or with reference to America, we are too much accustomed to leave out in the cold, as but of very secondary importance, questions relating to our Eastern possessions, and to take for granted that such questions can and ought to be settled by the Secretary of State for India and his Council, who are paid to attend to them, and that no interest can attach, and advantage arise, from their discussion in a British House of Commons. But this *insouciance* is, we repeat, commencing to pass away, and it cannot belong before the grandeur of the subject, and its bearing upon the vital interests of Great Britain itself, must gain the attention, and claim its own proper share, of the ear of the English people. For, whilst our thoughts are engrossed by such considerations as the rapid growth upwards within our social soil of democracy, with all its ramifications, or, at all events, that modification of our present form of government—including the divorcement of Church and State, which seems inevitable ere long, India silently grows—grows in riches, in her producing capabilities, in the number of her population, and, above all things, in that civilisation which constitutes her real offensive and defensive power. India, in fact—thanks to the fertilising effects of our rule—is fast becoming, *per se*, a country capable of taking a place in the world's history. Like a child of giant race, placed under the care of an adult pigmy, she is becoming stronger and nearly as clever as the nurse that has tended her in her own infantine days. And that nurse, as she marks the change that is occurring, must be foolish indeed, if she sees not the relative difference in their respective positions, which is its natural sequence.

From these considerations it would appear, that everything connected with our administration of India ought to be of interest to

and this has induced us to venture to make the following remarks  
it :—

To begin with—The more that one reflects upon the narrative which relates to the manner in which we gained, and have been enabled to retain, possession of India, the more one feels that it constitutes one of the strangest episodes in the world's history. But putting aside the romantic series of events which led to that position, the simple fact that thirty millions of people have for nearly two centuries held in subjection two hundred millions, is of itself very a paradox. The moral it points, if any, is the power of civilisation, and yet this theory is hardly sufficient to explain the anomaly. What we denominate fortune, or good luck, must have had much to do with it. Nothing, at all events, save this, or to call it by another name—"Providential interference"—enabled us to retain possession of the country during the great mutiny years 1857 and 1858; and certainly we must hope, that this providential interference will continue to befriend us, now that the task governing India is so much more difficult than it used to be.

But besides our reliance upon this hope, it is manifestly necessary that as our difficulties increase, our efforts to overcome them should be exerted in a corresponding ratio, and that in order to maintain our hold upon India for some time longer, we must not be contented only to go on as we have done, but must seek to correct those errors in our administration which have hitherto proved prejudicial to our interests, and to initiate measures which experience hints out as necessary. But before endeavouring to indicate what some of these errors are, and what some of these measures should be, we would fain make a short remark. We have just used the words "For some time longer." The expression is a general one, and employed simply to mark our humble conviction, that a time will arrive when our grasp upon the fertile plains of Hindostan must relax, because it will be impossible to retain it. Thirty millions of people cannot for ever—or at all events for an indefinite period—be over two hundred millions. Culture and education, when assessed by the latter to a sufficient extent, must inevitably make them too powerful to render possible their being thus held in subjection by the former, and the discrepancies in numbers between the two is too real to permit the physical and mental superiority of the one to form a sufficient counterbalancing equivalent to the numerical inferiority of the other. There must, therefore, be a point at which a change in the relative balance of power of each will take place. When this is reached, a disruption of their respective statuses, with reference to each other, must ensue. We shall have to give up the rôle of conquerors, and to leave India. They will regain their independence. True: it is possible that when this—perhaps still remote



—day arrives, our dusky fellow-subjects may be so enamoured of the equity of our rule, as to ask us to remain. But such an hypothesis is hardly probable, or in accordance with the imperfect nature, which we know everywhere pervades mankind. Yet, if we cannot prevent the ultimate destruction of our rule, we may do much to retard it, and this brings us back to the proper subject of our inquiry.

With reference to the success on the whole, or otherwise, of our administration of India, of course opinions differ. The question in its general form, too, can hardly be considered a very important one, inasmuch as there is no fixed standard by which to appraise the amount of credit, or otherwise, which attaches to us with respect to it, and few precedents in history sufficiently analogous by which to compare the issue. But supposing the answers to be given in our favour, there can be no doubt that the per-*contra* side of the account is sufficiently heavy, and that in many particulars of our trust we have failed, and failed dismally. And some of the reasons for this are not far to seek. There is something, indeed, in our national character which unfits us for the task of governing well an alien race. We are too unsympathetic in disposition, too narrow-minded and prejudiced to make good conquerors, or to acquire the good-will of those conquered. Just we may be, and more conscientious in our dealings with our vassals than most other nations; but these good qualities are much neutralised by our unsocial personal characteristics. An Englishman is too stiff and unbending to please, too supercilious and patronising to gain affection. And this national individuality affects, and has affected, the general estimation in which our government is held in no slight degree, and has gone far to interfere with its popularity. So far, therefore, and to this extent, we can hardly plume ourselves upon success in our administration. Nor is it prudent or safe to ignore the importance of this want of popularity, occasioned by the causes above-stated; on the contrary, it constitutes a grave danger to our rule. From it indirectly results the difficulty we experience in gaining a clue to the causes which operate to influence the attitude of the natives of Hindostan. We do not hesitate to say that such ignorance on our part has often acted disastrously for our interests in our dealings with them, and itself constitutes a barrier against the possibility of placing our political relations with them upon a more stable and satisfactory footing. And though we obviously cannot change our nature, something may be done to soften the action of the attributes to which we have drawn attention. And this may partly be brought about by allowing ourselves to take a more correct and less biassed view of the characters of the native races with whom we are brought in contact. Above all things

should cease to judge them obstinately by our European standard. Is it not quite possible by doing this we may discover that on a few points they are actually right, and ourselves wrong? In all events, we shall be doing our best to correct our innate prejudices and inherent want of tact, and to obviate the consequences which result from them.

One of the principal causes which operates as a bar to the attainment of more intimate social relations with the people of India, is the difficulty we experience in acquiring their language. Not a few Englishmen ever attain to a real colloquial proficiency in it, whilst the numbers of those who can write it idiomatically may be counted on the fingers. The truth is that the genius of all oriental languages is so totally opposed to our own, and to all European ones, that no previous knowledge or acquaintance with them obtained in Europe is of the slightest use. The difficulty is almost as great to an Englishman learning an Asiatic tongue, as to a wild struggling with the rudiments of his own. And so it comes to pass that all natives who are thrown much into official contact with us, quickly perceiving our inability to understand their usual mode of speaking, insensibly acquire a habit of using a limited vocabulary, which, experience teaches them, is more or less familiar to us—such vocabulary being, in fact, simply the result of necessities, which the exigencies of official routine during long years demonstrated as indispensable for the transaction of business. Hence it arises that nothing, unfortunately, is more common than to find an English officer or civilian to imagine that he can speak and understand a certain native dialect, because he is intelligible to those around him; whereas if he were placed in the midst of natives unacquainted with the conventional style of conversation in use with white men, he would quickly perceive his utter incompetency to do so. It may be readily surmised that if, on the one hand, a want of familiarity with their language thus acts as a bar towards the attainment of any competent knowledge of the inner and true mode of thought of the natives of India, on the other, the very exclusion from all social intercourse with them, to which we are subjected, itself goes a long way to account for that want of familiarity with their language. Colloquial practice is, in fact, almost the only way of acquiring colloquial facility of utterance. Could Englishmen in India associate with Hindoos and comedians as freely as they do with Frenchmen and Germans, they would, no doubt, overcome the lingual difficulties to which we are alluded much more easily than at present. And that this is the history of our early days in India bears witness. At that time the acquisition of the native dialects was, owing to the small amount of English yet imparted to the Indian community, abso-

lutely necessary for the transaction of business, particularly as red tape, that now rampant article of European official correspondence, did not exist, and render personal intercourse an obsolete means of communication. The consequence of this was that our forefathers acquired an acquaintance with Hindostan, Persian, and other languages, to which the English in India of these days can lay no claim; and owing to the contact with the inhabitants of Hindostan, which was thus obtained, were enabled, to some extent, to mix socially with them, and to exercise a considerable personal influence upon their destinies. True, the manners and habits of our ancestors were more genial than our own, and though we would by no means apologise for the lapses in morality which habitually tarnished their lives, there can be no doubt that the state of concubinage, in which so many of the early settlers lived with a native mistress, alone rendered possible the splendid exhibition of Oriental scholarships, which marks the literature of the period.

We have already lightly touched upon a few failings in our own national character which, we have seen, do not qualify us primarily to play successfully the rôle of rulers over an Asiatic people; but it is now time to inquire more particularly into a far more important question, viz., the character and idiosyncrasy of the people over whom we rule, and this we shall endeavour the more willingly to do, since we conceive considerable misconception prevails on the subject. To this misconception something of the latent feeling of dislike, which undoubtedly underlies the relations of the two peoples with each other, may be attributed, although another portion of this feeling must, we feel convinced, be associated with a still more unworthy reason. We allude to the traditional scorn in which *all* coloured races have from time to time immemorial been held by our countrymen, and by our countrymen, be it remarked, to a much greater extent than by the inhabitants of other European countries. The sentiment is, no doubt, deeply imbedded in our nature; and though it manifests itself outwardly most offensively amongst the classes from whom our British soldiery is drawn, its presence must be acknowledged in all classes. And it is quite sufficiently strong to involuntarily influence our manners and our outward deportment, if not our actions themselves. And though the sentiment in question is, no doubt, so far founded upon truth, that the coloured races of mankind do appear on the whole to be inferior to what, for the sake of distinction, we may call the white ones, the inferiority in question is, in reality, too slight—taking into account the more favourable accidents which have been the lot of the latter—to justify such a feeling. But putting aside this prejudice, and returning once more to an analysis of the character of the people of Hindostan, we would remark that it is often stated and commonly

believed that the peculiar impulse which we denominate gratitude is almost wholly wanting in it; and incidents are constantly related which are supposed to tend to prove this assertion. But it will be found, on inquiry, that the incidents referred to invariably relate to transactions which have taken place between Europeans and natives, and not between natives only, and that sufficient allowance is not made for causes which may have operated to interfere with a proper manifestation of this feeling. For instance, a long course of substantial kindness and material generosity, which one would naturally consider as bidding high for them, has often been thrown away in consequence of some injudicious proceeding on the part of the European, which has aroused the prejudices, or hurt the intense susceptibility of a nature which is, after all, but partly civilised. The gratitude and the attachment which are truly there—and of the abundant presence of which, in the native breast, numerous incidents in the great mutiny of 1857 bear ample witness—are destroyed by the intrusion of suspicions—it may be as to the motive of the very acts of kindness which had till then been by no means thrown away. Amongst others, a suspicion that associates any act with conscious weakness purposely concealed as a motive, is a frequent cause of this. The moral equilibrium of the inhabitant of Hindostan appears to be peculiarly affected by such an idea, and he is instantly impelled to take advantage of it. Take, for illustration, the origin and history of this very mutiny. For long years previous to 1857 the Indian sepoy had been treated with spasmodic fits of weak indulgence, the motive for which he was not long in finding out to his own satisfaction. He believed, and not without some reason, that it was the result of his being master of the situation, and of our knowing it. What was the natural result? First of all the respect, and with the respect the personal attachment with which he had for generations been accustomed to regard his officer, and, through his officer, the British government, gave way. Covert insolence in his manner marked the change in his sentiments. And now demoralised, he waited only for his opportunity. This came at last as he conceived, and using the first pretext that presented itself, he precipitated himself forthwith into rebellion. And so it is with the bulk of the population as well as with the soldiery. Our first aim must be to make ourselves feared and respected by them; only by doing so can we hope to be loved. You cannot treat them successfully on those strict principles of moderation and forbearance which are right and proper when applied to a European people. The moral status in these Asiatics is not elevated or firm enough to stand it. And no precedents drawn from the history of our own, or any other western race, can therefore be of much assistance in our administration.

It is time here for us to explain that both **Hindoos** and **Mahomedans** are included generally in our remarks ; for although there may be, and doubtless are, divergencies of character between the two, yet owing to the intermarriages which have for centuries taken place between them, and the long residence of both under similar conditions in the same climate, we are satisfied that they form, for all intents and purposes, a tolerably homogeneous people ; sufficiently identical in disposition to be grouped together.

Whilst affirming, therefore, most distinctly the existence of those humanising feelings in the breasts of the natives of India to which we have alluded, and which may, we feel convinced, be cultivated by kind but judicious treatment, and bring forth much fruit, calculated to add to the stability of our rule, let us next advert to their great, their predominating passion—their love for their religion. To us Europeans, with our lukewarm faith in the tenets of our own creed, and with our most imperfect obedience to its ritual and rules, their unhesitating belief in the dogmas and their lifelong devotion to the practices of theirs, appears extraordinary and strange, and should lead us, we would add, to reflect, with no little shame, upon the figure which we cut in the comparison. Nor will this feeling of self-accusation be lessened if we push the analogy still further. Whilst in European countries strict professors of their respective religions are but an inconsiderable percentage of the whole population, in Hindoostan they include all, or nearly all, of it. From the prince to the peasant, the one thought which habitually overlies all others, in all classes—the business to which all other businesses must give place—is religion. And this, again, applies as well to the Mahomedans as to the Hindoos. No more bigoted followers of Islam are to be found than in India, overlaid, though some of their practices may be, by a savour of Hindooism. And the fact that makes these statements still more formidable is the practical orthodoxy of the great majority of these masses, with regard to their respective creeds. The Hindoos, though nominally divided into worshippers of different avatars of a supreme God, are, to all intents and purposes, and especially with reference to the rest of the world who are not followers of Brahmanism, unalterably combined into one body—each individual member intensely sympathising with his brethren in any matter affecting their common religion. And the infusion of Hindooism, to which the followers of Mahommed have been exposed, has only served to consolidate and increase their unity. Here, then, is a great—nay, the principal part of the peculiar idiosyncrasy of this people, to which every foreign ruler who is called upon to govern them, must pay the deepest attention. It may be called the keystone of their character, to the study of which every other consideration should give way. And

though every Governor-General of India in succession, has, no doubt, been more or less impressed with the importance of these facts, and the difficulties to which they give rise, their actual policy has mostly shown extreme vacillation and irresolution in dealing with them. At one time the British Government has demeaned itself by pandering, in an unseemly and unnecessary manner, to the influence of the melancholy superstition which overshadows India, by grants of money to idol temples, and by other State aids ; at another by suddenly withdrawing these, and by promulgating enactments incautiously worded it, has given rise to unmerited suspicions of intended undue State interference with the dominant religion. The natives of India have been beyond all measure puzzled and perplexed, generation after generation, by such treatment, and it has produced the last effect for which it was intended. Throughout the length and breadth of the Indian continent, there exists the belief—so deeply impressed in the heart that protestations are unavailing to remove it—that we would, if we dared, and may yet dare, impose Christianity forcibly upon the masses. The absurdity of the notion—which would seem at first sight to render its popularity improbable—is lost, when we reflect upon the state of crass ignorance and black superstition in which the mass of these 240 millions of human beings is still enveloped. And perhaps the very dwelling upon this, their true condition, may best help us to understand the real state of the question, and the necessity for very special and careful legislation with respect to it. It is plain that any inconsistency or indecision in the manner of our dealing with a people so situated, is, above all things, calculated to excite their suspicion and their religious bigotry. And under such circumstances the only proper course to pursue is to avow a certain policy, and to stick to it through good and evil report. If absolute non-interference be that policy—as Government is too fond of nervously reiterating in its manifestations from time to time—State interference should, only in the interests of public safety, be extended in certain cases to prevent the undue action of individuals from imperilling the inviolability of the State community. It should be remembered that in purely Asiatic countries, no individual action or enterprise can take place apart from Governmental authorisation. And the poor Ryot of Hindoostan—who sees the English missionary located in his hamlet, opening schools in which the Christian religion is taught, and offering mundane advantages for the purpose of securing the attendance of the youthful generation of the population, or the artisan or shopkeeper in the large towns, whose wives suddenly receive a visit from an energetic English lady, bursting with anxiety to convert the poor benighted female heathen of India, and to explain to her the evils of polygamy and

the wickedness of her present life—comes, and can come to no other conclusion than that all this is done by the orders and for the purposes of the English Raj. We do not for a moment deny the desirability, nay, the duty of endeavouring to promulgate the verities of the Christian faith throughout the world; but we are now considering the best and safest way of governing India, and we have endeavoured to show that any premature or forcible attempt in this direction, whether with or without Governmental sanction, is fraught with danger and inconvenience.

It does not follow, however, that we would go so far as to advocate a total abstention from any and every attempt to spread the doctrines of our gospel in India. The open public preaching of its truths can do no harm, and must do some good. Would that the good it has already effected were a hundredfold of what it is! But its difficulties have been, we fear, as much under, as its success has been overrated. With respect to the former, it is no easy thing to explain the recondite mysteries of the Christian faith in honest English to a knot of our own rustics—who have, probably, learned a few elementary features of it at the village school; how must the intensity of the difficulty, then, be increased, when they have to be conveyed through the medium of an Asiatic dialect, with which the preacher is imperfectly acquainted, to semi-civilised Hindoos, totally ignorant of the world as it exists outside their own little community! Under such conditions its success would be naturally expected to be, and has been, in fact, but limited. Nor is it until the radiance of western civilisation, in its secular phrase, shall have sufficiently enlightened these dark places of the earth, and made apparent the incongruity of the childish fables which now becloud and narcotise their understandings, that the soil will be sufficiently prepared to receive with gladness the good seed which we are longing to pour into it. Before that time arrives, however, those understandings must, we fear, go through an interregnum of scepticism and doubt similar to that which has already appeared in the population of the three great presidency cities. In these, indeed, we may see with our own eyes the real first effects of western civilisation upon the semi-barbarous Asiatic, and fairly deduce from the example a conclusion as to the condition of the millions, whenever a similar amount of pressure is brought to bear upon them. And this example is not altogether encouraging. It seems, indeed, a natural principle, as in this case, that no nation can have civilisation thrust, comparatively, suddenly upon it without at first parting with some of the few natural virtues which heretofore adorned its character. The inhabitant of India, newly impregnated with a certain amount of European knowledge, and accustomed to associate, more or less, with Euro-

is, becomes, in most instances, offensive in his manners and variance, and unsettled and unprincipled in his ideas and life. old restraints have lost their force, and no new ones have been acquired in exchange. The self-respect which formerly sprung from a sensitive conscience, founded, though it might be, on error, vanished since the conscience itself has disappeared, and the otic state of the mind within becomes truly reflected in the dre costume without, which too often consists of a combination European and Oriental dress, ludicrously inharmonious in its ills, and at variance with every æsthetic perception.

But though we conceive that these modifications in the character the natives of India, when first brought into contact with western civilisation, are, in the main, notorious, we believe they , and will prove of but transitory duration. As years roll on at radical improvement in moral responsibility and mental calibre which is the natural result of a complete education in Western science and knowledge may be expected to take place, and then lvanish the fantastic imitations of civilisation to which we have uded. When that day arrives we may expect to commence the d evangelisation of that portion of the population which has ained to this status.

We must now make a few short remarks upon the institution lled "Caste" in India, inasmuch as it is intimately and intricably bound up with the ancient religion of the country, of which, indeed, it may be said to form a part, and a part, too, which has operated more than any other to retard the spread of civilisation. What precisely this caste is—that is to say, how and whom it was first imposed, what was originally its relative bearing with respect to the religion of the early Arian colonists of India, and what is the nature and reason of its strange but vital connection with food, is unknown. The Brahmins themselves are ly able, in explanation of these points, to refer the inquirer to often-quoted passages in their sacred books, which are obviously sufficient for the purpose. The Rîj Veda, giving only a shadowy count of the patriarchal form of society which existed amongst progenitors of the present Hindoo race—a form which, no doubt, characterised all shepherds or wandering peoples of that era, and the Manava-Dharma-Sastra, chiefly entering into distinctions which subsequently existed between various castes, without advert-; to the difficulties to which we have alluded. Whatever the origin or intention of caste, however, the extraordinary influence which it exercises upon the minds of Hindoos is certain. It reduces in them love of country, and overrides all family ties and æsthetic considerations. And to preserve it unsullied they are content to die. Nor does its action stop here. The followers of



Mahommed located in India acknowledge its power and bow to its decrees. Strange though it may seem, these conquerors of the Hindoos have been unable to resist its weird fascination. Upon the faith of Islam they have engrafted its Pagan practices, and have become, to no slight degree, slaves to its superstitious precepts.

Caste, then, is a great fact which must always be kept in view in the Administration of India. It has been generally considered as one of its most difficult features. Yet it has its redeeming qualities. Properly dealt with, it furnishes a leverage of no mean power, by which we may guide the impulses of the dense masses who own its sway; and, tenderly and delicately handled, this may be done without danger. Let us take a case as an illustration of our meaning. To make it plain, we must first advert to some other strange features in the character of the people of India. We allude to their capability for enduring pain, and to their contempt for death. Each of these is sufficiently marked alone to individualise their peculiar idiosyncrasy; and combined they constitute a difficulty in the proper administration of the criminal law which is totally wanting in European countries. But the remedy is at hand. These old-world Asiatics, who can part with the breath of life so easily and so calmly, and who can endure tortures with an equanimity and a patience to which we can lay no claim, cannot without horror contemplate the undergoing of any treatment which may destroy or injure their caste, especially at or before the supreme moment that they are taking leave of this world; and the holding out this treatment as the penalty for aggravated offences is one advantage we would propose to derive from caste. We are aware that the penalty in question, in one or other form, is continually inflicted in India. It is the holding it forth in plain and unambiguous language which constitutes its novelty. It is to the deterrent effect, which the threat of such a measure would produce, to which we would draw attention. For, as for the treatment itself, whether it consists in wrapping the condemned Hindoo felon in the skin of a newly-killed cow, or the Mahomedan in that of a pig, or in any other proceeding having for its object the infliction of a torturing belief on the mind of the criminal, that his immortal happiness in another state of existence is imperilled by it—its necessity is its sole excuse—its infliction must, in itself, be abhorrent to the best instincts of our nature. But then, of course, recourse to such a punishment should not be resorted to in ordinary cases. It is the proneness of the native of India to commit *extra-ordinary* crimes, which calls for its being enforced. For men accustomed to run “a muck,” as the Malays call it, without rhyme or reason, and to desire death as the

*num bonum*, plainly some special treatment such as this is wanted.

There is no doubt that the existence of caste accounts to a great extent for a certain power of combination which prevails, and has always prevailed, amongst the natives of India, and which has often defied the acumen, and paralysed the movements of the Government for the time being. But its action is aided by the notorious duplicity which is a characteristic of these people. No other race under the sun is gifted with such a power of concealing their emotions, or assuming feelings which they do not possess, and this under circumstances of the utmost difficulty and danger. In short, no other race is endowed by nature with the capability of becoming such excellent actors, and none other has improved this, their original instinct, more carefully. To such an extent is this the case, that a habit of lying unconsciously is prevalent, if not universal. No wonder that with such tendencies as these in a community an institution like caste operates to consolidate the formation of a social regime, tacitly hostile to the rule of those who are without the pale of its authority, but practically well nigh intangible and invisible.

In the face of such circumstances as these, it is natural to suppose that a government would endeavour to confront their gravity by every means at their disposal, and especially through the medium of a properly-organised detective department, by which it might seek to obtain the best intelligence of any movement or feeling that might from time to time arise. But the government of India does not do such thing. It possesses no efficient detective police whatever, and it refrains from availing itself to a sufficient extent of a resource in vogue in some European and purely Asiatic courts, namely, the application of secret-service money—of which, if nothing can be said in its favour on the score of morality, much may surely be deduced in this instance on the basis of expediency, and with reference to paramount considerations of public safety. Before dismissing the subject of caste, we would emphatically assert that its loss entails, as a direct consequence, a want of all former self-respect, and involves, besides, a consciousness of intense self-degradation; and so acutely does the moral nature of the Indian Asiatic thus suffer, that his subsequent value in all the relations of life is enormously depreciated. It becomes a question, therefore, whether caste-religions should not—so long, at least, as the nation at large has not fully embraced Christianity—be directly encouraged, rather than handled in a manner which too often gives rise to the suspicion that we are endeavouring secretly to tamper with them. At all events, in whatever way it may be thought expedient to deal with them, our former remark holds good here, that no direct change in our policy is desirable, if there appears to be the smallest

probability that our motives for making it are likely to be attributed to fear.

Let us now glance for one or two moments at a few well-defined traits in the idiosyncrasy of the people of India, which especially serve to distinguish it from our own. It has been said that one difference between man and a gorilla is that the former laughs, and the latter does not. The same comparison, and almost with the same result, may be instituted between an Englishman and a native of India. The former, as a rule, laughs much and often—the latter seldom and little. Moreover, what we denominate a joke is a thing totally unknown to him. With regard, again, to the India-Asiatic's insensibility to bodily pain, and to his disregard of death, we have already referred to them, but we may notice his extraordinary callousness to the sufferings of others. Although in his family and social relations he is both kind and generous, often straining himself to assist his poorer friends and relatives, he is unable—perhaps on account of a less highly organised nervous system—to realise or to feel that pity for the physical or mental tortures of his fellow-men, which we Westerns are constitutionally prone to experience. For instance, he will view with amazing equanimity a son expire, whom, during his lifetime, he had cherished with the greatest care and tenderest assiduity; and ere the breath leaves his aged father's frame, he can find the heart, and often with dry eyes, to expedite its departure (in accordance with recognised Hindoo usage), by filling up with clay that helpless father's mouth and nostrils! His peculiar temperament, which enables him, in cool blood, to suspend himself from an elevation for hours, by means of ropes, and iron hooks run through the quivering flesh of his back, permits him also, unmoved, to see his friends thus suspended and tortured; and stranger still, he can sit in crowds and gaze complacently upon maddened women committing suicide upon the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. Such traits of character as these—and others which we have not space here to enumerate—seem to us to be too well defined in their peculiarities, and too distinct from any corresponding impulses in our dispositions, to be accounted for otherwise than by a fundamental and essential difference of mental and physical type, between our own and the present Indian-Asiatic race, whose blood, too, it should be recollected, cannot really bear that relationship to our own through its Arian strain, with which it is so often credited, inasmuch as the original immigrants into Hindostan must have been comparatively few in number, and must have, by successive marriages with the *Dasyas*, or dark-skinned aboriges of India, at length have lost most of the personal and mental characteristics which distinguish their primitive ancestors.

connect these remarks with a practical conclusion, we would see that their tendency goes to show that the civilisation of India may hope to attain to must differ in kind from our

You cannot "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Granted, the materials which combined form the idiosyncrasy of our race are totally dissimilar to that of the other, and no manipulation can be expected to produce a similar result in both. It is, therefore, that if reasonable, we shall not expect the natives of India, in their search after culture and enlightenment, to follow closely in our own footsteps, nor, if they are wise, will they attempt to do so. It will be far better for them to endeavour, with the aid of gradually-acquired education, to work out for themselves solutions of the problems of life, than servilely to imitate our institutions, customs, and habits of thought, which are innately adapted to their natural instincts.

We must not omit to observe, that one of the causes which contributed in earlier days immensely to our success in India, and which exercises the greatest influence upon the stability of our rule, is the extraordinary prestige which attaches to the character of an Englishman. We have seen that (unlike the Russians) we have not the gift of attracting the affection or the intimacy of a vassal Asiatic prince; but it does not follow that we may not have other qualities which stand us in good stead. And we believe that our personal integrity, our justice, and our moral conscientiousness—so strangely in contrast with that possessed by the people of India—combined with our courtesy and reserve of manner, has, from the commencement of our rule in India, impressed its people with a strange, almost a super-natural sense of our power. And nothing appears to us to be of more momentous importance than to see that, by no fault of our own, the impression thus created lessened or destroyed. And, therefore, any proceeding whereby the character of an individual of our race is lowered or degraded, tends, more or less, to affect the prestige in which the community is held, and *a fortiori* to prohibit. Hence the necessity which arises for a certain special policy of treatment of individuals of our race by the Government of India. If the natives themselves believe—as believe they do so largely and unmistakably—in our great innate superiority over themselves, it is not for us, by our own acts, to discredit such a conviction—fortunately, surely, especially on the face of our vast superiority in numbers. We are not of those, therefore, who would advocate any attempt on the part of Government to bring about absolute social and political equality between the conquering and the conquering race by elevating the former, and by degrading the latter, until an equilibrium between the two is established. Such a course may be right in the abstract, but like many

other just doctrines in this imperfect world, its application must give way to the laws of expediency. We make this remark especially because the present tendency of Governmental policy in India, urged on by a certain school of pseudo-philanthropic reformers in England, seems to be in the direction we have deprecated. The principal posts in the army, and the higher offices in the Civil Service ought, we are told—on the simplest principles of equity—in common with all other posts in the public service, to be thrown as unreservedly open to natives as to Europeans. It would follow that numerous individuals of English birth would be placed in positions of inferiority to native Indians. And we say that the effect of this would be prejudicial, if not fatal, to our prestige. We believe that a system which obtained many years prior to the great mutiny of 1857, of depriving regimental officers of sufficient power over their men, thus destroying their prestige, was a great subsidiary cause of the outbreak. And we conceive that the success which, on the whole, has attended what is denominated in India, “The irregular system,” may be traced to the prestige which attaches to the European officers belonging to it, in consequence of their greater authority over, and more direct influence with their men. Nor must it be forgotten that a feudal foundation underlies the whole superstructure of Indian institutions, and that in feudalism prestige plays a leading part. Hence there arises an additional reason for the jealous preservation of a sufficiently conservative tone in our administration, both with regard to the army and elsewhere.

We will only add that, whilst by no means advocating the diffusion of what are called “alarmist ideas” on the subject of India, we none the less deprecate the indulging in that complacent optimism, which is sometimes too rampant on the subject. To maintain that India furnishes no cause for anxious care in her administration, because her two hundred and forty millions of inhabitants are of so singularly contented and placid a nature as now voluntarily to acquiesce in a subjection which was formerly imposed upon them, is to maintain a theory which is as much opposed to common sense as to the teachings of history.

Why, therefore, blink at a conclusion which a calm consideration of the matter must make apparent, because that conclusion in words is distasteful to us. As we won India by the sword, so must we continue to hold it. Can any one believe that if it were possible to circulate a plebiscite in India, and to persuade each voter that no punishment whatever would be entailed by his voting against the further continuance of our rule, any but a most insignificant minority could be found to record their opinions in our favour? And if this be so, it is idle to carp at the expressions we have used.

ould assume, therefore, as certain and self-apparent, that and always must be a large amount of latent disaffection the vast population of India, which external circumstances, n misrule or weakness of rule, may, at any time, kindle i rebellion; and thus forewarned, we may, through the nce of proper precautions, continue in peace our heaven- ion of civilising the dark-skinned races of Hindostan.

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## SONNET.

## TO SLEEP.

OE, gentle sleep, my weary eyelids close,  
h balmy fingers dipp'd in Lethe's stream;  
ae, change my troubled thoughts to calmer dream,  
l let this aching heart thus find repose.  
, sleep is Nature's nurse, and on her breast  
children seek relief from all their cares;  
imes they seek in vain, but unawares—  
angels come—sleep comes, and lulls to rest.  
sleep benign! then soothe my aching head—  
weet and happy influence o'er me shed:  
let me not beseech thy aid in vain,  
; save me from such weary hours again;  
aply I could dream the nights away,  
e brighter musings might pervade the day.

M. A. BAINES.

## DULCIMER.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE ROW AT HALLIDAY HIGH SCHOOL.

THERE was great excitement that day in Halliday High School. For weeks previously the interest of this examination had held its own among the forty ardent souls of the sixth form. The work to be done consisted of the usual varied routine of study, preference being held to written, rather than *viva-voce* exercises; but Dr. Folkstone had given it out that a certain treatise on Natural History, together with the judicious handling of one or two special subjects considered therein—would go far to weigh the balance in favour of the fortunate candidate. The treatise was afterwards to be printed with the name of the successful author—the reward, the “Crighton scholarship.”

There was little doubt among the boys of this sixth form as to who, in case he would “shake off dull sloth,” must come forth victor. But “dull sloth,” alas! was too strongly an ingredient in the fine nature of Truman Stansfield. If it were running, vaulting, wrestling—not one of the select “forty” could hold his own when Truman came. His great powers of body were only equal to those of his mind. The lads said he shook his great head of heavy brown hair at a subject, much as a dog shakes the life out of a rat—and it as easily succumbed. But the dog may be sleepy, and let the creature run by him. Therefore facility in learning is not to be looked upon always as a lucky possession, more especially in early life. What is easily gained must be lightly esteemed. Thus Truman knew his own powers, and trusted in them. He worked by fits and starts. From day to day he deferred his steady application concerning this great examination. When Theodore Langley, his cousin, remonstrated with him, he only laughed good-humouredly, and said, not boastfully—“Humbug! Give me a couple of days, and see if I don’t get up to you fellows—and win by a head!”

But Theodore, not gifted with Truman’s capabilities, excelled him in that one desideratum for success—perseverance. He would not have entered the lists against his cousin—for whom he entertained the most romantic admiration—but he doubted whether Truman would ever rouse himself sufficiently to compete—if not, then there might be room for him. Truman might live to work,

or he was an only son—Theodore must work to live, being one of many. So Theodore toiled, hard and unceasingly.

The afternoon before the important day arrived, when all the papers were to be sent in to the Reverend Principal. Stansfield had remarked Theodore's anxious application, and doubtless this, as much as anything, had conduced to his own inertness. He understood what a great thing this scholarship would be to Langley, and in a variety of delicate ways assisted him by hints and suggestions, without trenching on the unfair or forbidden. Sitting in his little room engrossed in thought (on the only subject that ever, wholly and entirely, occupied his thoughts) Truman started, as his cousin burst in—his face white—his lips quivering.

"What now, old boy!"

"Truman! Is it a trick—a joke of yours? For God's sake, tell me!"

"What's wrong, old fellow? Nay, indeed, I know nothing."

"My treatise!" Langley gasped.

"Well?"

"My desk has been opened—rifled. My treatise is gone!"

In an instant they were running together into the long hall, seeking and searching—in vain. There was nothing for it but to report the loss to Dr. Folkstone.

"When had Theodore seen it last?"

"Last night about seven—he laid it in his desk, carefully locking it."

"Had he lost the key?"

"No," drawing it from his pocket, and handing it to the Doctor.

"Was any one by at the time?"

"Stay—yes! There were two boys of the third form; and, yes! there was Harry Prior."

"Was Prior's treatise yet given in?" Dr. Folkstone asked of an usher.

"Handed in two hours ago," was the reply.

"Send Henry Prior here at once," said the Doctor. "Langley, remain, if you please."

A tall, slender, graceful lad—with small feet and hands, this Henry Prior. His wavy fair hair was smoothed above his high, but somewhat narrow forehead, and fell in silky rippling curls behind. His eyebrows and eyelashes were unusually dark in contrast with his fair clear skin; and his light blue eyes, large, yet looking small, because deeply set, were wavering, hesitating eyes that, like Noah's dove, seemed never to know whereon to rest. A winning, yet somewhat insipid smile, was ever on his lips. Come what would, Henry Prior smiled at everything.



Of all the one hundred and seventy boys at Halliday High School, this lad was the most unpopular. No one ever cared to befriend him—they scarcely knew why. No action worse than schoolboys are constantly guilty of had been proved against him; yet he was universally persecuted. There was no grievance—no offence, that he was not taxed with. "Chatting," "spying," "prigging," Prior came in for all. In play they said he cheated; in work they said he "cribbed." Despite his delicate complexion in sickness, they said he "foxed." When once he chanced to come in for a reward, they accused him of having "sucked up." If he forgot his smile and turned on his tormenters, they called him "waxy," and if he would not fight, then he was called "funky."

Henry Prior answered at once to Dr. Folkstone's summons. So softly (another of his unpopular traits) he trod along the passage that he stood in the respected presence before the master, who was gazing abstractedly through the window, was prepared for him.

"Where were you last night at seven?" Dr. Folkstone asked, suddenly.

"In this room, sir," replied a sweet voice, as sweet and gentle as a girl's.

"What were you about?"

"Reading the odes of Horace, in reference to the passage quoted in my treatise"—and he poured mellifluously forth the Latin lines.

Theodore started. He, too, had that quotation in his treatise.

"Was any one here with you?"

"Yes, sir, Gospreck was with me, and one of the boys of the third form was writing at his desk."

Prior spoke coolly and unhesitatingly. The Doctor was evidently impressed.

All this was easily corroborated. But the two boys showed that they went out to a game at cricket, leaving Prior alone in the long hall. They could not, however, be brought to remember his having any book. Theodore had not seen it either.

But nothing came of all this—the treatise was gone.

"A strange affair!" the Doctor said, gravely, and Theodore thought the tone of the head-master strange, too—and the stare that met his gaze, stranger still; and this something of reproof, so quickly seen and felt among schoolfellows, turned the tide of feeling against Langley. There were not wanting some of the meaner spirits (are there not always such?) who whispered that Langley's treatise was all a myth. Some cast cold looks at him, and jostled him rudely in the school passages; while Prior, for the time being, rose to a certain degree of popularity.

"You've mislaid it, old fellow!" Truman said, soothingly—sympathising strongly with him under his disappointment, and yet puzzled, like the rest. "I'll lay five shillings to one it will turn up yet."

There was great excitement that day at Halliday High School. The one hundred and seventy boys were congregated in the square to hear the award.

The author of the Prize treatise was called aloud in the midst of profound silence—"Henry Prior!"

Instead of prolonged shouts and "hurrahs," a few solitary cries were raised. The lower forms tried weakly to get up a demonstration, that sank into puerility, and turned into hissing. Prior, stepping into the centre of the square, flushed darkly, then grew pale.

"It is too bad! This is nearly going too far," said one or two of the senior boys. "Where's Stansfield? He'll set this right!"

Truman himself was not to be found, so Gospreck and Mintern darted out of the ground to seek Stansfield in his room, and tell him that "The fellows, you know, were too hard on Prior."

Standing on the step of this entry, Mintern paused to look back. He saw Prior draw forth his handkerchief, and, doing so, something fell out with it, that seemed like a rough lump of something yellow, and a file, that caught the glitter of the sunshine.

Instantly Tuffnell, one of the oldest in the school, plunged forward, grappling with Prior, and a struggle ensued. There arose a great cry—a hundred angry voices as one rose again and again. The excitement became truly alarming.

"I tell you what," said Mintern, finding Truman, and comprehending nothing of what he had seen, "this must be stopped. Folkstone himself cut in to-day about so much 'backing.' Why should a fellow be always hissed, even when he gets a scholarship? Come, Stansfield! you're strongest—go in first. Show 'em the right thing—I will back you against the whole lot."

Reckless and heedless—impelled all the while by a noble, yet mistaken enthusiasm, the three rushed out into the square, to see Prior, deadly white, in a partial faint, borne on Tuffnell's shoulders towards the pump at the other end, while the whole school followed hooting and clamouring, "Where's Langley!" "Let Langley pump first!" "A pitiful sneak!" "A dirty coward!" "Pump on him! Pump on him!"

"I say, lads—lads! Has Halliday School come to this!" shouted Truman, at the top of his voice.

But no one listened—no one heeded. He saw the livid face grow whiter, and the drops of perspiration roll down it, while the shining fair curls blew back in the summer breeze, and an intense

feeling of pity, mingled with furious indignation, took hold of him. He remembered hearing of Prior as his widowed mother's only child—a woman's spoilt darling, and he plunged into the midst of the throng, followed by Mintern and Gospreck, fighting their way through, and yelling "Cowards! cowards! This is lynch law. It shall not be. Lads! are you turned into devils?"

There was reeling to and fro—caps and sticks flew about. Prior was hurled off Tuffnell's shoulders, his white face bruised, and Tuffnell, carried along by the excited crowd, was thrown down, trampled upon, and grievously hurt. Then Truman and Theodore (whom his cousin naturally supposed to be the cause of the row) found themselves, no one could ever tell how it came about, fighting, hand to hand, desperately. Stansfield remembered felling him to the earth with one of his great knock-down blows, and then a rush of boys swept between them.

## CHAPTER II.

### CONVALESCENCE.

MUCH that was done that day for ever remained a blank in the memory of those three avenging lads. An hour after, Truman was cool enough—Theodore's leg was broken. Tuffnell was, for the time, in an alarming condition. Henry Prior had been convicted of stealing Langley's treatise.

With the handkerchief the unhappy lad had drawn from his pocket the apparatus by means of which he had opened the desk—a key, that was identified as the property of another boy who lost it in the playground, an old file, and a piece of bees' wax, purchased two days previously at the porter's lodge—came out. These evidences of his guilt Tuffnell had seen him scatter, and thus pounced upon him before he could recover them. And conclusive above all, concealed in his drawer, was discovered some loose pages of foolscap, unmistakable portions of Langley's treatise—which he had copied wholesale into his own.

For weeks Theodore lay on that bed, too ill to be removed. Truman gathered up every moment to minister to him and his wants. He became a stranger to the playground where he had been so popular. The boys of other forms scarcely knew him now. For weeks the shock upon Theodore's constitution was so severe—a fever having supervened upon the compound fracture, that it was feared he would die.

There came a day when an old white-haired gentleman, accompanied by a careworn lady, arrived, hastily summoned from home—came to kiss him as he lay insensible, to all appearance drifting

it upon that unknown land. As they glided from the room (for they were not permitted to remain) he opened his weary eyes, and looked for his mother. Not finding her, of whom, perhaps, he had dreamed, for the first time he requested to see Dr. Folkstone. It may have been that the reverend gentleman reproached himself with certain doubts and cold looks, and was glad of an opportunity to show his sympathy and regret. Certain it is that he obeyed the summons with an alacrity that was, at least, comforting.

"Where is Prior?" the sick lad whispered, as the doctor took his wasted hand, and leant over him.

"My boy! think of other things."

"Where is Prior?" Theodore gasped again. The anxious look grew yet more intense in his hollow eyes. "Doctor! I am dying. This is my first and last request—you will grant it. Spare him, for this, his first fault! To expel him, would be to condemn him for life with a hasty fault—a fatal error. Dr. Folkstone, spare him—and I shall die content." And as the tears rolled down his face the Doctor promised. That night was the crisis of the fever, and Theodore did not die.

As the weeks went on, another pupil besides Truman Stanfield reclined beside that bed. Full of generous impulses, the cousins fought by noble deeds to win the soul that had been weak.

As Theodore gained strength, Prior began to join them. At first it was an effort to Stanfield, with his hot impetuous nature, to endure the companionship of one whom he did not respect and approve, but his heart was tender and true, and he had learnt a hard lesson. Moreover, he made excuses for the lad, because he had not known a father's strong hand, and had been petted and coddled by a foolish, doting mother; for so, like enough, he always fancied her. It is said that poor humanity is apt to love anything, however vile, it has befriended. Thus, if respect was wanting, generosity stood in its place. If affection was absent, forgiveness covered the gap.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," Truman would say. They heaped coals of fire on the head of Henry Prior.

One evening, when Theodore was nearly convalescent, he was hobbling about on his crutches, while Truman sat thoughtfully (he had been unusually pre-occupied that day), and Prior lounged in a window seat, the soft evening sun gleaming on his girlish face.

"Theo'—my father tells me in his letter this morning, that the Dulcimer is coming to live at the Rectory. You see, she could not be alone at the Hall." Truman spoke as if remembering only the presence of himself and his cousin, for Prior sat behind.

"Indeed! Then she's left school? Let me see! How old is she now?"

"Dulcimer is sixteen. He says I shall be chiefly away, and it is better so."

"Dulcimer! Dulcimer! What a pretty name," said Prior, drawing the sounds softly through his smiling lips. "Your sister, Stansfield?"

"Hum—no—scarcely my sister—my father's ward," he replied, somewhat superciliously; and he might have added, "my own betrothed"—so far as the wishes of the parents had been concerned.

"Parents dead, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Perhaps, one of your rich and beautiful girls, all in a piece with her name? What a deuced lucky fellow you are, Stansfield! Of course, some day you'll marry her?"

"I never stand jokes about home," Stansfield said, quietly.

But glancing round Theodore saw Prior's smiling lips twitching nervously. There was a strange glitter, too, in those restless eyes.

"Let me see. There is some romantic story connected with the history of this Miss Merrion—eh?" asked Prior, negligently.

Stansfield looked up, frowning. "'Romantic!' did you say? You are mistaken."

"Do—do you know anything of our part of the country down in —shire? Garston Rectory, Merrion Hall, or any of those places?" Theodore asked, wondering.

"No—no—my mother's place is down in Cheshire."

"Theo'," said Truman, when Prior was gone. "Have—have you ever told him about Dulcimer?"

"Never, on my word!"

"It is strange—" meditatively.

"Truman, I'm not sure of that. You see affairs such as these become public property—more's the pity."

A fortnight after and these one hundred and seventy boys were scattered, for the holidays, at least, over the length and breadth of the land. Some forthwith to enter upon the great battle of life—all, sooner or later, to march into that wide arena. Some to grow rich and flourish, to stand largely in men's mouths—to be flattered and courted, perhaps, finding weariness and disappointment in it all. Some, to lose every stake, and go silently down into the by-ways and alleys of existence—some to lead lives of self-denial and patient endurance, seeing that all flesh is but vanity—some to eat, drink, and be merry, and, wrestling against the universal decree, sink into that "six feet of earth." Some, perhaps, to fill an early grave under the palm-trees of a torrid zone, or on a distant battlefield, amid the clash and clang of steel, and the bursting of shot and shell, to find that solemn peace; or in the gentle summer weather,

by the silvery lap of the sea, to fade away like the flowers, and be as lovingly gathered into the bosom of mother earth. And one or two, perhaps, to sit dreaming with wandering eyes, and snowy locks, and wrinkled brows—forgotten, for a while, by Time—waking, it may be, from an afternoon doze in the large arm-chair, to tell Johnny in petticoats, about the great “row” at Halliday High School.

“How many years ago, when Strasburg, or Stamford—was that the name?—broke somebody’s leg, and somebody else had stolen a “Treatise,” your father would know all about it, Johnny. I used to tell him when he was a boy, but I forget now—ah! I forget everything, now. They’re all dead—dead, and gone long ago; master and scholars, too. Its a strange world! ah, a strange world, Johnny!” and Johnny’s round blue eyes would stare wondering up in grandpapa’s face.

A fortnight after and the woods and grounds round Garston were merry with the sound of gleeful voices. The gardens of Merriion Hall many a glad day rang with the jubilation of innocent revelry—songs and carols, duets and choruses caught up and echoed softly from hill to hill. Oh, the laughter of sixteen! The light heart of nineteen. Laugh together, youths and maidens! Let the duettos be loud and long.

But beyond the gardens that gay company never ventured. The hall was closed—shuttered, darkened the once cheerful rooms; the shadows of a troubled past hung heavy over the deserted mansion. For seven years, its owner, the victim of a false friend, had drawn out a painful solitary life, diversified only by the visits of the Rector. There was a certain window looking down a flight of stone steps, and along a graceful avenue of trees, where tourists loved to sketch. On the balcony outside this window, daily, for seven years, the two men had paced, often accompanied by a little child, or watched the sun go down in gorgeous crimson and gold, behind the dark fringe of fir-trees.

“There is a strange peace upon me to-night,” John Merriion said, one evening, detaining the Rector’s hand, as he rose to go. “Whatever happens to me, you will keep my child under your own eye, Stansfield?”

“I will guard her as my own,” was the grave reply. “Here, in this quiet village, she will be safe. Quiet Garston would scarcely suit any of Cunyngham’s set,” he said, with a troubled smile.

“Scarcely, indeed!”

“And your son, Stansfield? You will bring them together. It is the strongest wish of my heart that my Dulcimer and he should become attached. If I could know this I should be happy.

But, Stansfield! Be wary—wary! my old friend. If one of *that* name (he shivered) should cross my darling's path, I think I should not rest in my grave, whenever that day comes."

Next morning, Squire Merrion was found dead in his bed. His only child and sole heiress was left to the joint care of a maiden sister, who lived a few miles adjacent, and the Rector of Garston, at the age of sixteen. This aunt died, and Dulcimer came from school to take up her residence at the Rectory, her guardian justly considering that his only son would be continuously absent in London, in the pursuit of his profession.

Had any one asked Truman Stansfield, that happy summer vacation when he quitted Halliday High School, if it were a satisfactory world, "It's all jolly together!" he would have said. "Everything's jolly! I tell you what, it's your sour-kroued fellows who are on the look-out for constitutional acids, that turn all the best and merriest tunes into the minor key. Why—the nettle and the docks grow together—isn't that a sermon in itself! But stay—stay now! Did you—'pon your honour, you know—in all your life ever see or know any one who *had* seen a girl to compare with Dulcimer Merrion?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### DULCIMER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the care bestowed upon him, Theodore's strength did but slowly return. The scholarship lapsed, and he had not been able to go in for his degree, not able even to bear the fatigue of college life. Truman went to Cambridge alone, and in the long vacations travelled about with his cousin into salubrious green spots, under the influence of balmy sea breezes and mountain air. But the life of activity and exertion that Theodore had pictured to himself, in the cause of his little brothers and sisters, was never to be. "Only get strong and hearty," Truman would say, "and Dulcimer will need some one to manage her property when she comes of age." Dulcimer wrote him long letters—asked him all the newest riddles, and forgot, as often as not, to explain them afterwards. She told him all the gossip of Garston, and sent him coquettish little messages to Truman. Sometimes Truman looked black at Theodore, and was pettish and peevish on the subject of these epistles; but it was always right at last.

On leaving college, Truman remained at home awhile before he settled down to civil engineering. That summer what a life Dulcimer led him. They argued, disputed, quarrelled, and made friends again, incessantly. All her life Dulcimer had been a spoilt child,

and, alas for her, the Rector, in his blind devotion, could see no fault in her. For of all her gifts, both natural and intellectual, and they were many and varied, her chief fault was certainly *wilfulness*. Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, there are many failings worse than this, but in Dulcimer's case it was the most serious that could have befallen her. She would not understand what Truman called the duties and obligations her fortune entailed upon her; and in his youthful wisdom, doubtless he was somewhat imperious. As long as she was permitted to give largely and liberally, and to scatter her blessings broadcast, she was content; but when the other side of the page was presented before her, and she was required to see that others did their duty by her, she rebelled. Truman, who never flattered her, called it a "lack of moral courage." She said it was despicable to watch those employed in her behalf. Let everyone be thoroughly trusted, and left to themselves, and they would not fail to do honestly what was required of them. She called it mean to count the change out of the £5 note, when the stationer or haberdasher laid it in her palm. It was like doubting their truth and respectability. She would rather go begging herself, and be ever so poor, than that any one should think she deemed herself better than they, because of her wealth. No—never would she weigh fifty £5 notes against the simple word of an aged labourer, be he ever so poor—never would she question the accuracy of a tradesman's bill. If the possession of property was to render her sordid, the sooner it was gone the better. It was but the error of a noble, generous nature, the weakness of too trusting youth. Time would set it straight, experience rectify—alas, too surely. She looked so lovely in her indignation when Truman remonstrated with her, and urged vainly the mistake she was making, that it almost pleased him to see her vexed. The colour—Truman liked to call it "temper—" would flush her cheeks, and she would fret and fume against him. She would walk across the room, her lip quivering and twitching, and her eyes all alight, "And I know quite well, without your being so anxious to tell me, sir—that you hate me, and would almost kill me, if you could—and you may—if you like—I don't care. But I never will be mean, and shabby, and paltry, and avaricious—like *somebody*." Then she would turn round, and stamp back again, her tiny, red high-heeled slippers looking so wee.

"It is for your own good I said it, Dulcimer."

"For my own good that I am to be snubbed, and vexed, and corrected, like a poor little child that won't say its letters. Would it please his imperial highness, the Grank Turk, to condescend to box my ears?" and she knelt down on one knee before him, crossing her hands over her breast, in slave-like fashion.



"I will *kiss* them, gladly, Dulcimer."

"Indeed, sir, I'm obliged to you. Would you like to ask me my catechism, or anything of that sort, with an eye to my morals?" and she would demurely step to one side, holding her skirts in her hands, making an elaborate dancing-school curtsey down to the floor.

"No thank' you, Dulcimer. Oh, Dulcimer!" he would say at length, "why will you do so, when you know I love you so well? Will you never believe it? Dulcimer! you will break my heart!"

He said it but once—said it in the vexation of the moment when sorely tried—said it as such things are said—never meaning it—or thinking it—and even then, it made its impression. The dark eyelashes fell down over the cheek, and two or three tears rolled slowly down. An hour afterwards, they were walking to and fro in the Rectory garden, her sweet gaze up-turned to his; or singing together in the drawing-room, while the old Rector *seemed* to doze in his chair.

"If she were not so rich," Truman thought, standing by her side that day he went away. "To tell her now would be to take an unfair advantage of my position with her. The heiress of Merrion Hall is no match for a poor fellow such as I. I will work hard for wealth and honour, and then I will lay it at her feet. There is time enough—time enough, except for my own impatient heart. I must school it and keep it down. She is but seventeen."

"If he had loved me, he could not—he could not have gone away and left me without a word—a whisper," said the young girl, pacing the lonely rooms.

"It goes well!" said the old Rector, with a secret chuckle. "How he looked back at the window, poor fellow, to catch the last glimpse of her waving hankerchief. And the little chit! She didn't think I saw her cry! Ah, Merrion! my good old friend, all goes well with us."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WEAVING OF THE WOOF.

"Is all well at the Rectory?" Truman asked, two years later on, when Theodore Langley met him at the station on his return home.

"Much as you left it. Your father's little altered—Dulcimer is prettier than ever."

"What about this Sir Charles?"

"Oh, Dulcimer quizzes him dreadfully. He's desperate enough, poor soul! Something compassionately ludicrous struck them both, and they laughed heartily."

'heo', I think I'll go through the grove. They'll see you by the road, and naturally suppose I have not arrived by in, while I shall take them by surprise at the side ce."

they parted, where the field-path led into the grove, g the side of the Rectory, and leading into the kitchen

was a bright, lovely day in June, soft and luxuriantly warm. es were clad in all their freshest tints, the grass gay with flowers, and the faint scent of wild violets perfumed the air. ear notes of joyous birds sounded deliciously, calling to one r, piping and carolling with a sweet meaning, full of rejoicing glory of the sunshiny hours. Something of the refreshing of this country scene fell soothingly on the young man's eager, ing excitement, new from the bustle of town life, and calmed rried pulses of his heart. He paused, as if to collect himself. er than ever!" he murmured. It was a pretty spot—but he ; mean that. He looked down the bank on his right hand, ant with wild hyacinths and daffodils, bending toward the brooklet that gurgled merrily below, as if laughing at some at meditation of its own; but he did not even see it, or

no mood for delay, he started afresh, and, on turning with th, saw two figures far on before him. The lady, eh—it be none other than Dulcimer; the gentleman, but—who was [t was too far distant to discriminate; was it Sir Charles? t was strangely like—but that was entirely impossible. Then ing of the tone of Theodore's remark respecting Sir Charles ed ridiculously, and Truman laughed again. They stood to adieu." Dulcimer tossed her curls coquettishly, and the white feather, drooping over her broad-brimmed hat, waved in ght breeze. The gentleman seemed to detain her hand—not and feverish Truman felt)—and then he saw him place er in her fingers. Perhaps she said something expostulatory, e turned aside—and he crossed through the trees, looking after her, until the trunks and branches hid him from an's sight.

hen he reached the breakfast-room of the Rectory, that opened h a conservatory by the side door, Dulcimer was sitting pen-alone—her hat lying on the table near her—looking down a white lily in her hand.

Dulcimer!" "Truman!" She sprang up to meet him, all with rosy blushes and glad smiles. Then something came er—a veil, a cloud, and she drew back, quieted and checked y some secret thought. Truman saw it on the instant.

"Dulcimer! If you knew how I have longed to see you, and dreamed of you night by night."

"You are tired, then, of the frivolities of the world," she said, with a dash of bitterness that was not natural to her.

"Nay, Dulcimer. The world and I have had precious little to do with one another, I assure you."

She pursed up her rosy lips, and looked him over—a certain playful defiance in her eyes, that puzzled him. Yes, he was wonderfully handsome, was it that she saw? Turning away from him, her scrutiny over, she glanced downwards. Either by accident or design, in taking her hand, he had scattered the leaves of the lily at her feet.

"Ah! It was so pretty," she sighed, pityingly.

"An offering from Sir Charles?"

"Oh, no. What should make you think so?"

"I saw you in the wood, Dulcimer," and he looked steadily in her face.

A hot flush spread over her beautiful cheek. She drew back, and coldly met his gaze.

Somehow, simple incident as it was, it spoilt the welcome home.

Three days after, crossing Garston Bridge, a gentleman, fishing on the banks of the river, called after Stansfield.

"I see you don't recollect me," he said. "I'm Gospreck. Don't you remember Gospreck, and the row at Halliday School?" They shook hands warmly. "And who do you think is fishing up the river. Come on with me—I will find him."

"I cannot guess."

"Henry Prior."

They found him in the act of hauling in a fair-sized trout. So tall, so graceful, so handsome, Truman would never have recognised him. His fair curls more shining than ever, and of a richer, warmer tint; a tawny and very becoming moustache, taking away the effect of much that was effeminate in his features.

"We will come on with you," Gospreck said, when he had explained to Stansfield that his father had recently purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, and that Prior, whose widowed mother lived only some ten miles distant, was his guest.

It was lunch time. Truman could not do less than accord a genial welcome to his old schoolfellow. Theodore, too, having thoroughly forgiven the old delinquencies, was as cordial as they could be. Truman, in his jealousy, would have preferred that Dulcimer should remain absent, but she came in looking the very incarnation of beauty in her sky-blue silk.

"Miss Merrion! Mr. Henry Prior."

Could it be, or was it Stansfield's fancy, over-anxious where

Dulcimer was concerned—but he thought he saw Prior glance curiously at Dulcimer, conveying by sign, some particular meaning, and that she as quickly understood the glance? They bowed stantly.

"I fancy you have met before, eh, Prior?" Truman said on the instant.

"A—yes—I have had that pleasure."

"Where? how—not here?"

"My dear fellow," Prior laughed, "you may be sure I have all down in the archives of my memory. I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Merriam at a pic-nic some few days ago."

"Before you came home, Truman."

"Was the pic-nic in Garston Grove?" he asked, satirically.

"No, not in Garston Grove—some three miles from here," with that facile smile.

"Curse him and his impudence!" Stansfield muttered between his teeth.

But the laws of hospitality forbade. The little fracas having passed unnoticed by the easy-tempered Gospreck, the rest of the company remained joyous enough.

"I return home, to-morrow," Prior said, on leaving. "My mother's place is at Harborough. Come down with Langley. We will be quietly enough, but we can find you a bed if you think fit to visit us, and at least give you a hearty welcome."

When they were gone, the old Rector called Truman to his study.

"Who is that young man?" he asked, his face strangely agitated; "He with the fair hair."

"His name is Prior—Henry Prior."

"Prior—ah. Of where?"

"His mother has recently come to live at Harborough."

"His father?"

"Is dead. Why, father, is there something wrong?"

The old man bowed his white head down, and clasped his hands over his eyes. In a few moments he had recovered himself.

"I may be wrong, but the eyes, the hair, the likeness, is vivid. But you say his name is Prior?"

"Certainly! He was at school with Theodore and me."

"Sometimes extraordinary likenesses do strike us. I may have done the youth a wrong. Nevertheless, bring him here no more, Truman—bring him here no more, my boy."

Next day, leisurely riding on horseback down a country lane, Truman met Gospreck.

"I was coming up to the Rectory," he said. "Prior wants you and me to ride over to-morrow to his mother's place."

"Do you know the family?"

"Not I. I fell in with Prior—a deuced good fellow, Stansfield, quite altered, I can assure you, from the old school times. He's been with us six weeks, and to tell you the truth, I fancy he's sweet on my sister Jane. The governor's delighted with him (he never smokes, you know). The governor tells me I'm to cultivate that sort of acquaintance—so very respectful and deferential to age and experience, and all that. The old lady, too (winking his eye, knowingly), says he's something like what the young men were in *her* time, because he was always up to prayers (she read 'em, you know). I tell you what, it was really capital to see him and her bothering him to death with her receipts. The best and readiest way to make water-gruel for the poor sick! I used to look in at him playing propriety with such a long face, as if he'd gone over it at the glass. Of course, I bolted. Oh, it was capital! ha, ha, ha! Oh, I can tell you, Prior is everything at our house. It is constantly Francis Thomas, why don't you follow the example of young Prior; and as to Jane, nobody can do right but him, in her eyes. Ah, one may have too much of a good thing!"

"Go and see the young man," the Rector said, when his son mooted the question. "I may have done him a grievous wrong—and you say Gospreck's sister is his attraction in this neighbourhood?"

"Gospreck thinks as much."

"Yes, certainly, go and see the young man. But be cautious. Give him no encouragement till we know more of him."

It was a small, but neat and very elegant villa residence, standing handsomely on a large square plot of ground, laid out in terraces in the pretty village of Harborough. The furniture ancient, but handsome—the pictures fine; the dinner excellent—the wines superb. Truman's opinion of Prior rose every hour. He had fancied him pretentious, and secretly condemned him as vulgar and aspiring. What he saw certainly corrected this notion. The day had nearly passed, pleasantly, too—the horses were at the door, and they had not yet seen the lady of the house.

"My mother never sees company," her son said, apologetically, "but I told her you were my particular friends (Truman winced), and she desires to make your acquaintance."

"Ah," thought Truman, "unpresentable. There'll be some excuse at the last moment."

It was a large, highly decorated apartment, hung round with paintings and mirrors. By the window—close to the crimson curtain, sheltering, as it seemed, in its shade, for the light was waning, and a soft, rosy glow shone into the room, reflected from a gorgeous sky—stood a tall, pale, majestic woman, with white hair

braided under her widow's cap. Her large hollow eyes looked at you without a ray of light in them, as if their life had burnt out years ago. Her features were not those of her son. He was not in the least like her, except in figure, and what was necessarily thin and harsh in her, was slender and graceful in him.

"You will take my welcome for what it is worth," she said, in a dull, monotonous voice, as her eyes roved wearily from one to the other of the visitors. It seemed cruel to have intruded on her, and they said so to her son.

"Remember me to all your family," said Prior, gaily, as they walked their horses out of the garden gate—"and—and stay, Gospreck! Give this rose to your sister Jane, and say—say I sent it."

"Bring the young man here no more, Truman," the Rector said, mildly, when he had heard all about the visit. "My prayers go with his broken-hearted mother—aye, too, and with him, but his way and ours can never lie together. And you say he is sweet on Gospreck's sister?"



## "IN '15—" A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF THE ROCK," "VIOLETTE, A STORY OF VERSAILLES," &c.

"Then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone."

*The Revolt of Islam.* By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THERE is something more desolate and dreary about autumn in the Low Countries than anywhere else. The great bare plains of grass over which the sea-wind blows cold and misty from the exhalation of the lagoons, and impregnated with salt from its passage over the German ocean, are only diversified by a windmill here and there, or a church spire forming the centre of a village, whilst through the midst of the flats, the Scheldt flows in a dreamy sluggish manner to the open sea. The "Cock-pit" of Europe, as it has been termed, is very dismal in the late autumn, and the burghers of Antwerp, and other good towns, crowd over their sea-coal fires, whilst the wind howls and whistles over the flat, and congratulate themselves that they need not go abroad save in the sheltered streets. Most Englishmen know the Hotel St. Antoine, in the city of Rubens. It is close to the *Place Vert*, and at the time my story opens it numbered amongst its guests, an English officer and his wife. It was in the winter of 1814-15, when Europe was enjoying a temporary repose, from the fact of the Corsican usurper being imprisoned in semi-state, in the island of Elba. Was it probable that the mighty spirit, which had made all Europe quail before him, should settle down tamely to govern a petty principality? No! the imprisoned Eagle beats itself against the bars of its cage, and either frees itself or dies, and the great soul of NAPOLEON must either govern or cease to exist. When his reign as a sovereign was over, his *raison d'être* was gone. He could not be a cipher after filling so many brilliant pages in the world's great history. Before the storm there is generally a lull, and then it rages out in all its fierceness; and so it was in 1814, and the early part of '15, events stood still as if to take breath before the great uprising.

The two English travellers who were staying at the St. Antoine, were a young man of five-and-twenty and his wife, who, by her appearance, was a year or two younger. They had not been married many months, and were apparently very much devoted to one another. At least, I should use the word "they," advisedly as a close observer might have seen a shade of weariness occasionally come over the husband's face, when his wife spoke to him, as if his thoughts were far away, and her presence was somewhat irksome to

m. One morning as they were strolling through the cathedral, and had stopped before that masterpiece of Peter Paul Rubens, the Descent from the Cross, she noticed that her husband was not attending to what she had said, and she asked him whether he had heard her.

"Hear you—yes, of course—why?" he replied, absently.

"Because you did not seem to be paying any attention."

"I was thinking of other things."

"I tire you, then?"

"Oh! no—pray say what you like. You were saying——"

"I was not saying anything at all," she replied, "that is if you do not want to hear it."

"I don't mind."

"Kenelm, how stupid and cross you are to-day; are you tired of me?"

"Perhaps, I am!" he replied, abruptly. "But what folly this—we are talking like two children; let us go back to the hotel. I am tired of Antwerp, if I could get any money from England, we could leave at once."

"I have liked it very much," she said.

"Why?"

"Because you are with me, Kenelm, and whenever we are together I am happy."

"I don't know how we are to get on, I am sure," he said, indignantly; "if the money does not come I must go over to England."

"And I?" she said, anxiously.

"You must stay here. I am very sorry, but there is really no help for it. You know our marriage is a secret at home, and I am not likely to obtain a subsidy if I appear in *formâ pauperis* with a wife by my side. I have told you what my father is, and what he did when my brother married—cut him off with a shilling and has refused to see him ever since. A similar paternal ukase would be deemed unpleasant, and I don't mean to risk it."

"I suppose you know best," she said, with a sigh.

"Always be of that opinion, my dear, and we shall do very well," he replied. Then they went back to dinner at the hotel.

That night all Antwerp was in a stir. There was only one pic heard in the burgomaster's mansion, the ouvrier's house, and on the decks of the ships on the Scheldt.

The Eagle had escaped.

In plain English, Bonaparte had landed in France, and was in full march on Paris, there to commence the brilliant epoch known as the Hundred Days. The merchants on 'Change shook their heads dismally.



It meant one thing—one horrible desolation, summoned up in one little word. It meant WAR.

Europe knew only too well, at the commencement of the present century, the meaning of that word. It knew it again in 1870, but at the commencement of the Franco-German campaign, people had had no personal experience of it. It was only a dim shadow of which they had heard legends from their grandsires; but in '15, they knew, by dismal foretaste, what untold misery it portended, and one great wail rose from the Continent. Time was not, however, wasted in idle foreboding; one thing became imperative—action; and the legions of Prussia and England prepared to march against the disturber of the peace of Europe, whilst hordes of Muscovites rallied round the standard of the Czar, in readiness to take their part against the common enemy; for so was the Corsican esteemed. Napoleon had forced himself into the inner circle of royalty. He had become the son-in-law of an emperor of the old reigning house of Hapsburg; but withal, he was not one of them, and the hand of Francis Joseph was uplifted, with that of the other sovereigns, to hurl the parvenu back into obscurity.

Great political events, at which all the world are standing by as spectators, influence, not only the fate of nations, but the destiny of individuals and families, even those who, by their obscurity, would seem to be aloof and exempt from any possible effect of the storm. Each unit of an army is the centre of hopes, fears, and prayers. The happiness of other lives is linked with his; he falls, and some one's sun has set, possibly to rise again no more. Highland huts in the wild passes of Braemar, German peasants' cots upon the vineyard-clad banks of the Rhine, and Cossack hovels in the wild steppes of the Ukraine—all felt the vibration of the earthquake, and had to yield up their dearest to pour forth the blood requisite to satiate the great demon of war at the high revels of Death holden in the summer of 1815. And of the wild excitement, the pomp, the glory, the glitter, the ostentation, the pride of the "Hundred Days," who can write?

Paris was drunk with enthusiasm. Le Petit Corporal had returned. He was at the Tuileries. The tricolour had swallowed up the white ensign of the Bourbons. The violets had cast the lilies in the shade. The brazen eagles again glittered at the head of the regiments, and the bees were again on the Imperial purple, as a golden cloud. Louis Le Desiré had fled; Napoleon, *l'Empereur des Français*, reigned in his stead. Divine right had succumbed to the will of the people. It pleased the citizens that the man they themselves had chosen should reign over them. In him they were pleased to see the sovereignty of the people. They blindly thought, because THEY had exalted him, he was nothing more than the re-

representative of their majesty—the majesty of the people. Calm observers saw in him the despot. They only saw themselves. But we are wandering from the more immediate *dramatis* *once* of our story, and have dwelt more upon the great causes of its than that with which we have to do—their more limited acts.

The news came to the Hotel St. Antoine in common with the other dwelling-places in Antwerp. The horrible news that created a sinking at the hearts of wives and mothers with the gloomyodings of the future.

Lieutenant Felton and his wife were dining in their private apartment, when the waiter in attendance, told them the absorbing news. The young officer started to his feet, exclaimed, "At last! I shall see war. Hurrah!" Then he turned to his wife and found that she had fainted dead away. He knelt down beside her, and did all that the most tender could do to restore animation. The effort was, after some time, rewarded, and his wife had sufficiently recovered to speak of the great news that had just been communicated to them.

"You will have to join at once, Kenelm?" she asked.

"Possibly," he replied, "they have my address at the War Office, and it is probable I may receive the *route* by to-morrow's morning."

"Oh! Kenelm," she sobbed, "it is so soon, and just as we are happy. I *hate* Napoleon!"

How many women in Europe had not cause to say that?

The next day the route came. Felton was to join at Antwerp, and proceed with his regiment to Brussels; so he still had some time left before his active duties commenced.

"I may come to Brussels with you!"

"I don't know," he said, dubiously. "Our marriage is secret, and I don't see it would do much good. You would be better,

when she implored him to let her follow him to Brussels, and he consented to her, and it was arranged that he should have a lodging arranged for her on his arrival with the regiment.

Time sped on, and some English regiments arrived in the field. As fast as commissariat and other arrangements could be made, they marched on to Brussels, and with them our Benedict. Felton, on arrival, secured a lodging in a narrow street near the Rue Royale, and he had done so with some difficulty, for the city was all too overflowing. English people of rank and fashion flocked to Brussels, and apartments were at a premium. They came to war as to some novel kind of *fête*. "The Allies would dispose of Napoleon in no time," they said, and they considered it a species

of gala, with a faint *souppçon* of danger, just enough to add zest and piquancy to the expedition. Some of the best known faces in Pall Mall were in the Park in Brussels; and at a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, the night before the battle of Waterloo—a ball now become historic—except for the presence of foreign officers, it might have been imagined that the festivity was being held in Her Grace's own saloons in London. The Feltons were not included in the invitations to the ball; in fact, their marriage was private, so they spent the evening of the 16th in their little apartment in the Rue du Roi. As is well known, the news of the near advance of the French reached Brussels whilst the festivity was at the height; but the Duke wishing to avoid anything approaching a panic, remained to a somewhat late, or rather early hour. The parting between the Feltons, on the following morning, was as bitter as all partings must be, especially when one of the twain are about to plunge into the very jaws of death. And yet, as at Antwerp, the solicitude and affection might, to a mere observer, have been considered as one-sided.

If there ever was a moment when the embers of a dying love would break out in a bright and fitful flame, it was at a moment such as this, when the odds were so terribly in favour of the parting being final. The story of the marriage had been a romantic one. Kenelm Felton was one of the rush of English who invaded Paris at the Restoration, and had there led the life of a votary of pleasure. Most of his evenings were spent at the theatres, and it was in a drama at the Porte St. Martin that he first beheld the face which seemed completely to captivate and rivet his roving fancy. Pauline Deschappelles was of English extraction on the maternal side. Her father was an officer in the *Guardes du Corps* of Louis Seize, and lost his life on the guillotine, being one of the first victims of Robespierre—his only crime being fidelity, a virtue, it is true, essentially canine, but one, nevertheless, to be admired, though shared in common with the brute creation. Pauline had vivid recollection of the Reign of Terror, and had seen the gutters of Paris run with blood. By birth an "aristocrat," her childhood had been passed amongst the people. When her father forfeited his existence upon the scaffold, the wife of the concierge of his splendid hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain took pity on the destitute little orphan, and took her home to her lodgings, in a shabby street in the Montmartre quarter, and brought her up with her own offspring. The child was only a few years' old at the time, and her mother had died in giving her birth, so she was literally left alone. Her mother's relations in England did not know of her existence: they thought she had died of want: they made every inquiry that was possible in the then disturbed state of Paris, and hearing nothing definite, they concluded she was dead.

chaos was so horrible that it was impossible to discover an adult seething mass of humanity, much less a little waif and stray. Citoyenne Bart was an honest, hard-working woman; she was a patriot by conviction, or rather by tradition, and had the greatest respect and contempt of the viragoes who had invaded the palace at Versailles, and had followed the King's coach into Paris, heaping insults, meanwhile, upon its unfortunate inmates. Pauline grew up with the family as one of themselves, and had shared in all their joys and participated in their rare and scanty pleasures. She had acquired some little education from a curé, who had donned the clerical habit to escape observation, and who continued, under that disguise, to minister to the spiritual wants of such of his flock who had not adopted the new religion of the Goddess of Reason. Citoyenne Bart did not confide to the neighbours the parentage of her orphaned daughter. They supposed it was some "aristocrat's brat," and wondered she took such care of it. "Let it starve," they said, "give it to the crèche du commune." But the honest citoyenne would not heed their stony-hearted advice, and though wanting often for herself felt most sensibly in her household, she always had a place for the little Pauline. Marie Bart, her foster-mother's daughter, was about a year older than Pauline, and the two girls grew up inseparable companions. They shared the same garret on the fifth floor of the gable-roofed house in the Montmartre quarter, where there was communion in all their joys and sorrows. When Pauline was sixteen years, she obtained an "engagement" at the Theatre St. Martin: a very humble one, being nothing more nor less than a danseuse. There was no delicate glossing over of the fact of her position in the Bart household, such as Thackeray describes in the "Adventures of Philip on his way through the World," and Marie was only pleased to add her quota to the scanty family exchequer. She gave her foster-sister such an account of the fairy scenes in which she took a part, that Pauline was fired with an ambition to accompany her, and at once begged permission of the citoyenne to present herself to the *maitre-de-ballet*. After a few remonstrances, and expressions of wonderment as to what M. le Capitaine—rest his soul—would have said, leave was accorded, and in a few days she was welcomed by Marie, and became a member of the terpsichorean corps. Her extreme beauty at once obtained her a place in the first rank, and it was in that prominent position that she attracted the attention of Kenelm Felton. Pauline's beauty was of a rare type—she had the fair Saxon hair and complexion of her mother's race, the dark eyes and eye-lashes of sunny Provence. It was love at first sight. He sought her out in the little back street in Montmartre, and in a few weeks he married the *danseuse*, daughter of the Capitaine Deschappelles, of the Garde du Corps of Louis Seize.

This was in January '15. She could speak a little broken English, which she had learnt from Citoyenne Bart, and Felton knew a little French : not, it is true, of Paris, but what Chaucer termed of Stratford-atte-Bowe ; but it was enough, at any rate, to make love with ; in fact, I believe it is unnecessary for that purpose to have any community of language.

M. Bart was delighted at Sister Pauline marrying an *officier Anglais*. She gave the children unlimited chocolate and *bon bons*, and they never tired of talking of visiting her in Angleterre. Nothing was further from Felton's thoughts than the latter, and he at once determined to cut off all communication between his wife and that estimable, though humble family. He questioned the citoyenne most closely as to the English relations of his wife, but elicited nothing further than that the brother of madame used to visit her master, and that he was "*Milor Anglais*," "very rich." As at that period every travelling Briton was addressed as, and popularly believed, by every Frenchman of the lower and middle classes, to be a "*milor*," Felton did not attach much credence to this statement, and did not in the least expect to find that his wife was a niece of a peer of the realm. After the marriage the young couple travelled about, and at the time this story opens were at the Hotel St. Antoine, Antwerp, as we have already seen at the commencement of this story.

Meanwhile, the bugles were ringing their loud clarions over the roofs of Brussels, and the streets echoed with the rolling wheels of cannon and the heavy tramp of armed men. A portion of the Guards, as is well known, occupied the farm of Hougoumont, and it was there that the battle raged most fiercely during that struggle of the giants, known ever after as one of the decisive battles of the world. A battle that has been fitly ranked with Marathan, Syracuse, Arbela, Metaurus, Chalons, Tours, Hastings, Orleans, Blenheim, Pultowa, and Saratoga, as one of the pivots upon which the grand mechanism of events have turned. It is no part of our purpose to describe the battle of Waterloo ; this has been often done by far abler pens. We are only concerned with a unit of the vast host gathered on the plains of Belgium. Felton was with his company the whole of that long summer's day, at the farm of Hougoumont, and fought as bravely as the rest. All that long summer's day a dark-veiled figure was kneeling before an altar, in the Church of St. Gudule, praying for the safety of him she loved. The result of that day all the world knows. Peace was restored to Europe, and the Bourbons to France. Whether the latter was benefited or not is a doubtful question ; but we do not care for political speculations, and will content ourselves with merely stating the fact. The troops marched again into Brussels—at least

who still had the power of locomotion left them. Those who had been lying, some groaning in all the agony of undressed wounds in an open field, and others, perhaps, more fortunate, stiff and with their glazed eyeballs turned upwards to the skies, and hands clutching either a tuft of grass or a weapon, in the convulsive grasp of death. I am not sure if it is not preferable to die thus fighting for one's country," as the stone-cutters express on the monuments, than in a darkened chamber, to dispute step by step every inch of ground with the great King. It is such a less battle, yet we must all fight it, and it can only end in one

On the night of the 18th of June, 1815, was one to make angels and devils exult at man's misery. Racked with thirst and hundreds lay out upon the plain all uncared for. Whilst by the full light of the moon dark figures might have been seen flitting about amongst the wounded and dying, not upon errands of mercy but with the fiendish design of plundering the dead, and not only so, but the dying. Rude hands seized men in their last gasps and tore the rings from their fingers and the watches and jewels from their pockets; stripping them even at times of their garments, and leaving them exposed to the chilly night air. It was a terrible scene. Unsexed women joined with their hardened companions in these horrible maraudings, dead to all feelings of humanity. When the Guards marched again into Brussels, in a fever of impatience, scanned the faces of the officers who entered from the Namur gate, and saw him not. It was

A child of the people, however, does not sit down to indulge in sorrow. Their lives are too hard and too struggling for that. Misfortune and the Juggernaut car of poverty passes over them, and they are crushed. They have no time to stop and indulge their grief; they *must* go on. Pauline had a fair sum of money in her possession, and found no difficulty in hiring a peasant's cart and a cloise-clad driver to take her to the field of battle. English soldiers, who start in the year of grace 1873, from the Belle Vue, what a weary journey it is along the ill-paved road, with the straight, formal lines of poplars overshadowing; but what must it have been to one in such suspense as the subject of this story?

Arrived at the field, she commenced her hopeless search amongst the dead and the dying, stopping, ever and anon, to try and alleviate the sufferings of the latter, and then hastening swiftly on to look—to find him. She had nothing to guide her in her search but the instinct of love. She only knew that her husband's uniform was red, and how many down-turned faces—half-buried in the earth, did she not uplift, only to be disappointed, or, perhaps,

grateful to find that it was not him. The whole of that weary night did she seek him amongst the dead and dying, and at last exhausted and worn-out with fatigue, she sank to the ground insensible. At early dawn a party of plunderers, pursuing their unholy avocation, passed her, and seeing the rings upon her fingers, and the jewels in her ears and upon her neck, stopped.

"Who can this be?" said a woman of the party, in her Flamand *patois*.

"Some officers' *chère amie*," replied the other. "I make no doubt. How wan the poor thing looks! she'd better have stayed in Brussels."

"Those are nice rings," said the first speaker, with the glitter of greed in her eyes, "and it's a pity the gravediggers should have them." Then she seized Pauline's delicate white fingers, and wrenched them off her. The pain awoke her, and she dreamily opened her eyes.

"She's not dead," said one of the women.

"Better knock her on the head," said a man of the party, speaking for the first time; "it will save all trouble. Not that she's likely to peach on us;" and he uplifted a heavy blunt instrument he had in his hand, as if to carry out this suggestion. But the heart of the woman who first spoke, was moved with pity, and she laid her hand upon his arm and expostulated. Casting her aside with an oath, he again lifted his hand to strike, but she threw herself between him and Pauline, and the blow descended upon her instead, and laid her prostrate on the ground, with the blood streaming from an immense wound in her forehead. Without any show of remorse, the marauder passed on to the rest of the party, who had gone on a little further to pursue the dismal trade of stripping the dead, when the quarrel recommenced.

"Where's Carlotta?" they asked.

"She will be after us presently," replied the man, with a brutal laugh; "the sight of all these bodies has turned her faint."

Pauline had been sufficiently conscious to know that she had been the subject of the quarrel, and that she owed her preservation to the woman who now lay insensible beside her. She raised herself, and by the pale moonlight, she saw in the distance the dark figures of the plunderers. Convinced that the distance was too great for the latter to perceive any movement on her part, she crawled to the woman, and bandaged her head as well as she could with her handkerchief. It was a ghastly sight; the still white face of the wounded woman, with her head pillowed on the breast of a dead Hussar, whose gold-embroidered pelise glittered in the beams

the moon. It was a hard worn face, but had still some traces of beauty left in it, some traces still of the purity of early childhood; faint shadows that, for the honour of human nature, let it be said, are rarely altogether lost. There are few, indeed, of those made in the likeness of God, in whom His image is totally destroyed.attered and worn out of all seeming resemblance it may be, but there is still *something* that separates it from the brute creation—something that stamps it with the Divine nature which is not wholly effaced, whatever the life may have been. The life the woman had led was one that has been the stumbling-block of social philosophers ever since man has begun to reason about social systems at all, and our modern social reformers have unanimously agreed, like the Levites of old, to pass by on the other side. What a fearful enigma this existence of ours is! What an insoluble problem does it present to every thinking mind; every mind that is not satisfied with the knowledge that things are but desires to know the *wherefore*; which, on observing the effect, desires to know the cause, and is ever reverting to first principles—but we digress.

Morning broke on the field of Waterloo, and Phœbus's chariot came up out of the East, gilding the horizon with its rosy beams, and linting its rays upon the steel weapons that lay in admired confusion. Day rose upon the dying and the unconscious dead, and with it came burying parties of soldiery and peasantry. Down went friend and foe into the deep yawning pits, there to sleep till the last trumpet's shrill clarion shall sound the parade of judgment. Some English soldiers were of the party who came up to where Pauline was kneeling, and were at first inclined to treat her roughly, thinking she was robbing the dead. But she told them that she was an English officer's wife, searching for her husband, with such an air of candour that they believed her, and assisting to clear a space, one of them brought a field-officer's ample cloak and wrapped it round her. They also gave her a flask of wine, which she immediately placed to the lips of the wounded woman. It revived her, and she began to speak. Pauline could not leave the hapless creature, whom chance had confided to her care alone, so she begged the assistance of the soldiers to remove her into the shelter of a cottage, some few hundreds yards distant, which they did. It was already full of wounded men, and it was with great difficulty that she secured a pallet in a wretched garret, to which the only ascent was by a steep ladder. Her early youth had been inured to hardship, so Pauline did not suffer from the exposure as some would have done. Her search for her husband had been unsuccessful, and the English sergeant who had accompanied her to the cottage, advised her to return to Brussels, and apply at head-quarters,



where she would receive information, as the lists of killed and wounded were becoming more accurate every hour. She thanked him for his advice, and resolved to return to the city. When she left Brussels, she had placed her money—about fifty pounds—in her pocket, and to her indescribable horror she found that sum was no longer there. She was totally penniless. However, hope was strong within her that her prayers would be answered, and that she should find her husband in Brussels; so the discovery did not overwhelm her; but it was chiefly on account of the wretched woman that she regretted its loss, as she hoped to have been able to make some arrangement with a peasant to keep her till her recovery. This was now impracticable, and she had to appeal to the feelings of humanity of the owner of the *Estaminet*, instead of those of cupidity, frequently the strongest. *La Veuve Noir* was a kind-hearted woman, and, besides, was she not asked to do it by the wife of a "*Milor Anglais*," who had promised to return and reward her, so she promised faithfully to do her best? This case, it was evident to the English surgeon who looked in the little room, would not need long care, as she lay with her long, fair hair dishevelled upon the pallet, with the great wound upon her forehead looking angry and red, whilst the face was already pale with death.

Meanwhile, Pauline set off to walk to Brussels along that straight dreary road, edged with poplars, and, on that day, alive with ambulances and waggon loads of wounded. The driver of one of them offered her a lift, which she gladly accepted, and, late at night, cold, weary, and miserable, she found herself in the *Place Royale* in Brussels, and from there made her way to the English head-quarters.

On arrival she found a crowd of women all asking questions of the officers on duty, and it was some time before she could obtain a hearing. At length her turn came, and she asked whether there was any news of Lieutenant Felton, of the Guards.

"Felton?" replied the officer, "I don't remember the name." Then he ran his finger down a list, and said, "There is no officer of that name in the regiment."

Pauline stared at him with blank astonishment.

"Surely you have made a mistake," she gasped.

"No. I assure you," he replied, commiserating her look of real distress; "are you certain the person whom you are inquiring for was not a private soldier?"

"Quite certain—he was my husband—and oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed, in her pretty broken English?

"I am very sorry for you," said the officer—beauty in distress

always excites sympathy ; " I really would do anything for you, I could."

" Thanks—thanks ! but if only you could find him !"

" My dear lady, I will do my best ; but are you sure about the regiment."

" Quite. I can tell you his uniform—it was red with a helmet of bearskin.

" It is very extraordinary ! perhaps if you wait he will return ; he may have been slightly wounded, and taken to some farm near the battle-field."

The other inquirers were getting eager at her long colloquy, and were pressing forward to ask news of their relatives.

Pauline withdrew, and without returning to her lodgings, set off in an empty waggon that was going out of the city to fetch in more wounded from Waterloo.

It was early dawn when she arrived at the Estaminet, where she heard from one of the subordinates that the woman whom she had left at the inn, like the good Samaritan, had breathed her last. For a whole week Pauline stopped at a wayside hostel in the next village, and spent each day visiting the different farms, and inquiring for Lieutenant Felton, du Garde Anglais ; but everywhere her search was unsuccessful. Utterly friendless, and not knowing the address of her husband's relatives, she was at a loss what to do, and saw nothing for it but to make her way back to Paris, and resume her old avocation. She sent a peasant into Brussels for her trunk from the lodgings, which he had some difficulty of obtaining, as the owners of the house had left the city. Amongst her effects was a small quantity of jewellery, which had been her husband's gifts during the brief period of their marriage, and these she reluctantly despatched to Brussels for sale, at the hands of the same peasant, and with the proceeds she started off to Paris. It took her a long time to reach the narrow street where the Barts lived, in the quarter Montmartre, as the roads were blocked up by the allies ; but with great difficulty she accomplished her journey. It was not a wise step on her part ; of course, she ought to have gone back to the lodgings in Brussels, and waited patiently, till length of time had proved that her husband was dead. But what could she do ? she could hear nothing of him. She believed him to be dead, and her impulse was to fly where she knew she would find warm and loving hearts ready to receive her. Who can blame her ?

" Ah ! ma mère," she exclaimed, " Kenelm—mon tres cher mari est mort—il est mort, et je suis seule—moi !"

Then she told the whole story to the sympathising ears of her sister-mother.

"The English are coming here, and, perhaps he may be with them—who knows?"

"They say there was no officer of that name in the Guards."

"Don't believe them,—didn't he tell you so himself?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then it's true, depend upon it; he would not tell a lie—he was a true gentleman."

After a few weeks the allies marched into Paris, and the Don Cossacks were encamped in the Champs Elysées. Pauline made her way to the English head-quarters, and saw one of the aide-de-camps of the great Duke. He could give her no information about Lieutenant Felton—one thing he did know that there was no officer of that name in the Guards, but he would undertake to inform her whether there was any one of that name killed or wounded in any other branch of the British army, if she would call again in a few days.

It was an enigma to Pauline, the steady denial in both cases of there being any officer of the name of Felton in the Guards, and it being corroborated by Wellington's aide-de-camp, made her half believe that the mistake was hers, and that she had misunderstood her husband. The few days passed, and she tremblingly made her way to the English head-quarters, and gave her card to the orderly, with the name of the aide-de-camp she wished to speak to written upon it. In a few moments he was with her, and as delicately as he could broke the news to her, that Lieutenant Kenelm Felton, of the King's German Legion, was amongst the killed. It was evidently a mistake of hers as to his being in the Guards, arising from her imperfect knowledge of the English language, and he was really dead. It was undoubted. The Christian name was a peculiar one, and every circumstance appeared to confirm the idea.

How she found her way home she did not know. The streets seemed to her like those mazes one sees in a dream. She did not hear the noise of the carriages, or the rush of the people—it all seemed to her as a horrible nightmare. Home, however, she came, and the Barts did not ask her any questions. They knew she had heard the worst. It was the beginning of a fearful illness, brought on, the doctor said, by exposure, fatigue, and anxiety, chiefly the latter; and for weeks they feared for her life, and still more for her reason. Is not the death of the latter the worst death of all? What is the cessation of existence to the stoppage of the wondrous mechanism of the mind. It is nothing. Death is the natural end of life. But when the mind dies before the body, it is too terrible—when all bright images fade from it, and it grasps nothing but despair.

Pauline was for weeks in the debatable land, and then she got

better ; but still for months she would relapse. After some time her child was born, and it was then that she seemed to live again. The Barts were poor, and, of course, she could not live upon them, and when her strength returned, there was nothing for it but to go back to the old life. Her beauty was unimpaired, and the maître was too glad to accord her a place in the first line. How she loathed the semblance of gaiety she had to assume ; no one knew, but the little infant, to whom she told all her thoughts and feeling, when she returned ; and he, totally ungrateful, would keep her awake the whole night after her evening's toil. This went on for about three years, and the few happy months of her marriage seemed to her like a dream of the past.

About this time Pauline obtained an engagement at the Opera, where she earned a few more francs a week. There was a grand performance, by command, one night—Louis Le Desiré was in the royal box, with the fleur-de-lys embroidered silk curtains—and the theatre was crammed with the restored noblesse of France.

The house had applauded him to the echo on entering, and the loud strains of "Vive Henri Quatre !" had been heard on the band : one would have thought that there had been no such year as '93 in the eighteenth century. The monarch bowed his acknowledgments, and it seemed that the *furor* would never cease for the orchestra to begin the overture. Louis once or twice whispered to his niece, the Duchess of Angouleme, who was seated at his side, as if in wonderment when the tumult would calm. Quiet being restored, the band played through the overture without interruption ; then the curtain went up for the opening scene. This was followed by an *ent'acte*, consisting of a *divertissement*. A score or more of airily-clad *danseuses* bounded on the stage, and began executing those extraordinary pirouettes which are supposed to be the normal employment of the inhabitants of fairyland. Then they drew up in two lines for the *prima-donna* to come down to the footlights.

Graceful as a poem she glided on to the stage—it was no other than the world-renowned Bellani, and the whole house "rose" at her. The descendant of the Capets was a mere cipher in the theatre for a moment, and all acknowledged her sovereignty.

Pauline, fatigued with her share in the performance, was resting at one of the wings, and for mere idle curiosity, she scanned the faces in the stalls. One face made her start and shiver violently, and then, as if impelled by fate, she looked again. It was strangely like, only a little older than when she last saw it. The face of her lost husband—Kenelm Felton. It was only a moment she glanced, as the curtain went down, and it was fortunate she did so, for she would have been totally unable to fulfil her duty after what she had seen. The services of the *corps de ballet* were not required

again in the opera that night, so at the end of the scene the maître dismissed them. Pauline, after she had resumed her ordinary habiliments, determined to wait outside the house to satisfy herself that it was no phantom she had seen in the stalls, and for more than two hours she lingered about in the cold, arousing, thereby, the suspicion of the gendarmes on duty outside.

At length the heavy court carriages rolled up to the doorway, followed by a clattering escort of Dragoons, and in a few minutes Louis XVIII. drove off to the Tuilleries, amidst shouts of "Vive le Roi!" from the crowd, who, a few years before, had shouted "Vive L'Empereur!" with equally stentorian voices, and who were quite ready to shout "vive," anybody else who happened to be in power on the day following. The other carriages dashed up to the door, were freighted, and then whirled off to the Faubourg St. Germain, and the streets leading into the Elysées. A dark green chariot, with a pair of throughbred horses, and servants in neat liveries came up next—the whole turn-out unmistakably English—and the same face she had seen in the stalls came out, and stood under the portico, then he went in again, and returned with a lady leaning on his arm. He spoke a few words to the servant, and then seated himself in the carriage. The words had been a direction to drive to the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. The voice Pauline knew unmistakably—it was his; but then he had been killed in that dreadful fight, and, of course, it was only idle fancy, possibly it was his brother. It was too late to inquire the name of the English gentleman at the hotel that night, so she returned to the garret in Montmartre in a state of bewilderment. She told her foster-sister Marie, what she had seen.

"It is his brother," said that demoiselle, decisively. "You must go and hear what really became of your husband; I feel sure it is. I will ask Adolphe the name of the English milord."

"His name was Felton," as you know.

"Yes, but all these English brothers have not the same name as each other. Adolphe said that there was at the hotel two brothers, Milor March and Milor Lennox, and yet they were brothers! You shall go and see Adolphe, and I will go with you."

Adolphe was a waiter at the Bristol, and Marie's fiancé.

The next morning very early, the two girls made their way from Montmartre to the Place Vendôme. The guests at the Bristol were still in bed, and they found Adolphe watering the orange-tree, which grew in a green tub in the vestibule.

"Eh, bien! Chere Marie?" he exclaimed, with astonishment.

"This is my sister," said Marie, taking no notice of his bewilderment. "We want to know who you have in your hotel."

"Beaucoup d'Anglais," replied Adolphe—"les vilains (he was bonapartist); all Milors and Ver'riche."

"Did any of them go to the Opera last night?"

"Yes, Milor Maltravers and miladi."

"Anyone else."

"No—no one. Milor has his carriage with him and his valets."

"Ask them whether Milor had a brother named Felton killed at Waterloo," said Marie.

Adolphe, who could speak English, promised to go to the valets' room and do so. In about five minutes he returned, and lied, "No."

"Here is Milor!" exclaimed Adolphe. Stand back—stand back!—then he began to sweep the floor vigorously.

Pauline stepped on one side, and the Englishman passed on without looking at her. This time it was unmistakeable; it was her husband, Kenelm Felton, and no other. He was gone before she could speak, and she was glad, when he had passed, that it was so.

He had forgotten her and married another, and she did not wish to cross his path. She could live out her life, and leave him to be happy. She had no thought of her child, and the duty she owed to him. Then that proud, dark-haired woman, whom she had seen leaning on his arm coming out of the Opera was not his wife—no, she, Pauline, the *danseuse*, was—but she would not let him know of her existence. He was happy with her—and as for herself, what did it matter what became of her, the sooner she went to Père la Chaise the better. It was the aim of unselfish love to conceal the fact of her being in existence from him; she supposed he believed her dead, and what good would an explanation do, but to make two people unhappy, one of whom was *him*, her husband, whom she worshipped as a demigod. Marie was loth to leave her lover; but Pauline, in a tremble of anxiety lest Kenelm should return, was urging her to come away. It was, however, too late; he had just been to a shop in the Rue Castiglione, and he met her face to face as she was leaving the hotel. He recognised her instantly, and he stood struck dumb and trembled.

"Pauline!" he gasped; "I thought—they told me you were dead." Then he half-pushed her into his private apartment, and closed the door violently.

"No! I didn't mean to speak to you—indeed, I didn't," she sobbed; "I, too, thought you were dead, only I saw you at the Opera last night, and I thought it must be a brother of yours. You are so altered, so I came here to see whether he could tell me how you died—I searched everywhere, and it was no use."

"Did you see that lady with me?" he asked, wildly, not taking any notice of what she had said.

"Yes."

"I married her a year ago, and we are expecting our child: it will kill her when she knows she is not my wife."

"She need never know," said Pauline. "I will not stand between you and her."

"Pauline, I am not a villain. This must all come out. Only we must keep it from her till the child is born, it would kill her; perhaps it were better it were so."

"Oh! poor lady!" sobbed Pauline. "Ah, Mon Dieu!—how miserable I am!"

"I thought you were dead—I swear I did," said Maltravers. "See here," then he pulled out a gold locket from his heart, and, offering it, showed her a lock of fair golden hair. "They gave me this, and said they cut it off your head after you were dead. You died in the little Estaminet Le Saint Croix, near Waterloo," he continued, as if stating an indisputable fact.

"I wish I had," she said.

"I will tell you all about it. I was wounded severely, and was taken by some peasants to an out-of-the-way cottage, in the wood of Soigniers. For weeks I lay between life and death, and when I had sufficiently recovered to be moved, I was taken to Brussels, and at once made my way to our lodgings in the Rue Roi. I found the landlord left, and strangers in possession. The concierge said you had left some weeks, had gone to the battle-field, and taken all our effects with you. It was with some difficulty that I gained all this information, owing to my imperfect knowledge of the French language. I went back to the battle-field, and inquired at every place I thought likely to find you. At length I came to the Saint Croix. They told me a dame tres jolie had been brought there wounded by marauders, when she was searching for her husband's body, and that in a few days she died. The landlady gave me a tress of hair she had cut off after death, when I explained to her that the lady I was searching for was my wife. The hair was yours. I should have known it amongst a thousand. There seemed no doubt, whatever. I thought you were dead. I may have misunderstood them—you know I can't speak French."

"Were you sorry?" asked Pauline, suddenly.

"I *was* very," he replied, involuntarily laying a stress upon the past tense.

The tone of voice hurt her to the quick.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, I wish I was. I wish I had never come here."

"You must wait till *she*," he said, pointing to the room above,

recovered sufficiently to bear it; then I will acknowledge you as wife: I will then—he paused, and with a great effort continued—  
"you justice."

"Why have you not the name you had when you married me?"  
line asked, abruptly. "You were called then, Kenelm Felton;  
the Duke's aide-de-camp told me you were killed."

"I wish I had been," he exclaimed; "I will tell you. It was  
fit of mad folly I married you. I did not wish my relatives in  
glad to know of it, so I did it under a false name. I meant to  
acknowledge you, though, some day, before them all—upon my  
oath, I did; but the time never came. I thought you were  
dead. A year ago I met the lady you saw with me last night—  
evening you were dead, I married her. It is a miserable  
deceit!"

"Good-bye, Kenelm!" she said, very quietly. "Oh! my  
dear, give a kiss—just one!"

"Pauline!"

"Only one," she pleaded. "Just one, the last I will ever ask  
of you—*very* last."

Something in her voice startled him.

"I only want you to wait," he said, "and I will do you  
justice."

"Justice?" she exclaimed; "I do not want that—I want love."

"Only wait," he said, coldly, "and I will acknowledge you—I  
swear I will." Then he covered his face with his hands.

"I am going now," she said.

He made no reply.

"Kenelm, I am going."

"Where are you, still at the old place in Montmartre?"

"Still at the old place."

"I will send for anything you want till—till—the time comes."

"I do not want anything for myself. You won't forget the  
deceit."

"Has it lived!"

"Yes, it has."

"It is too dreadful," he groaned.

"You will not forget it."

"No," he replied, brutally, "I will do it justice. Till the time  
comes, we had better not meet; my servants will talk. She will  
forget it all soon enough."

Then she went up and laid her hand on his shoulder, and said—

"Give me one kiss, Kenelm—the *very* last."

He could not but comply, and, bending over, acceded to her  
request.

Then the two girls went back to their home, Marie quite



oblivious of the time they had been at the hotel, owing to the agreeable companionship of Adolphe.

When Pauline got home she went up to her chamber and cried a good deal over her sleeping infant. "Good-bye, darling," she sobbed to it over and over again that night, during which sleep never closed her eyes. At early dawn when he was wrapped in slumber, she rose and kissed him softly, and then taking a lingering long gaze, closed the door of the chamber gently, and descended the common stairs. It was too early for any body to be abroad save a few sergeants-de-ville, and these passed her without any comment. Swiftly she made her way to the streets leading to the Seine, and at length arrived at the quay. She paused a few moments, then walked slowly on to the Pont de la Concorde, ascended the parapet, and dropped into the river. In a moment its blue waters had closed over her for evermore. It was the final sacrifice of love.

There was dire consternation in the little household that morning at Pauline's disappearance. Every place was searched, and everywhere where it was possible she could have gone, and all of no avail. When people disappear in Paris there is always one place where, as a last resource, their friends go and look for them—a building in the Isle St. Denis, behind Notre Dame, a building tenanted by ghostly tenants,—the Morgue. Madame Bart and Marie went there, and upon the cold, blue, slate slabs, with her fair hair dripping with water, they found their darling. With a blind love of her husband, she had destroyed herself to leave him happy in the society of the woman he loved. Her unselfishness made her commit a great crime, indefensible upon any moral ethics, a crime that arose from the depths of the grand passion of her life. The *ci-devant* Kenelm Felton made his way to Montmartre, and was startled at the discovery of the terrible tragedy of which he felt he had unconsciously been the cause. He had heard at the hotel that a beautiful *danseuse* of the Opera had destroyed herself that morning, but he had not thought much about it. Such things were not uncommon, and people did not think much about them; but he was horrified to find it was Pauline. He asked to see the child, which was brought down to him. It began to cry for its mother, and Maltravers took it up in his arms and tried to console him. But the child shrank from him with horror. He told it that he was its father. "No," replied the child. "Mamma said that papa was dead and in heaven"—then he cried violently for her again. If Pauline could have seen his distress, she must have gone on living for his sake.

Leaving a sum of money with Madame Bart, Maltravers took his departure, instructing her to keep the child till she was heard

again from him. He told them the whole story of his second marriage, believing his first wife to be dead. They buried Pauline in a quiet nook in Père le Chaise, and amongst the humble mourners was an English nobleman.

The birth of Lord Maltravers took place a few days after the funeral, but from the first it was a feeble infant, and by the time its mother was about again, it had lived its little life. It was well it was so. After its death Lord Maltravers told the story of his first marriage, and the undoubted proof he then thought he had of Pauline's death. It was a great blow to his wife, as may be imagined. She was almost glad her child was dead; it would have been illegitimate. As speedily as possible, and in the strictest privacy, they went through the ceremony of marriage at the British Embassy, and after that Lady Maltravers sent for Pauline's child. It was the act of a noble-minded woman, and it cemented further the bonds of unity between herself and her husband.

"We must do our utmost," she said, "to repair the great wrong we have done."

Goodness knows, she was innocent enough, and so, for the matter of that, was he; but a great wrong had been done, and though, unwittingly, they had both perpetrated it, and they desired to make the utmost amends that lay in their power. They travelled for some years before returning to England, during which a daughter was born to them. They stayed abroad purposely till the story had been talked over, and somewhat forgotten.

On their way through Paris homewards, Lord Maltravers ordered a simple monument to be erected, upon which was inscribed "Pauline, wife of the Right Honourable Lord Maltravers, died June 14th, 1818. P.I.P." He had done her the utmost justice that lay in his power. The poor clay was all insensible of it, and would not have cared if she had known. She did not want justice, she only wanted love.

Madame Bart accompanied them to England as nurse to the little Kenelm, who had been so named by Pauline after its father. A few months after their arrival, there was a large house-party at Lord Maltravers' country seat, and amongst the guests was a portly dame, the Dowager Countess of Manorbeir. Her ladyship knew, as did every guest, the whole story of her hosts romantic first marriage, and on the first night of her arrival, sent her maid to the nursery to tell the nurse to bring her young charge to her room. Madame Bart complied, and on entering the apartment, held up her hands in astonishment, and cried out—

"Ah! Mon Dieu, c'est la sœur de Madame Deschappelles—vous ne me reconnaissez pas madame, je suis Rose la femme du concierge de M. le Capitaine; vous ne me reconnaissez pas?"

It was thirty years since Lady Manorbeir had stayed with her sister in the Faubourg St. Germain, and she did not recognise Madame Bart; but her astonishment was intense, and it was not till she had asked her several questions that she believed her.

"What became of my sister's child," asked her ladyship; "did it live. We never could hear anything about it."

"Yes, madame, it did," she replied, "it was *ma pauvre* Pauline, who Miler——"

"My sister's child married to Lord Maltravers!"

"Yes, *Miladi*, and none other."

Lady Manorbeir could hardly believe her ears, and the little Kenelm stood regarding them both with astonishment.

"See, here is a coral necklace that belonged to my darling child," said the nurse, pointing to the one round the boy's neck."

She recognised it at once as one of her sister's ornaments.

"I think I remember, *you*, too; did you not come into the room one day when I was sitting with Madame Deschappelles, and ask for leave of absence for your husband?"

"Yes, madame."

Without saying another word, Lady Manorbier hastened to Lord Maltravers' room, and, to his great surprise, without a syllable of preliminary introduction to the subject, said—

"Lord Maltravers, your first wife was my niece—my sister's child. The nurse recognised me immediately she came into the room, and the child is wearing a necklace I gave my poor sister."

Lord Maltravers was astonished. The Barts always told *me* that Pauline's mother belonged to a noble English family; her father was in the body-guard of Louis XVI.,—Captain Deschappelles.

"My sister's husband," said Lady Manorbeir. "How extraordinarily things work themselves out! Who would have thought of you being my nephew! I have often heard it said, but never realised it thoroughly before, that fact is stranger than fiction."

C. W. P.

## HOW I MET THE TIMES.

On a certain November evening that I set off to post my manuscript. It could not well be called my first literary. I had worked hard at sundry amateur productions; but late, set myself to work in good earnest at a short story, of which, I hoped, would be remunerative.

Pleasant was my walk that evening, with my much-paper. I do not suppose the atmosphere was less dense than usual, for I heard passers-by remark to each other, "A real night;" but I saw the streets brilliant with light, equipage, as it passed, was, to my mind, a conveyance of a happy gathering. Pleasant, too, were the thoughts that passed through my mind, as I walked on, of what "might be" were so happy as to succeed in my attempt at authorship. If the manuscript be accepted, the payment for it would just about meet one of the Christmas bills. Of course I did not expect a large sum for this—but it would, doubtless, lead to freer—perhaps constant—employment from the firm. That would greatly promote my success with other publishers, so that, in any years had passed, I should have acquired a name in the literary world. Then;—I scarcely dared to think of the pinnacle—but my imagination pictured the ascent of the hill—the yet pleasureable, employment—the ready remuneration, the many comforts it would bring, and the many cares it would sweep away.

As the reader may here be strongly reminded of a certain traveller who, whilst carrying eggs to market, indulged in a fatal speculation, I will go on to state that the prospect of a more delightful, as my position was simply that of a clerk; and that our small family circle—consisting of my sister Helen, and myself—had been unable, with my industry, to make our income meet the expenses of the closing.

Three weeks passed—three, it might be four—and nothing was heard of my MS. At last I found, on reaching my employer's office in the morning, a parcel, neatly wrapped, laid on my desk. It took me long to open it, and find my paper returned, with Mr. Editor's compliments, and he was sorry not to be able to avail himself of the accompanying MS., which he, therefore, begged to

"No bad news, I hope, Grantly?" remarked my fellow clerk, as I sat musing some time after. He had not noticed the parcel as it lay amongst the law-papers. "No," I replied, and took an early opportunity of placing it in my desk. My intention was to put it in the fire immediately I was alone; but a little reflection taught me patience, I would try elsewhere; and, in the meantime, would not mention my failure at home, unless pointedly asked respecting it.

I perseveringly sent my manuscript to several publications in succession, and received it again and again; once with the polite assurance that "it was not returned for any want of merit, but the editor had more MSS. than he could possibly make use of." Another time I was informed that I might have it "on receipt" of so many "postage stamps." A generous silence followed this notice. A third editor reminded me that "only literary contributions of the highest excellence could be accepted from outsiders."

Discouraged, as I naturally felt, I should have decided at once to write another, had I not known that, for some weeks, my time would be fully occupied, and the hours at the office unusually late.

A sudden thought occurred to me. I would not depend on the Magazines; I would enlarge my story, and try the publishers. But first I would write to Frank Seymour, sending the manuscript, and asking his opinion and advice.

Seymour was an old schoolfellow of mine. He was, by a few years, my senior, but we had always been firm friends at school. We had lost sight of each other for some time, but had met accidentally in London about two years since. The renewal of our acquaintance confirmed me in my schoolboy opinion, that "whatever Seymour attempted he was sure to succeed with." He did not possess—to my mind—superlative ability; but there was the quick perception, the ready appreciation of others' thoughts expressed in language which, if not elegant, was, at least, flowing. He possessed a fund of pleasant humour, and a benevolence that rendered him a favourite with all. He had been most successful in his literary pursuits; had been, for some years, connected with one of the leading journals, and was, at this time, about leaving England as special correspondent of that paper at Vienna.

Accordingly, I lost no time in fulfilling my resolution, and, in a few days from the time I wrote, I received the following letter:—

Ash Grove, April 30th, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANTLEY,—It would have given me pleasure to have answered in person, yours of the 15th inst.; but you will see, by the above address, that I am rusticated a little before entering upon my new duties.

My best thanks for your good wishes. You will, I know, be glad to hear that the preparations for our speedy departure are completed. I say *our*, for

fortunately for me, Reynolds—civil engineer (of whom you have heard me speak)—goes out at the same time for a few months' residence in the Austrian metropolis. I expect we shall have a grand time of it; but you shall hear from me, and be assured I shall look forward to receiving a long epistle in reply to each of mine.

And now respecting the manuscript. I have carefully read it, and if I speak very plainly, do not consider it as the judgment of a snarling critic, or even an acidulated reviewer, but as the candid opinion of an old friend.

Well, to begin—I think the story very good; the plot is clever, and well worked out, and the characters are well sustained. The description of scenery—but of that you were ever a better judge than myself—so I will say nothing. The tale begins well, and ends just at the right time; and yet—and yet, my dear fellow, I must say that I fear it will not take, for it does not meet the times.

You know what one of our greatest living writers says, that "Vulgarity is as good as an income." Now, I dare not—for the credit of my profession—say that this holds good with regard to writers; but I do say, from my own comparatively brief experience, that there is a certain amount of vulgarity required for success, even in the literature of the period. The days of Addison, and, later, of Johnson, have long since passed; and, therefore, a few improvements shall I say?) as regards present style, may be suggested.

For instance, put in a few fashionable exclamations. Do not be too observant of the rules of Lindley Murray (I remember how the poor old Doctor used to drill them into us). Say "wouldn't," "didn't," instead of "would not," "did not," &c., &c.

A little less moralising may be well, and a little more of some provincial dialect. Let your English nobleman have a servant from Dorsetshire or Suffolk—anywhere where the *patois* can be effective; and let him—the servant—have plenty to say.

You see I do not advise you to lay aside this story; but, rather, to alter it. I like the old chateau and its chivalrous owner. I think the heroine a lovely character. Keep them, with modern surroundings; and, by all means, put in a railway. In short, have something thrilling told in thrilling language, and I think I may venture to say it is sure to take well.

Sincerely wishing you every success in the career on which you have entered, believe me ever to remain, yours faithfully,

Mr. Percival Grantley.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR.

I laid down the letter with some vexation. "But, after all, Seymour is right," I thought, "though he has a strong way of putting things. Still, it is kind of him to advise me, and I can but try his plan." So I set myself diligently to the re-arrangement of my story. But this proved no easy task; and, whilst I was engaged with it, I often thought of a casual remark my sister had once made, "That it was so much easier to make a new gown than to turn an old one."

I found it was impossible to blend the early part of the last century with the later part of the present one; so, with the exception of names, personal appearance, and scenery, my tale was, in effect, a new one.

My old baron—from being "a gem of the antique—" became a political nobleman of modern times; and his daughter, my

heroine, was taken from the happy seclusion of her Provençal home, and transformed into a Parisian belle, perfect in crinoline and chignon; and revelling in the extravagant amusements of the "Second Empire." My English nobleman was a commander in the Rifle Volunteers, and an illustrious member of the "Fire Brigade." The telegraph wires were kept in full play; and in addition to small parties "doing" magnificent continental routes, there was an "Exploration Society," which, in some way, managed to pay its own expenses.

There was war; first skirmishing—and, anon, a serious battle. The needle-gun was effective; needle-gun did I say? The groaning of the "mitrailleuse" resounded through my primeval forests.

But I found most difficulty in introducing the servant my friend had suggested, and sustaining his character. However, I had only to study some of the first-class periodicals of the day to enable me to cull some of the choicest specimens of rustic provincialism, and "Ned Trimmer" was sent forth to the world, where he was received with wonderful favour, and loud expressions of commendation.

Need I say more? Just a few words. The manuscript "took"—to use Seymour's word—most favourably at the first offer. The reviewers were unanimous in their praise; and even the "Wednesday Review" pronounced it a work of much skill and power in the delineation of character; and allowed it to have stood the "crucial test" of carrying on to the end the interest of the reader.

It appears as though my day-dreams were in a fair way for realisation. My success in the literary world has been uninterrupted from that time. We are already residing in a pleasant suburban villa; and the only changes in our family circle are likely to enhance the happiness of all its members.

Seymour and I correspond regularly. He is now at Berlin in some important capacity. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of his kindness; and he frequently congratulates me on having taken his advice, and, by so doing, having "Met the Times."

S. ROBERTS.

## A DESPERATE FRIGHT.

(AN ANGLO-INDIAN SKETCH.)

AD been married about ten months, and was the happiest of us!

Matrimony, as a rule, is such a stock and lot sort of business, difficult to tell, as the cards of fate are dealt out, who are likely to get trumps; but every newly-wedded woman who has been appropriated by a kindly lord of creation generally, and of her position particularly, is apt to think herself the happiest of wives. Hearts, not diamonds, were the trumps in our case; I thought I had got the king, and rejoiced heartily at having the game so wholly in my own hands. Like the Grand Duchess de Gerolstein, I loved the military, and had married a soldier, whose regiment was serving in India. Our home was in a delightful up-country station, in one of the Presidencies: delightful for its heat, which was red-hot, and for its fever, which was consuming. Charlie—that my husband—was a captain in his corps, and held, moreover, a valuable appointment, which took him for several months of the year to the uncivilised parts of the country. He enjoyed the wildness of the life there, and there was an unlimited amount of sport which he had, whenever he felt inclined for the amusement; but we had agreed that it was by no means desirable for a lady, who had government work to take her mind from the ruggedness of the scene, and no resources but those afforded by an inconvenient tent.

So Charlie ruled that I must not pass another season in the stricts as these Indian localities are called.

Notwithstanding the weariness and irksomeness of such an existence to me, I was loth to be separated from Charlie for three months (eternity to an adoring wife), which time must elapse ere I could see him again; for government is by no means sentimental on the subject of what wives have to suffer on being parted from all they hold dear; and three days' leave, at the expiration of as many months, was all the indulgence I could hope for; but I determined to make the best of it, and, indeed, had nothing to complain of on the whole, as the East is a very paradise for an English lady up-country. A soft, luxurious ease is her inheritance, and she reigns unopposed, her lightest wish and pleasure anticipated by the chivalry of mankind in her vicinity.

How often have I regarded the interior of an up-country ball-room, with satisfaction and malicious glee, as I observed the doors



hung about with drooping, despondent figures of 'officers and gentlemen,' calculating with envious disgust their chances of getting, perhaps, one dance out of twenty-four, with one of the six or eight ladies that composed the stock of female sovereignty of the station! How often have I contrasted their present unhappy condition, with the perky, self-satisfied delight of the same heroes, as they surveyed the festive scene with supercilious impertinence in the ball-rooms, overcrowded with femininity in England; feeling, as I did so, that Nemesis was no myth, and that for all their cruel neglect of the longing wall-flowers at home, they must be repaid in their coin abroad.

But these remarks are only *en passant*. Charlie would be with me for six months of the year; meanwhile, he had given me a most spacious bungalow in the station, and had furnished it with every consideration for my comfort. My drawing-room was something unusually grand, it was fifty-two feet long, with almost as many windows, I was going to say; but really there were so many that I felt quite economically glad that civilisation had not advanced enough in our station to necessitate window draperies of any kind. There was a delightful verandah leading from it, in which we took our early morning breakfast—that most agreeable of all meals in India—in company with half-a-dozen wild squirrels, which came like so many shy children, to the very threshold of our plates, envious of the bread and butter; then, as if recollecting themselves, in horror at their rashness, they would scamper off into their nests in the roof of the verandah, to repeat their visit a few minutes after, when they had gained a fresh stock of courage. I was very anxious to tame one; seeing which, our butler, a most distinguished gentleman, with the utmost respect, said that "Madame Sahib should have her desire."

This same polite gentleman had been a terror of mine for some time. He was an ill-looking, mysterious sort of individual, Antonio by name, and professedly Christian. I was so timid and inexperienced when I arrived in the country, that when a bundle of "characters" were put into my hand, declaring the "bearer" to be the most honest, upright, and deserving of his kind, I concluded he would be a desirable major-domo, and engaged his services accordingly. When Charlie asked him if he had a wife, in order to include her in our travelling arrangements, he repudiated the inconvenience, and declared himself a bachelor.

My opinion of Antonio did not rise upon acquaintance, for I found he was an unmitigated rogue, as all Indian butlers are, as a rule. They act on the principle of the unjust steward; and if an article costs so much, they write it down so much *less* to the seller, and so much *more* to their masters, pocketing the difference.

n vain to expostulate with, and implore them by all old dear, to respect their own souls and you; in reply, her rush into loud protestations of spotless honesty, which she was incapable of filching a bit of firewood, or they politely told you it is the *dustoor* of the country to charge fifty per

cent we said our Antonio was a mysterious-looking individual, giving one with horror. Indeed, anyone would have been glad to discover, as I did one day, as he was standing behind Charlie's chair, *that his throat had been cut from ear to ear*, and was sewn up again. How and why had he received such a

I shivered with fright and repulsion as I looked at him, and myself, "Oh, if I had only taken as good an inspection of him as I did of his written character, he would not have been sitting at that moment behind my dear Charlie's chair! Was he doing cutting throats? I wondered. At last I said something giving my distrust of the man to my husband, one evening later, when we were seated in the verandah.

"Oh! he's a vagabond; of course, they are all vagabonds," he dismissed the subject, lightly, as he puffed away at his pipe, continuing after a pause, "But he's none the worst servant I have. He gives us good dinners, and that is all you need worry your head about."

I must confess no Prime Minister could have been more respectfully respectful to his sovereign than was Antonio to me. No matter how often I denounced him as a rogue to his very face, he would tell me all that was deferential and polite; though considering me, as I was, an inferior being it was his duty to humour, or, perhaps, to flatter; it was as much a duty to rob as to honour. Of this I was quite sure, but I feel I must do him the justice, whatever the motive, to say he paid the utmost attention to my orders and wishes; and was very near overcoming my repugnance when he presented me with an infant squirrel, which he had caught for me. It was a pretty little creature, and Antonio had spent much time that day when he came to render me an account of his keeping expenses, as I never questioned an item, although I was unable to conceal from myself that he had taken advantage of my credulity, to send up the price of ghee and firewood to an amount that, under ordinary circumstances, would have portended a great disaster; but then I felt I was paying handsomely for the

season had come round when Charlie must go back to his school, and I was to be left alone. I was very unhappy at the separation, as it was our first; and it was a miserable time for me when, unable to show my swollen, tear-stained face in

the verandah, I waved my adieu from a side window, as I saw my husband drive away.

I felt utterly desolate in my huge rambling house, the solitary unit in the drawing-room fifty-two feet long! We had divided our establishment of servants between us. Charlie had taken Antonio, as I implored him not to leave me a servant who would be a daily exasperation to my honest soul, by his unblushing robbery. I felt the time hang very heavily at first, after Charlie had left me; and had it not been for my little squirrel, I should have been but poorly off for companionship, as I had not progressed far into friendship with any of the ladies of our station: so "Scamp" kept me amused. He used to breakfast with me, seated on the edge of my plate, assisting himself to the little morsels that took his fancy, and afterwards he would creep into my pocket and spend his time happily there. Occasionally, when I was not watching, he would sally forth and make an excursion on the central table, among my fine wedding presents, and do some damage by tasting the photographs, and leather bindings of my handsome books; but he seemed to be conscious that he was doing wrong, as he used to scamper off on seeing me, and never stop until he had found a city of refuge in the wardrobe with my best dresses.

Charlie and I wrote to each other every day, reporting, with touching fidelity, the minutest thought and action of our lives, whilst parted; determined, if possible, to lessen the distance between us by this means. Oh! those letters; what bundles of them I have still!

So the chief duty of my day was concentrated upon writing. How anxiously I waited for the postman! he generally came about eleven in the morning, and from then until tiffin time were my happiest hours.

I was watching one day as usual, expecting my precious letter every moment, when a servant approached my writing table, bearing two instead of one; the second was addressed to Charlie, and I tossed it aside to read his own to me, which was as usual all that the fondest heart could desire. I almost came to the conclusion, as I folded it up after the sixth reading, that it was worth while being parted, to get such charming love-letters. With my heart all aglow with affection and tenderness, I nearly forgot to open the second letter, according to our mutual agreement to that effect. Should any letters arrive for my husband, I was empowered to possess myself of their contents. He had no secrets from me that I was aware of. I wondered a little who this correspondent could be, as I noticed the vulgar, uneducated, scrawling hand. "A bill, no doubt," I thought, as I broke the seal; but on opening it I found

it so much written over, that I knew it was no bill, and turned to reading the signature (a foolish habit of mine) before entering into the contents. Imagine, if you can, the horror that fell upon me; it was signed—

“ *Your affectionate wife,*  
*Joanna.*”

The letter fell from my nerveless hands; I think for a few moments I became stupefied and unconscious. When I recovered I felt I must do something. How could such a letter be addressed to my husband? What did it mean, and what should I do?

My Aya came in at that moment, and seeing me in a strange state of excitement, exclaimed,

“Sahib sick, mem?” “Oh, Aya,” I answered, “get me some wine, quick!” and oh, if she could only put some poison into it who glad I should be!

Poor Aya began to fancy that something uncommon had occurred, as she attended to me; and I vainly endeavoured to be calm, and recall my thoughts to some purpose.

That dreadful letter lay crumpled where it had fallen at my feet! I stooped and lifted it, overcoming my repugnance to touching it, withdrawing it from the envelope to read the signature once more, and so assure myself that I had not been dreaming. I made no attempt to pierce the mystery of the rest of the letter. I was terribly afraid of it! I could bear no more, and chose rather to receive the revelation from Charley’s own lips. Then, with a trembling hand that could scarcely hold the pen, I scribbled the following lines to Charley—

*My heart is broken. Read the enclosed, which I opened this morning, believing myself to be your wife, I await your miserable explanation, ere I take my passage to return to my father. In pity let it come quickly. I cannot sign myself, for I know not what to say, as I hardly think, after what I have read, I can be your*

CLARA.

I enclosed the cause of all my trouble with my note, and sent it to post. This done, I was left to gnawing reflection on the prospect before me, of utter shipwreck without even a floating spar to which I could cling for safety. “Charley married already!” I kept repeating to myself. “Charley, with his fine open face and true blue eyes, a deceiver of the worst kind, so base, so false—a biga—”; but I shook the word out of my heart. Even yet I could not apply it to him—“Charley whom I had loved so much, and should go on loving, I feared to think;” and here I broke down into a passionate wail of grief, as I sank on the floor, and gave myself up to despair.

“Eri, Mem, Sahib,” cried poor Aya, coming in again and finding me in this condition; “Don’t cry, Mem, you mek

Q Q

yourself sick, and Sahib be very much angry with me, and say, 'Aya, why for you let Mem Sahib too much cry?' *Eri, eri, eri, eri, e—*," groaned Aya, with the favourite expression of native consternation, to a prolonged extent. But I was inconsolable. Scamp now and again tried to divert me, peeping up out of my pocket, to see if he could discover what was the matter; but finding that I did not respond to his inquiries by any affectionate attentions, he soon wandered off, and spent the rest of the day grazing amidst the pastures and pleasure-ground of my table, wondering, no doubt, in his small mind, why he was permitted to be in mischief.

I hardly know how I lived for the next two days, until I could receive my answer. I counted the hours, that would not go a bit faster for all my sorrow; and yet, as the time drew nigh, I would have put it off farther, so that the lurking hope in my heart might be allowed to remain a little longer. I did not know how much hope was in me until the letter hour came with *no letter* of explanation. I had, at least, calculated upon that!

*It was true!* I must return to England at once. Of course I was as unreasonable as most jealous women are, and had no friend to whom I could go for advice or protection in my sore distress. My only thought was to prepare as quickly as I could for my journey. Anything seemed better than inaction to me.

With the help of the astonished servants I essayed to make ready for a speedy departure.

The following afternoon found me at work without having rested or slept, and Aya beside me, timidly watchful and consolatory.

I was startled by a sound outside.

"Mem, mem, here is Sabib," exclaimed the woman joyfully. I was transformed into a stone. I could not move or speak, as Charley rushed in hot and dusty, and we stood face to face. "I felt so uneasy about you that I asked for three days' leave," he said, trying to fold me in his arms; but I repulsed him indignantly.

"You believed it true, then?"

"How could I do otherwise?"

He looked at me reproachfully, but without flinching.

"It will be a standing joke against you for the remainder of your days, that's all. If you were not my own little wife, I should call you a pretty little goose for not reading Joanna's—(by Jove! as if I'd have married a woman of that name)—letter before sending it on to me. You would have saved yourself and me a world of trouble by doing so, for then you would have discovered that she is the deserted wife of that rascal Antonio. Thinking to get some money out of him, she has got some poor devil of a native clerk to

write her letter for her, addressing the first part of it to me, begging I will use my authority with Antonio, and continuing the rest to Antonio himself. I fancy Mrs. Antonio was slightly incoherent in her diction, and that is how the mistake arose. Now, are you satisfied? I have the letter here to show you."

"Forgive me, Charlie," I said pitifully, and thoroughly ashamed of myself, as I laid my head on his shoulder sobbing. The mental suffering I had undergone had so told its tale upon my face, that even the subsequent joy had not power to erase to, so that Charlie stood quite still for awhile, regarding me. "Forgive me, Charlie," I implored; "I know I was very stupid and foolish—but I had no courage, and I love you so dearly I thought it would have killed me. Don't let me see that horrid man again!"

"By Jove, you shan't! Poor little soul! How you must have suffered!"

"Never mind, Charlie," I responded, brightening up, "the ugly dream is past, and it has been almost worth the nightmare, to wake up and find, with joy, that you are *all* my own, and not *Joanna's*."

"Yes, my love," said Charlie, as he still looked into my face; "but I wish you had not bought the satisfaction with such a desperate fright."

J. J. P.



## COME, TELL ME "FAIR."

Q.—COME, tell me "fair," if tell you may  
Where honesty in woman dwells?  
Form may deceive, and lips too oft  
But weave around us falsehoods spells.

A.—Trust not appearance; seldom heed  
The honey of our tongues' replies;  
For woman's words, like morning dreams,  
Must oft be ta'en by contraries.

Q.—How, then, to seek, or where discover,  
The truth that doth affection prove?  
And without which each careless lover  
Knows not how far he is from love.

A.—Though form, and lip, and touch prove false;  
If in our ways thou would'st be wise,  
Turn; and e'er heart and hope sink low,  
Look for thine answer in our eyes.

Q.—But if those eyes should fail to prove  
An index to the soul within,  
Nor mirror on their surface bright  
The words—"I have a heart to win."

A.—Then go; and if thy restless mind  
Gives thee no power to forget;  
Yet still forgive, and simply say—  
"Better that we had never met,"

C. I. T.

## FAIRY FENELLA.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SEALED WITH A KISS.

OCTOBER came in bright and pleasant, as that month usually is in Donegal. The sun gave out a good deal of warmth in the very middle of the day, although the mornings and evenings were cold. The sky was no longer cloudless as it had been in July, but it was not less beautiful, with its banks of snowy clouds piled upon the deep blue, and casting purple shadows across the mountains, and the golden stubble fields, where stocks of grain had lately been.

The woods around Finn Hall were a gorgeous mass of reds, browns, and yellows, relieved by the blue-black of the firs, which gave depth to the otherwise too clear colouring.

Let us descend the river bank and see how James and Fenella spent their Donegal summer. The "Undine" was still in her creek, with the oars lying against her sides, and our happy pair sat on the sunny slope above, waiting for Lucy, who was to join them in their row, when she had finished a little piece of work she was doing for Mrs. Elton. They had been waiting a good while for her, but the time did not seem tedious to them. Fenella, almost smothered in scarlet cashmere and fur, would certainly not take cold: her mother did not suffer her to stir out of doors without first muffling her with her own hands; and James, who knelt on the bank at her side, was drawing the rug over her, adding his precautions to Mrs. Elton's. What was he saying that made his little princess flush so beautifully from out her nest of fur, and caused those brown eyes of hers to sparkle with so glad a light?—words that she had fully expected now for a long time. Often and often had she imagined how he would say them, and trembled with delicious happiness at the thought, just as she was trembling now.

His hand was on the willow stem against which she leant, and he was still kneeling at her side, as he had been when arranging her wraps.

"My sweet Fenella," said he, "I have a question to ask you, but my courage fails me. It is such an important question: all my happiness—I might nearly say, all my being—hangs upon the answer you may give me, and I am a coward; I am quite afraid to ask it."



"Why are you afraid, James?" asked she, looking up in his face with a coy smile.

"Because the benefit would be mine, and the sacrifice yours, Fenella, if you were to grant my prayer—it would not be a very good thing for you."

"You must tell me what it is," she replied.

"Have you not guessed it, my sweetest princess, my little Fenella? Yes! I know you have!"

"Your little princess? Your Fenella?" questioned she, with a saucy smile: "then why hesitate to ask your question? I shall answer to the best of my ability."

"You know perfectly well how I love you," replied he. "Will you give yourself to me? Will you really be my Fenella?"

"Yes," she answered—"yes; if you, in your turn, can answer a question of mine satisfactorily."

"Ask it!" cried he, excited and eager.

"Was there not something between Lucy and you?" inquired she, looking him full in the face. "I thought you loved *her*, James? I was sure you did when I came here, first."

"If I did, Fenella, be assured I love you now, and you only. I love Lucy as a sister: she will always be my best and dearest friend; but I do not love her as I love you."

While he spoke a cold, light breeze swept through the beeches and willows, and swayed the chocolate-coloured plumes of the reeds, causing him to give a momentary shiver. The rustle of the reeds was like a heavy, human sigh.

Lucy stood just behind him, hidden from sight by the dense ivy and woodbine tangles. As she stepped down the bank one instant previously, she caught the murmur of their voices; and when she was close enough to distinguish words, she overheard Fenella ask James whether he had not loved her (Lucy) first, and heard him answer that whatever he might formerly have done, he now loved her only as a sister.

It was then, ere he had quite finished speaking, that she was conscious of the strange chill that she had felt in the same spot three months before, at the moment when Mr. Oliver handed her Mrs. Elton's letter.

Her chill was gone by the time the branches stood still, and the chocolate plumes ceased swaying; but not so her mental anguish. Turning swiftly and noiselessly from the spot, she stole away from the river side, and sought the shelter of the plantation.

She never thought of Cecil's appearance there but a few evenings ago—she, who had a tangible living sorrow, could afford to disregard the dead. Not one of the country-people, however, would set his or her foot inside the wood, so Lucy was absolutely sure of

solitude ; and the black curtain of the wood closed upon her like a friendly refuge. She was conscious of one thought only, but it went on repeating itself in dull monotony, till she believed she must be going mad—"I must not love James any more."

What was the grief of Geraldine's death to this? How long he wandered in the plantation wringing her hands, and crying aloud in her misery, she never knew. It was her dark hour, to which she looked back shuddering in after-years, thanking God that it could not return to her again.

James recovered himself immediately. What had sudden, ghostly chills to do with Fenella's successful lover?

"I thought you loved Lucy," proceeded Fenella—"that has been my sole misgiving."

"I have many misgivings, dearest: what will your mother say? she must have higher views for you, and she will think me presumptuous to the last degree; but I could not help loving you, Fenella."

"She will yield to me, James—she always lets me have my own way. I shall only have to say, 'Mamma, I love him: you must give me to him.'"

"God bless you, darling! You love me!" cried James, rapturously, clasping her to him in a first embrace. How often had he not dreamt of the moment when he might kiss her lovely little face, and call her his! The moment was come, and the joy was great, as his most ardent imagination had pictured it.

"Your mother will hardly forgive me," repeated James, when their first rapture had a little subsided; "she will think you are browning yourself away."

"No, James, she will not be sorry: she has several times wanted me to marry."

"But differently—quite differently, Fenella; she wanted you to accept money and position, not to accept a poor, obscure clergyman."

"I shall tell her I have gained something better than rank or money," whispered Fenella, in her softest tones,—“I have won the love of a good, clever man, worth all my old admirers put together, and a hundred like them. I shall tell mamma this, and she will soon consent."

What could James do but draw the charming little flatterer into his arms once more, and press yet tenderer kisses on her unresisting lips.

"Is it not well for me that I have mamma in such good order?" asked she, presently.

"I am not sure of that," replied he—"you should be a rich, great lady, my fairy princess—you would grace some palace, and I

have only a small, shabby vicarage to offer you—a poor, poor casket to keep my jewel in.”

“Nonsense, you wise James,” said she, toying with his hand, as she gazed up at him. “Your vicarage is a lovely place, and I shall be very happy there. I don’t care for riches—not in the least degree.”

It was true that she did not value money highly, but then she had never in her life known the want of it—never had a single fancy ungratified; and she was very much in love. They had arranged everything quite to their satisfaction, by the time they returned to the house, oblivious that they were to have gone for a row, and that Lucy had never joined them—oblivious of all things but their glorious secret, which, however, must not remain a secret long. Mrs. Elton was in her own room. Fenella ran to her, and throwing herself into her arms, told her story with many caresses and tender words.

Her assurance that she could do anything with her mother was no empty boast. She led Mrs. Elton into the drawing-room half-an-hour later, and James overheard her saying at the open door,

“Now, mamma, you know it is to be a kind, gracious consent.”

James, meanwhile, had been telling Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and surprising her extremely. The only expression in her face was one of intense bewilderment, as Fenella entered, leading her mother up to James.

“This wilful little girl of mine says I am to accept you as my son, Mr. Galbraith,” began Mrs. Elton, languidly sinking into the chair James pushed forward for her; “I had other views for her, but she saw fit to frustrate them all. You must be very careful of her, for she is my only treasure.”

Not a word of the chiding James expected: Fenella had surely tutored her mother well. They had a long private conference in which Mrs. Elton made various inquiries as to his plans. He told her he meant to settle the amount of his private income, £500 per annum, upon Fenella—that he hoped to rise in his profession, and thought he might easily make something by writing. Mrs. Elton said her daughter had £100 a-year of her own, which, at her death, would be raised to £300. She might have done much better in a worldly point of view, but she had been very obstinate, setting her face against matrimony most persistently. Altogether, Mrs. Elton led James to think that she consented to her daughter’s marriage with him as a kind of last resource.

“There’s no going against that child,” she concluded, with a peculiar smile. “Ah, Mr. Galbraith, she’ll make you feel her tyranny yet.”

James vowed that the yoke would be sweet, the tyranny enchanting, and embraced his future mother-in-law in the ardour of his gratitude to her for consenting so much more readily than he anticipated.

In the meantime Lucy was writing some necessary orders at her desk in the dining-room. She knew that the time of her real trial was come: from that day forward she must always be acting a part: her face must never look sad except when she was alone, for none must guess that the news of the engagement could be otherwise than welcome to her.

She looked round the dining-room at the portraits of her departed ancestors—those powdered, stately dames, and delicate maidens—and wondered whether any of them had suffered like her: had they mourned a lost love—a false, dear love? and then she remembered that if they had so mourned, their sorrow was long, long passed; and a time must come for her when her sorrow, too, would be a thing gone by. “Perhaps it will not signify to me a hundred years hence—perhaps these griefs are of no account in the land of spirits,” and then she fell to envying her pale ancestresses, and wishing she were with them. But while thus soliloquising, she heard the elastic step of her own false love coming along the passage, and she must put on her mask straightway, for she knew he was coming to tell her, and claim her congratulations.

He entered smiling, and came up to her table in his quick, eager manner. She received him with her usual kind smile: he was cruel and fickle, but, oh! he must always be very dear to her.

“I have something to tell you, Lucy,” said he; “something that I think you will be glad to hear. A piece of rare good fortune has befallen me.”

“If it makes you happy, James, I am sure I shall be glad to hear it, whatever it may be.”

“Can’t you guess it, Lucy?” his hand on the back of her chair, as he bent forward with his merry eyes fixed upon her face.

“Is it about Fenella?” she asked.

“Yes. I thought you must have observed something the last few days. She has promised to be my wife. I can hardly believe in such happiness. Am I dreaming, Lucy? Can such a thing be true? The treasure of her love made over to me!”

His clear eyes, a dew upon their curled fringes, were looking into hers with a glad light in them, as he evidently awaited her answer: he would not be satisfied unless she cordially participated in his joy.

She would please and satisfy him at every cost. Had not she lived for him hitherto? No coldness of hers should ever pain him. No wound should be inflicted by her hands. Never should he

come to her for sympathy, and go away disappointed. Thinking thus, she forced herself to smile kindly, and say in a voice, that sounded honestly congratulatory,

"You deserve every happiness, James; I wish you the very best this world can give."

"You are my partial, faithful friend, dear Lucy, else you could not say that I deserve Fenella's love. No! it is beyond my deserts, yet it is mine. You appreciated her long before I did. Do you remember how blind I was at first? You could not understand my blindness, and you set me to study her character. I thought you a severe task-mistress, but I obeyed you, and see how my obedience is rewarded!"

Oh, cruel, cruel agony! Lucy did remember well how her own hands had shaped the arrow that was now rankling in her heart.

"Fenella is beautiful—lovely," said she, still smiling.

"Ah, but I have discovered much more than her beauty: she has rare treasures of heart and mind. It was simply her childlike humility that prevented their being known at first. Thank you, my true friend, for setting me that lesson."

Thus was he running on in the selfishness of his joy, but pale Lucy's torture was growing more than even she could bear, and she cast about in her mind for some mode of ending it.

Just then Fenella passed the window with a light scarf thrown over her head. Lucy felt obliged to her for furnishing her with a plea for sending James away.

"See there!" she said; "Fenella will be sure to take cold, the evening has grown so chilly. Had not you better run after her with a warm shawl? You'll find mine hanging up in the hall."

"Yes, indeed! she is so careless about her health," cried he. "Thank you, dear Lucy, for your tender care of her," and he was gone.

"My tender care of Fenella! I am a living lie;" thus saying, Lucy hurried to her room, and, locking the door, flung herself down upon the ground, sobbing out, in utmost anguish, a prayer that she might die.

There were no traces of tears when she rejoined the family party. She was very carefully dressed in her freshest white muslin, and wore a spray of monthly roses in her hair.

"Why, but you mak' yoursel' that bonnie every night, dear!" asked old Hannah, looking at her approvingly, as she passed her on the stairs. "Miss Fenella canna hold a candle to ye," she repeated, raising her own flaring dip on high, and blinking at her darling.

"You are mistaken there, Hannah; but I like you to admire

me," replied Lucy, patting her shoulder affectionately. Lucy rather overacted her rôle of indifference that evening: she laughed and talked in an excited way, and her eyes sparkled.

But if she was livelier, Mr. Fitzpatrick was much quieter than usual. James had been to him to tell his good news, and he had not said much in reply, either congratulatory or otherwise; but seemed to be reserving his judgment.

He did not scold his wife, or McPherson, during dinner—he refrained from snapping at anybody throughout the evening—not even at Lucy, who was talking fast to him and her aunt when she ought to have been attending to her play. She revoked twice at whist, and her father—wonder of wonders!—did not reprove her for doing so; instead of that he looked at her very curiously over his spectacles, and began to drum on the table with his right hand.

There was not much music that night. James and Fenella were at the piano as usual, but the delicious pauses between the songs grew longer and longer. He leant over her, his eyes intent upon her face, while they talked shyly of their new-found joy. Their future lay before both like a glorious landscape, whose foreground was painted in all fair colours by a brilliant sun; in the dim distance, hidden by the mist, lay scenes of unimagined beauty, but they did not try to penetrate them yet—it was enough for them to gaze at that portion of the landscape which was steeped in light.

Lucy knew that her cousin would come as usual to her room for the little confidential chat over their toilet for the night; and she must be furnished with a stock of kind cordial things to say to her. It was of this she was thinking as she went upstairs to bed. She soon heard Fenella's knock, and wheeled her easy chair over to the fire in readiness for her.

A fay in a scarlet dressing-gown, with a long thick veil of black hair hanging about her, appeared when Lucy called "Come in!"

She threw back her hair from her face, and, going to Lucy, twined her arms round her, and whispered as she kissed her,

"He told you? He said he would. O, Lucy, darling, am I not a very happy girl?"

"Yes, dear, I think you are," said Lucy, returning the kiss, and gently placing her in the arm-chair.

"Did you guess it?" was her next question.

"I have had a suspicion of it for some time, Fenella. I think you will be very happy."

"Oh, yes, yes, that I shall! Is not he handsome, and clever, and good?" But I need not ask you that—you know him far better than I can do. O, Lucy, it is strange that he loved such a foolish little creature as me! I am not his equal in anything.

Is it not strange that he loved me?" repeated the beauty, with tears in her bright eyes.

Humility belongs to all true love. Lucy recollected that James said he was unworthy of Fenella's love.

"I do not think it at all strange," replied she, speaking her honest conviction. "You are beautiful and amiable, dear little Fenella: I am sure all men must think you so."

"But James is different from other men: he is far better and cleverer, is he not? Was he always as dear and good, Lucy? You can tell me about him—you who have always known him."

How much longer was the torture to last?

"He is very little changed since he was a boy," she replied, letting her hand lie passive between Fenella's soft fingers to be stroked and fondled.

"What lovely eyes he has!" proceeded Fenella. "Have you noticed how clear and deep they are when he looks down on you: they are like wells with the sky reflected in them."

Lucy did not pull her hand away; on the contrary, she gave Fenella's soft fingers a gentle pressure, as she said—

"I think you will love him dearly, and make him very happy."

"I shall try, Lucy; oh! shall not I try hard! You must tell me his tastes, and help me to do the things he likes. Won't you, darling?"

"No, Fenella. You will need no assistance from me: you will please him perfectly well without my aid."

At that moment the housemaid's voice was heard at the door.

"Please, miss, the master wants you in the office; he says you are to go to him at once."

"What can papa want with me?" cried she, but she knew his summons must not be disobeyed; so she got up immediately, and dismissed her cousin to her own room with another kiss.

The office was where Mr. Fitzpatrick paid his men and saw people on business. There the sergeant brought prisoners; and there Geraldine, Lucy, and James, had frequently been summoned, in their childish days, to answer for some small misdemeanour. The room was on the ground floor next the kitchen. Its only furniture was a desk, covered with green baize, a black leather arm-chair, a couple of stools, and a press containing law-books, title-deeds, and papers.

Lucy sped downstairs very quickly, pausing at the door to draw breath. She had no pleasurable recollections connected with the room. One of them flashed into her memory like lightning, as she stood with the handle in her hand. James had committed a piece of boyish mischief, of which, unknown to him, she had by some

ange chance been accused, and she had borne the penalty for it, rather than say that he was the culprit.

Her father was seated near the fire. He bade her sit down opposite him.

"Well, Lucy," he began; "what does all this mean?"

"All what, papa?" she inquired, her heart beating very fast.

"You know very well what I allude to; don't pretend ignorance," said he, testily.

She was silent.

"Of course, I mean this freak of James's. What else could I mean? What made him tell me he wanted to marry your cousin?"

"I suppose, because he's fond of her, papa," replied Lucy, calmly, with a steady smile.

Her father was puzzled: he looked at her sharply, as he asked, "What, then, in the devil's name, did your mother mean by telling me that he and you were to be married? Answer me that, if you can. Eh?"

"Dear father, I cannot tell you: I really don't know."

"Are you speaking truth? No humbug, Lucy, if you please. Has there not been anything between you and James?" Looking stern full in the face, he repeated his question. "Nothing between you and James?"

"No, papa, nothing but old friendship," replied she, returning his look fearlessly.

"If the young rascal has been trifling with you, or wronging you in any way, Lucy, I swear to heaven I'll kick him out of the house," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, frowning. "Has he wronged you? If he has he shall answer for it to me. Have you anything against him?"

"No, father, I have nothing whatever against him: he and I have always been, and shall always be, faithful friends."

"Then what did your mother mean by saying you and he were good as engaged? I suppose she was just an idiot as usual. He's a fool," continued he, angrily, "to spread such reports through the country. I'll be glad to see James married, for his angling after you has done you no good,—it has prevented other men coming forward. I am convinced it was that alone that kept Corrie from speaking long ago."

"Dr. Corrie, papa!"

"Yes, Dr. Corrie! You need not appear so surprised. He used to pay you marked attention, and I'm quite sure he thought you and James were engaged, and that that was what kept him back."

"Dear papa, he is as old as you," said Lucy, utterly confounded at this speech.

"And if he is, I am not so very old. Corrie's a hale man



still. I won't have you turning up your nose at him if he does speak, Lucy. You'll please bear that in mind! You shall not be an old maid: I won't suffer you to join the Dovecote."

"I do not wish to marry, papa. Let me stay and take care of mamma and you."

"Your mother only needs to rouse herself—you encourage her in her indolence. I do think she'd do better without you. Corrie is not a man to be despised. The old boy has feathered his nest right well. I shall give you to him with pleasure if he asks me; so no nonsense, I beg! You won't have the excuse of James dangling after you, now."

Here was a new perplexity. The old Doctor and she had always been good friends; they had had many a pleasant talk over his microscope: he was scientific and fond of general literature, and very charitable to his poorer patients—all so many bonds between them; but as a lover she had never thought of him. The very idea was highly distasteful to her.

"Dear papa, Dr. Corrie is not thinking of matrimony," said she, timidly.

"That remains to be seen, Lucy," replied Mr. Fitzpatrick, with a smile; "I believe he has the good taste to admire you. Good-night, my dear," and he actually kissed her forehead, a thing he did not do twice in a twelvemonth. "I'm right glad Master James has not wronged you. If he had trifled with you in the least, he should have paid for it;—I'd have thought it my duty to kick him out of the house."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE STRYCHNINE DROPS.

LUCY escaped going with her mother and aunt to call at the Castle. The two ladies drove over in the pony phaeton to tell the news of Fenella's engagement to the O'Haras, Drummonds, and Olivers. Lucy succeeded in deceiving her mother as to her feelings on the subject; but, in truth, Mrs. Fitzpatrick was dreadfully disappointed, and did not like the task of informing Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. Drummond that her daughter was not to be the mistress of the Vicarage, after all.

Her friends were polite enough to disguise their astonishment in her presence; but it burst forth when she and Mrs. Elton had driven off.

"Master," said Mrs. O'Hara, as her husband joined them at tea on the evening of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's visit, "have you heard the news?"

"What news, Jenny? That Queen Ann's dead?"

"Nonsense, John! That James Galbraith is going to marry Miss Elton."

Mr. O'Hara whistled.

"No? The lad has got eyes in his head."

"But the whole parish thought he was engaged to Lucy: why Mrs. Fitzpatrick has said as much to me. I declare I could not help exclaiming when she told me to-day, and reminding her of it. She said very quietly that it seemed she had been completely mistaken, and that fathers and mothers are not always in their young people's confidence; but I could see that she was greatly disappointed: she spoke guardedly—quite unlike her usual feeble, inconsequent manner."

"She'll have worse back-ache and head-ache after this," said Josephine, who was spending the evening at the Castle with her sisters.

"I wonder Mrs. Elton consents to such a thing: her daughter might marry a duke," cried Mr. O'Hara, who, like all other men was quite enslaved by the beauty.

"Yes! Isn't she a little darling? James is a happy man, and Lucy will be so pleased about it. How fond she is of them both!" exclaimed enthusiastic, short-sighted Jane.

"I am not so sure of that," said Miss Georgie. "Lucy loves James if ever I saw love. I trust he has not been treating her badly."

"Not he, Georgie," returned Mrs. O'Hara, "she was brought up with him, you know: there is merely a brotherly and sisterly affection in such cases."

"That may be in general, Jenny, but James and Lucy were very lover-like. I am afraid for her peace of mind," sighed the gentle, sentimental lady.

"My dear Georgie, please don't be putting such nonsense in these girl's heads," entreated their prudent mother. "Even if your suspicion should be correct, I have a better opinion of Lucy than to think she would waste a thought upon a man who had ceased to care for her. A girl with a well-regulated mind has too much dignity for such a thing."

Miss Allen's only reply to this speech was a shake of the head; she felt that she was very undignified herself, and a faint flush overspread her gentle, faded face, making her almost pretty for the moment, as she congratulated herself that her sister did not know of a certain old pack of cards given her by the "gentleman" who sent her the talc drawings, and treasured in her jewel box upstairs. She was conscious that she sometimes transgressed feminine propriety so far as to finger those worn cards rather tenderly, and

breathe a sigh to the memory of an ancient romance which never came to anything.

"You'd better take care that no one robs you of Sophy, Missy," said Mr. O'Hara, looking over his shoulder at his daughter Ellen, who was, as usual, employed in petting her friend. These innocent lovers never grew tired of one another's company. Day after day, month after month, year after year, were they satisfied to sit kissing and stroking each other for an hour at a time, just as they were doing now. They were seated a little in the background, cheek against cheek, when Mr. O'Hara looked round at them.

Their voices had been busy throughout the foregoing conversation; but they had been talking of nothing more interesting than their gardens and ponies, or, perhaps, a drawing they meant to copy.

"Take care no gentleman carries Sophy away from you," said Mr. O'Hara, jestingly.

"Oh Ellen may make her mind easy on that score," said Josephine, glancing at the lovers with infinite scorn—"No danger of her losing Sophy in that manner."

"Not unless another Mr. Steward should come to the parish," returned Reby, bitterly, staring at Josephine with eyes that gave back scorn for scorn. The good-natured O'Haras felt pained and embarrassed, as they looked from one sister to the other; and Mrs. O'Hara hastened to change the subject.

"The master there, won't agree with me, but I think James would have done much better to take Lucy. Miss Elton does not look like a country clergyman's life: she has evidently been brought up quite differently from our girls. I daresay she'll want many things he cannot give her."

"I hope she will ruin him," said Josephine, spitefully.

"My dear!"

"Oh, Josephine!"

"Why, James is a favourite with us all: even your Aunt Harriet, who is angry with him for his High Church rubbish, would not wish him ill. What has he done to you?" inquired Mrs. O'Hara.

"He has apparently been so unfortunate as to offend Josephine in some way or other," remarked Reby.

"He is a fine, handsome, gentlemanlike young man," put in Aunt Georgie—"he is nice enough to be an officer," (the "gentleman" had been in the Royal Artillery). "In fact you do not often see a young man with such good manners; but I hope he has not treated poor Lucy unkindly."

Lucy could not long hide herself from her friends. She was forced to discuss James' coming marriage calmly with the girls of

both houses. It was easy enough to feign an indifference that would pass muster with these innocent maidens, who had been so sedulously shielded by fate alike from the joys and from the pains of love; but she was more careful in her demeanour before Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. Drummond, and Mary—before the latter, especially, since it was unquestionable that Mrs. Oliver knew how to love. The whole affair was a nine days' wonder.

The servants and poor people were a good deal puzzled when the news became known to them. Lucy knew not how to ward off their questions. One and all were convinced that James was putting up with Miss Elton, because their "ain Miss Lucy" would not have him, and they were much disappointed thereat. Hannah expressed the feelings of the country in general when she said to Lucy, who was standing before the press in the storeroom, giving out currants and raisins, and, consequently, could not escape her—

"What's all this I'm hearing about Master James going to marry Miss Elton? Is it true, my jewel?"

"Yes, Hannah, quite true."

"An' what for would you no tak' him yoursel', dear? I'm sure he'd ha' done you very well. Sure he's a fine, clever gentleman, an' Ballyshandra people all allowed you'd be marrying him. Miss Elton's a nice, wee lady enough, but you'd ha' done better for Mr. James."

"Miss Elton will make him quite happy, Hannah, and he is very fond of her."

"Well, well, dear! But you might ha' been content enough wi' him, I'm thinking—brought up in the house wi' him, an' him sae good an' all! The people's all quare an' vexed that you wouldna have poor Master James. You'll be for taking some grand, rich gentleman one o' these days,—but poor Master James!"

"Mr. James is perfectly happy, Hannah: he does not think anyone equal to Miss Elton: and I don't mean to marry at all,—you won't get rid of me so easily as you think."

But she might just as well have talked to the wind: "poor Mr. James" was still the burden of Hannah's song.

Dinner parties were of rare occurrence in the parish, but Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick were about to give one in honour of the young couple. Lucy had been running about all the morning from Hannah's room to the kitchen, overseeing the preparation of various delicacies for the second course.

She was ready dressed and in the dining-room, gratifying McPherson by her approbation of his table, when the door bell gave tidings of an arrival.

Josephine and Reby Drummond stepped off their outside car

and came into the hall, looking like moving mountains of cloaks and wraps. The former had taken pains with her toilet ; she wore a low blue silk dress, trimmed with soft, white lace,—the very dress, in fact, for which she had been so extravagant as to pay her milliner the five pounds of sorrowful memory. Lucy took the girls to her room to unrobe, wondering that Josephine had thought it worth while to wear anything so nice.

"There's only the old set, dear," she could not help saying ; "Papa won't invite any one from outside the parish."

When they went down to the drawing-room, they found all the guests assembled ; Dr. Corrie, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, Miss Allen, Jane, Tom, and Lionel. The O'Haras, considerate as usual, had brought their butler to assist McPherson. All but Mrs. Oliver were in festal attire to do honour to the great occasion : but there was a reason for her grave, thick silk.

Mr. Oliver, going up to his room to dress, a little tired after his long day's walk through the parish, met her coming downstairs in a low, slate-coloured tabinet, one of her trousseau acquisitions. She thought herself looking unusually well, and she was right, in spite of an outlandish head-dress of blond and crimson ribbon, which she had manufactured that morning.

Now the good rector had been all forbearance and gentleness with the sick people throughout his tiring day : he had had money for the destitute and comfort to give the sorrowful ; but his good humour, unfortunately, gave way for once when he crossed his own threshold.

"Oh, Edward, dear, you are late ! what a sad, long day you have had !" said Mary, laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and gazing fondly in his face.

He shook himself free from her hand rather rudely, and cried,

"You are not going out with me that figure !"

"Why, not, Edward ? I'm sure this is a very nice dress. What is wrong with it ?"

"It is falling off your shoulders : that's not a dress for a modest woman to wear," replied he, in accents of disgust. Now the grey tabinet, so far from being too low, only displayed a very small portion of poor Mary's thin shoulders.

"You must change it for a grave, matronly gown," proceeded he, authoritatively, and his docile wife followed him upstairs to obey. She was a little wounded that he had found a want of modesty in her attire, and said, while she took off the dress, and looked out the shabby silk—

"You are mistaken if you think my dress too low : the girls all wear similar ones, and they sent over to request me to wear my tabinet this evening."

"And if they did! They are only foolish young girls; though I cannot approve of such vain costume for them or for any woman; however, if you wish to please them instead of me——"

"Oh, no, no, Edward! you know very well I only care to please *you*!" cried she, with tears in her eyes.

"Very well, then," said he, mollified, "You look much better in that quiet gown. Indeed, I should not have taken you with me in that other, it became neither your—your age, nor your—your position."

Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Oliver was shabby among the smart assembly in the Finn Hill drawing-room.

"Where is Miss Elton?" was the question that ran from mouth to mouth as six o'clock struck, and no Fenella appeared.

"She came in but a quarter of an hour ago," said James; "I made her late: it was quite my fault, Mrs. Elton."

"Lucy had better run up and see if she needs help," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Lucy ran upstairs accordingly, and entered her aunt's room, but Fenella was not there. Thinking she must be in the little inner room, which was used for a dressing-room, she crossed over to the door, and pushed it open. What she saw made her stand perfectly still, as still and rigid as though she were turned into stone.

Fenella stood before the fire-place with her back to the door. She was ready dressed, even to the bouquet of scarlet geraniums behind her pretty ear. She did not care to wear any costlier head-dress since James had declared he liked these the most. The wax candles on the chimney-piece showered their soft light upon her gleaming arms. What was she doing? Mrs. Elton had a mania for accumulating bottles, a long array of which stood between the two candles.

Fenella had been ordered to take a strengthening mixture, steel being its foundation, but strychnine also forming a large component part. Her doctor gave her strict charge, therefore, to be very careful how she used it; and Mrs. Elton was in the habit of dropping the proper quantity of the medicine into a phial containing pure water, for her daughter to take. Fenella was never trusted with the unadulterated mixture in her own hands.

She had dropped it as usual on the evening in question, and left the little bottle in its accustomed place on the chimney-piece before she went downstairs. The bottle of medicine stood near it: it was almost the same size and shape, but the fluid contained in it was a shade darker in colour, and there was a label upon it, still further to distinguish it.

When Lucy paused at the dressing-room door, Fenella was in

the act of taking a bottle from the chimney-piece, and she perceived it was the wrong one. It was this sight that glued her to her place in the doorway, rigid with terror. Fenella took the cork out, and was raising the bottle to her lips, when she stopped, and seemed to be listening intently. She fancied she heard wheels on the avenue, and was comforting herself with the idea that she should not be the last to enter the drawing-room. While Fenella was listening, Lucy was undergoing a horrible temptation. Some grisly voice was whispering in her ear "Let her drink it, and she will be swept swiftly and completely from your path. James will get over her loss in time, and give you back his love."

The Evil One was there assuredly in the shadow of the doorway, but so was Lucy's guardian angel: the flutter of his wings was near. It was but an instant that the strong, fierce temptation to keep silence, and let Fenella drink the poison, held her in thralldom; but for that fearful instant she knew what murderers must feel. First came the mad longing to get rid of her rival, and secure James; then an agonising pang, like the torment of a lost soul.

In that moment her whole being called upon Christ for aid, "Lord, save me! Lord, help me!" and the Tempter fled baffled.

The strychnine was quite close to Fenella's lips. Lucy would warn her: she would not be a murderess—no life-long burden of repentance should be hers. But how warn her when she herself was so faint and sick with conflict, and her mouth was so parched that she felt as if it could utter no sound. With an effort, stronger than any she had ever made in her existence before, she gave a loud, wild cry, inarticulate like that of some strange animal. She saw Fenella drop the bottle in terror, and turn trembling towards the door, and she knew by that that she had been heard—by that only, for her voice brought no sound to her own ears. Others than Fenella heard that weird cry. It happened just then that McPherson was throwing open the drawing-room door to say dinner was served, and the guests were electrified by the unusual sound pealing through the quiet house.

Mrs. Elton and James darted simultaneously to the staircase. The latter was the first to reach the room, and see Lucy in the doorway, and Fenella beyond her, staring with her brown eyes, large with terror, and the strychnine mixture dripping from her dress upon the hearthstone.

Neither of the girls was able to explain what had happened. It was Mrs. Elton who discovered the truth of the affair: seeing the broken bottle, she rushed to the fireplace, and took down the phial containing the solution, asking her daughter wildly if she had tasted the other.

Fenella recovered herself long before Lucy, and told how she was raising the bottle, now broken to atoms, to her lips, when Lucy's strange cry startled her, and made her drop it on the hearth.

Mrs. Elton's and James's feelings on hearing of the peril thus narrowly escaped, may hardly be described. The mother's first act was to lock all the remaining bottles into her wardrobe; she then ran to Lucy and clasped her in her arms, covering her with kisses, and sobbing out her gratitude. Lucy made no reply, good or bad. She stood inside the room now, but grey and rigid still: she had not unclosed her lips since she uttered that scream.

By this time Fenella was chattering volubly: James stood supporting her, while her mother busied herself about her, wiping her dress, and picking up the bits of broken glass. James's face was sparkling and beaming with various emotions, as he looked down tenderly upon his rescued idol, and then across the room at her preserver; but Lucy hardly saw him;—she had, in truth, other things to think of then. She was guilty in thought, though not in deed: she had felt, for one dread instant, as those must feel who are excluded from God's presence—who are already the Tempter's prey.

Never again, she felt, would she be able to look proudly upon any human being—she must ever feel pity and indulgence for the frail and erring, since it was only through Christ's saving mercy she was better than they. "He stretched out His divine hand to save me then," thought she.

She did not perceive any external thing until she found herself following Mrs. Elton and James, who were supporting Fenella into the drawing-room. There the story had to be retold, and the guests forgot that their dinner was cooling in the dining-room while they listened. Presently Lucy found James bending over the sofa to which she had retreated, and thanking her with all the ardour and eloquence he was master of. His voice trembled, and unshed tears hung upon his black eyelashes.

"Lucy, Lucy, you have saved my darling's life! God bless you, my own friend! You have saved me from pain that I cannot even contemplate. Oh! how can I thank you? Words are too poor!"

But he continued to pour words upon her till she lost all self-control. It was such dreadful irony to be thanked by him, knowing what she knew! Her brain was whirling, and hardly conscious of what she said, she called out to her mother,

"Oh, mamma, take him away! Do take them all away, and let me be left alone!"

Her request was speedily complied with. Dr. Corrie persuaded



the rest of the party to go to dinner, while he and Mrs. Fitzpatrick remained with Lucy.

The good doctor could be gruff on occasions—he was very gruff now, as he said—

“You have all forgotten Lucy, as usual. Nobody thought of the frightful shock her nerves must have received. Why, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, her pulse—there! feel it for yourself! She must be put to bed at once, and not another word addressed to her to-night. They shan’t go near her—not a man or woman of them all,” cried he, glancing viciously towards the dining-room.

“Yes! let me go to bed!” cried Lucy, springing up wildly, but sinking down again with a strange sensation, as if a hundred hammers were beating in her head. The grey look was gone out of her face, and her cheeks were flaming.

“Come away, then,” said the Doctor, half leading, half carrying her to her room, while her mother followed. “Worth a dozen Miss Eltons,” whispered he to himself. “She must take something—undress her,” said he, aloud, resigning her to Hannah’s care. “I shall return shortly. All will be right enough, madam; you can join them downstairs.”

Mrs. Fitzpatrick did not obey him, however, until she left Lucy in bed, looking much calmer, with Hannah stationed beside her.

An hour passed, and Dr. Corrie stood beside her again, with a bottle in his hand.

“Drink this, my dear,” said he; “it will do you good.”

He brought the smell of cold, frosty air into her room, and she observed that he wore his rough great coat and comforter. He was in such a hurry to administer the soothing draught, that he had not stopped in the hall to disencumber himself of them.

“Oh, Dr. Corrie, you surely did not go for this yourself?” said she, in a tone of distress.

“Why not, Lucy? No one but myself could have made it for you, and I wanted you to have it at once.”

“Such trouble for you to take for me! I am very sorry.”

“And who deserves to have trouble taken for them if not you? Answer me that if you can. You who are always taking trouble for other people.”

“You have been to the dispensary for that?”

“And if I have, child, what then? I made my man harness the mare in a trice, and drove over there in no time.”

“You have had no dinner. Oh, Hannah, do go and get something hot and comfortable ready for the Doctor. I am so vexed to think that the dinner must be cold by this time.”

“Well, my dear, I’ll thank you for a bowl of soup, and a bit of bread, but nothing more. Don’t let any fuss be made for me,” said he, appealing to Hannah.

"Yes, Hannah, give Dr. Corrie the best you can get," countermanded Lucy.

Now the good old gentleman did want his dinner very badly ; he had reached that time of life when hot soup, a tender joint, and good wine are not lightly esteemed ; but he was interested in Lucy, with more than professional interest, and had hardly given a sigh to the loss of his dinner.

Hannah obeyed her young lady's request to the letter. A portion of every viand she thought desirable was soon smoking on the little round table in the bookroom, and the Doctor was beginning with the bowl of soup. His dinner finished, he returned to Lucy's room to see how the composing-draught was working. She was very quiet now, her unnatural colour gone, and her two bright eyes languid. He soon saw that she would sleep, and he knew that he must return to the drawing-room, since his patient no longer needed him ; but the pale face on the pillow had great attractions for him, and he should have liked much better to remain where he could watch it.

But Lucy held out her hand to him, and said "good night," and he murmured a blessing over her, in tones whose natural gruff heartiness was softened by a new feeling—at least, a feeling to which he had been a stranger for more than twenty years.

He recollected, with an uneasy kind of pain, that he was no longer a young man ; and breathing a sigh to his vanished youth, he crossed the room cautiously, and went away.

Lucy sank asleep presently, whispering to herself the words "pardoned—pardoned, through the atoning blood of Christ," and perfect silence reigned above stairs.

The party in the drawing-room were far from noisy either when Dr. Corrie joined them. Mr. O'Hara, Mrs. Elton, Miss Allen, and Mr. Fitzpatrick were playing whist. Mr. Oliver, with his back to the card table, was seated beside Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Josephine. Mary was opposite, listening to what her husband was saying : she would have liked very much to take a hand in the rubber, but dared not dream of such a thing. Abstinence from cards was a portion of the price she was paying for her "position." The young people were playing a round game at the other end of the room. Josephine got up as Dr. Corrie entered, and moved slowly across the room to meet him.

"How have you left dear Lucy?" she inquired, with tender solicitude in her tone. She dropped into a chair near the door, and the Doctor could do no less than seat himself beside her. He thought he might as well talk to her, since he could not talk to Lucy. Josephine was looking her very best, and we know that the masculine eye was to regard her at all times with favour.

"How is dear Lucy?"

"She is going to sleep, and will be all right to-morrow, I don't doubt. What fools people are, to be sure! We never thought of Lucy's fright—we forgot her totally while we were staring at Miss Elton."

Dr. Corrie spoke with some heat.

"Indeed, we did, I fear," sighed Josephine.

"Oh, I blame myself the most," said he: "I took no notice of her till I heard her calling to her mother to let her be left alone."

"She looked greatly excited, did she not?"

"That she did, and her pulse was flying. I was not quite easy in my mind about her, but that draught is a valuable thing—my own invention," added he, with pardonable professional pride.

"Have you observed how pale she has looked lately, Dr. Corrie?"

"I have: she is decidedly out of health. We must strengthen her—my preparation of quinine and steel," said he, musingly.

"I wonder if she is pleased or happy about the engagement," said Josephine, dropping her voice, and nodding in the direction of James and Fenella. "For my part I believe that she is fretting about it. It is a question whether the Reverend James has treated her quite fairly," she proceeded, taking note of the disturbed and uncomfortable expression of her companion's face, as her meaning dawned upon him.

He glanced at James with a look very much resembling dislike.

"But, you know, it is high-treason even to hint anything to James's disadvantage," said Josephine; then, satisfied with this slight vent to her enmity, she changed the conversation, and exerted herself to amuse the Doctor, asking various questions about his microscope, and talking in a very knowledgeable way of sea-birds and insects. She made large use of Mr. Steward's information on these subjects, which she was clever enough to produce, so as to make him believe it to be the fruit of her own reading and observation. Noticing how interested he appeared, she could not help admiring her native talent most heartily.

"A love for natural history makes all one's walks so pleasant," said she, with ingenuous effusion.

"Yes," assented he, "it is a very nice taste for a lady. If you bring your death's-head moth over to my house some day, I shall be happy to show it to you in the microscope: I have a variety of interesting objects arranged for magnifying; you shall see a fly's wing, which is exactly like fine lace, and the moss on a rose bud, just like rubies and emeralds, such as you or any other fair lady might wear."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## MRS. OLIVER'S STATUETTES.

"WON'T you kiss me, sister Lucy, and wish me joy?"

The wedding-breakfast was over, and the carriage was at the door to take the bride and bridegroom away upon their tour. The entire bridal party were in the hall watching Fenella get into the carriage, and offering her their good wishes. James, more radiant with delight and eagerness than ever, was about to follow her, but must first wish his friends good-bye.

He embraced Mrs. Fitzpatrick and his mother-in-law, and turned to look for Lucy, who was standing beside Josephine and Reby, a little in the background.

"Good-bye, sister Lucy; won't you wish me joy?"

She rather shrank when she heard the word "sister," used by him for the first time: but recovering herself instantly, wished him joy very warmly.

There was such a stir in the house all day, as obliged her to exert herself unceasingly. Mr. Fitzpatrick had overstepped his ordinary limits, and invited several people from a distance; and some of Mrs. Elton's Dublin friends were staying in the house, so Lucy and Hannah were extremely busy.

All the servants in the country were just then occupied in clearing out the dining-room for a dance to be given that evening.

The Lodge and Castle party were in the greatest excitement and delight about the ball; but Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were going away. Mr. Oliver had objected to the dance, but unavailingly, as might have been expected when he attempted to oppose any plan of Mr. Fitzpatrick's; and he was showing his disapprobation by leaving immediately after the breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had persuaded Mrs. Elton to let the marriage take place at Finn Hill instead of in Dublin: she had consented, mindful of the expense and trouble she would thereby be spared. She and James made a journey to Dublin together—accomplished their business in a few days, and returned to the North accompanied by some of Mrs. Elton's dearest friends, and a college chum of James's, to act as best man. Two more college friends arrived on the wedding morning. Mr. Fitzpatrick, having taken it into his head to give a dance, managed to secure gentlemen enough to make it go off well.

It was the first festivity of the kind that had taken place in the parish for twenty years. The grave ancestors looked down from the walls upon a very pretty, gay scene.

Our friends from the Lodge and Castle were enjoying them-

selves so much that they could not fail to look well ; but the belle was decidedly Josephine, who was stately and imposing in her blue silk dress and white wreath ; and Mr. O'Brien, James's barrister friend, seemed to find her very good company, for he hardly left her side all night.

The two Kates also found as many partners as they desired : it would be hard to describe how they flew round the room, their laughter ringing out from time to time.

Groups of the servants and villagers stood at the open doors and outside the windows to watch the dancing. Many and droll were their comments upon the ladies, but none could compare with Lucy in their eyes. Dr. Corrie agreed with them : grave Lucy in her colourless dress, was to him much more attractive than the brighter maidens ; and he secured her hand for all the quadrilles of the evening. Both forgot that they were at a ball, and had to be called to order more than once by the opposite couple. Their conversation was characteristic. The Doctor began by complimenting her and then himself upon her more healthy appearance, and proceeded to speak of the health of Ballyshandra in general.

"You sometimes visit that poor man, Morrison ! He has a frightful cough—one lung completely gone : he'll hardly tide over this winter."

"Is he so very ill, Dr. Corrie ? I wanted to ask if you thought there was any hope for him, and if I could do anything ; but I did not like to introduce professional matters—I thought it would not be good taste in me to do so."

"What nonsense, Lucy ! You need not have been afraid that I should think anything you might say in bad taste."

"But I wonder you are not tired of thinking about your poor patients, among them, as you are, from morning till night."

"Ah, well, it is pleasant to do anything for them, poor creatures ! besides, I like my profession ; but I am often rather tired in the evenings, and lonely, too," said he, in a lower tone.

These words were lost upon Lucy, whose mind was running on Morrison's case.

"What may I give him without doing harm ?" she inquired.

"Anything you like—broth, wine, arrowroot—any of the kitchen physics you are so famous for. I never heard of any wild prescription of yours, Lucy : you work under me, and, consequently, are a valuable helper."

"You need not praise me for that," replied she, laughing : "I should be afraid to meddle with your patients, my medical knowledge being very small."

"Other ladies don't agree with you : some of them go so far as to say they know better than the doctor. There's a lady in this

h who actually takes it upon herself to change my medicines,\*  
he Doctor, who was never quite master of himself when Aunt  
iet's name, or her evil doings were mentioned, glanced very  
usly in the direction of the alcove, where that good lady was  
d, tranquil and unconscious, by Mrs. Elton's side. "She gave  
's child calomel on the top of my prescription, and I'm confident  
ll die. If it does, I declare I'll take her before the Board. I  
such interference unwarrantable—very hard upon a medical  
Eh? What do *you* say?"

Lucy was spared having to answer this difficult question, for at  
same instant her *vis-a-vis* called to her; and Josephine,  
ng her in the quadrille, whispered, "Well, Lucy, you are  
on at a great rate with Dr. Corrie."

her father's speech about the Doctor's admiration for her  
red to her, and the next time he wanted her to dance, she  
aged to excuse herself.

The guests who were staying in the house took their departure  
w days afterwards, and then Lucy was occupied in the task  
h had been her special duty for many weeks, that of taking  
ge of Mrs. Elton.

To listen to that good-natured, worldly lady's unceasing gabble  
her daily cross; for her mother was rather more ailing than  
l, and could not drive or walk much.

Hadly would Lucy have remained by her gentle mother's sofa,  
ng to her, arranging her knitting, or paying her the thousand  
ar attentions she was in the habit of rendering her; but she  
comforted to think that she was serving her best by relieving  
f Mrs. Elton's company, since an hour of her sister's questions  
stories always made her head ache.

Now the thought that walking with her aunt was her duty,  
e it infinitely easier for her. She had respected duty from her  
hood. "Let me woo duty well," thought she, "if, indeed,  
instead of love, is to be my life's companion."

But the beauty and the joy was gone out of all things for Lucy.  
very walks had become dull and ugly—the schools and people  
teresting. The romance was departed! She knew that she  
needs find constant occupation, and she tried to study. Im-  
ble! Every study was connected in some way with James.  
Greek and Latin books, English, German, poetry, theology—  
hort, every study had gained its charm from the brilliant  
terer, who had unlocked the gate of learning for her.

So she turned from her books in disgust, and took up her port-  
, filled with exquisitely copied drawings and bold sketches,  
ving to devote herself to Art. She was aware that her chief  
it lay there.

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## THE WHITE HART.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

THREE huntsmen brave on the chase did start,  
In hot pursuit of the fair white hart.

They laid them down 'neath the dark fir-tree ;  
The self-same dream did visit the three.

Said one, " I dreamt when I beat the bush,  
The Hart ran out in affright—hush—hush ! "

The next, " He fled with the dog in cry,—  
I aimed and fired, piff-paff ! so did I ! "

The third " My prey on the earth I spied,  
And sounded my horn, trara ! with pride. "

While spake the trio, and calm did lie,  
The noble hart ran quietly by !

And ere the huntsmen had guessed his flight,  
Had sped away o'er valley and height—  
Hush-hush ! piff-paff ! trara !

HART. D.

## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

### RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

THE veteran, Jules Janin, who among his countrymen has been surnamed, "*le prince des critiques*" as also when he chooses so to be, "*un prince parmi les conteurs*," has resuscitated the eighteenth century by a series of imaginary dialogues between Diderot—the Encyclopedist,—and the *musicien-bohème* immortalised by the materialist philosopher. The work is entitled, "*La Fin d'un Monde et le Neveu Rameau*;" and it presents a vivid picture of the red-heeled marionettes, the actors, the ribanded poets, the *petit-maitres* or fops, the ancients, the Academicians, and the Encyclopedists who constituted the moving spirits of court and city of that epoch of sceptical dissipation, when it was the fashion to treat all things with levity, and scoff at all that was serious in life. The work sparkles with wit, at the same time that it is replete with the erudition that has earned for its author a seat in the Academy. It also concludes by poetic justice being done to the Encyclopedist.

M. de Pontmartin has selected the same epoch which, with all its faults, still remains a favourite one with French poets, novelists and artists, for his *Filleul de Beaumarchais*. Here we fall at once, into the Café Procope, into the company of the men of the day, Marmontel, La Harpe, Diderot, Chamfort, Baron Grimm, and Beaumarchais. The author of the *Mariage de Figaro* is godfather to the son of Eustache Goudard, his barber, an important personage in those times. Eustache perishes at the capture of the Bastille. His wife saves the Duchess of Erlange and her daughter, Jeanne from the guillotine; but death succeeds to many trials. Jeanne is brought up with Pierre Beaumarchais's god-son. The result is a mutual attachment, which is rewarded by the young lady's uncle—a certain Marquis de Trénières—marrying her to a General Cruchot, whilst Pierre is imprisoned for having denounced the assassination of the Duke of Angoulême. There is not much to interest in a plot in which the conditions of life are so opposed; but the story is well told, the incidents are described in touching language, and the work has gone through three editions, being admittedly a *petit chef d'œuvre*.

M. Quiuton has also related a pathetic incident of the era of error, under the title of *Un Gentilhomme de 89*. This gentleman, de la Chatellenie, is like many of his contemporaries, imbibed with Voltarian ideas, and is delighted at the early indications of a



revolution. But when he sees gentlemen, priests, and ladies dragged to the scaffold, chateaus burnt and devastated, and the King imprisoned, he finds out his error, and hastens to make up by his devotion to loyalty for his previous fallings off. He is admirably assisted in his efforts by his daughter Charlotte, and by a Breton, servant, a perfect embodiment of the true old Breton pluck. De la Gigasse is a character well worth studying, and it would be difficult to find a work better calculated to inspire one with horror of the Marats, the Dantons, the Maillards, the Héberts, and the Saint Justs, the sanguinary monsters of the terrible era.

Those terrors will, indeed, be ever fresh in history, and M. Auguste de Barthelemy has ably depicted the heroic struggle of the Vendéans against the Republicans, in a work entitled *Pierre le Piellarot*. Piellarot, a gentleman of the old school, the Abbé Geraud, and an honest clown, Loic by name, as also, on the other side, a certain "citizen" Curtius, constitute the leading character by which the events of the day are brought into connection with the personages of the drama. Such novels, indeed, when so carefully worked out, belong more to history than to fiction.

M. Eugène Chavette's *Rémouleur* also belongs to the same epoch. The groundwork of the story rests on the robbery of Madame Dubarry's treasure, estimated at seventeen millions of francs, effected in 1793 by two thieves, who, secreted in a cellar, were watched by a pretended idiot, and were hunted down by a band of *chauffeurs* (men who robbed by torturing their victims), at the head of whom was the *Rémouleur*, whose services are engaged by the Abbé de Montesquieu, in order to gain over Fouché to the cause of the Bourbons. The Directory and Fouché himself are ably sketched, and there are some striking portraits; notably, the chouan, Pierre de Caujol, and the host Favol, commonly called L'Autruche, but the subject is not commendable, nor is its treatment void of licentiousness.

M. Paul Féval's last work *Le Dernier Vivant* is said even to surpass all his previous productions in dramatic interest. It is the story of a young magistrate, Lucien Thibault, who resigns his situation to assume that of an advocate, in order to defend his wife, Jeanne Péry, accused of murder. The *Dernier Vivant* himself is the head of a black band of unscrupulous financiers, broken-down contractors, reckless and unprincipled promoters, and other persons of supposed wealth and position, who traffic upon the misfortunes of their country.

MM. Belot's and Dautin's romance *The Parricide* belongs to the same category of judicial stories, and concerns itself mainly with thieves and assassins. It is, indeed, another version of Edgar Poe's assassination of the Morgue. Laurent, accused of murder,

acquitted for want of proof, but condemned by public opinion. At liberty, he devoted himself to the discovery of the really guilty party, and finds that it is his own father who has slain his son. Laurent is thus driven to become a real parricide. The success of the story is carried out with talent, and "Inspector Moule," a kind of first cousin to "Javert" in Victor Hugo's "*Miserables*."

M. Emile Gaboriau is well known as *facile princeps* in the same school of crimes fearfully depicted and detection ably worked out, but he has not been as successful as usual in his *La Corde au Cou*. The Count of Claudieuse's house is set on fire, and he himself receives two gun-shot wounds. The Count's enemy, the Marquis Boiscoran, who is sadly too intimate with Madame de Claudieuse, is suspected, tried, and condemned to twenty years of travaux forcés. But the Count, on his death-bed, clears the reputation of the Marquis, who is set at liberty, and his place is taken by the really guilty party, a miserable idiot, Cocoleu, by name. Alas! that since penning the above we should have to record the death of one without a rival in his own peculiar line.

The *Dégringolade* or the "tumbling down," of the same author, simply the decline and fall of the First Empire, seen in the light of conspiracies and assassinations. The chief victim is the gallant General Delorge, who is murdered in the gardens of the Elysée, by the conspirator Combelaine, merely because he will not join a conspiracy. Fifteen years afterwards the same wretch tried to carry away from the son of the murdered man, Raymond Delorge, his betrothed, Simone de Maillefert, and he would have succeeded but for the opportune return of one Laurent Cornevin, who has effected his escape from exile in Cayenne, and alone holds the secret of the conspiracy and of the murder of General Delorge. The widow of the general, an Italian, is a remarkably interesting character; but the author carries his dislike to everything Imperial altogether beyond what is reasonable.

M. de Valbezen, better known as Major Fridolin, has depicted the manners and the men of the Second Empire, in a work entitled *le Veuve de l'Hetman*. Few could be better up to their work, and it is, in consequence, well and ably done. The Hetman's widow's memories are a mere framework within which to include the portraits, and few of those who were acquainted with the Second Empire will fail to recognise real personages under the transparent masks of Hector Darrolles, a recreant republican, lately one of the luminaries of the Council of State and an energetic supporter of Imperial policy. The Grand-Echanson, intimate of the sovereign; Numa Poncifer, great building contractor and freethinker; Vicomte Goutran de Lonjicot, attaché and one of the most precious ornaments of the

Club, *La Fleur des Pois*; The Marquis de Bauséant, an incarnation of fatuity and scepticism; Henry de Kernozian, an anachronism of chivalry in the nineteenth century; Ebenezer Dollar, a rich American, and Baron Issachar, still richer; Prudhomme de l'Orge, Baboosch Pacha, Prince Dourakine, and Monsigneur de Patagonopolis. All this is very good, but what story there is—that of a good girl, who, to save her family's honour, marries her sister's seducer and adopts her child—is, alas, only another page in that demoralisation which has eaten as a canker-worm into the heart of French literature.

Madame Georges Sand appears to have had in view, in her *Francia* to caricature the first years of the Restoration. The principal personages are a Marquise, a Grisette, and a Russian Prince, commanding an army corps at the time of the invasion of the allies—that is to say in 1814. The Marquise has little that is noble about her, the Russian Prince is a man without characteristic, and what interest there is in the plot is attached to the person who, in her position, should be the least entitled to it—the Grisette. But this appears to be what best suits the popular taste.

M. Gustave Aimard concerns himself with the invasion of 1890 in his *Aventures de Michel Hartmann*. Hartmann is a hero of that calibre, that had there been many such France would not have to regret the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. As to the Prussians, suffice it, that M. de Moltke is depicted as timid as a rabbit, the mere whistling of a ball sufficing to make the great strategist seek shelter in a hole in the wall!

M. Alfred Assolant devotes himself to the same subject in his *Docteur Judassohn*, graduate of the University of Jena, an old political conspirator, and in 1870, a spy in the service of M. de Bismark. It is impossible to conceive a more odious and repulsive character than that of this Prussian spy. M. Alfred Assolant has an established reputation as a good hater, his sympathies and his strength appear to be limited to the abuse of others.

The Count de Montferrier presents us with a more amusing and a more graphic portraiture of the Commune in his *M. le Préfet, sa Dame et sa Demoiselle*. The prefect in question has been a clown, a conspirator, a spy, and a hair-dresser. It is a life-like portrait of the kind of personages who came to the front during the orgies and the saturnalia of the *pipes en bois*, or gentlemen with wooden pipes. So also with respect to his associates, of whom one (Blondeau) became commissary extraordinary, another (Piffard) a general, and another (Sylvie) a *générale* or lady-general. In depicting and satirising the habits and manners of the Communists, the author has been almost inevitably led into details which can scarcely be recommended for general perusal.

Happily, M. Louis Enault's work, *Le Baptême du Sang*, does not belong to this class of productions of dubious morality. Pedro, a foundling, and precociously trained to evil, with a morose and surly disposition, becomes as a soldier transformed by discipline into a good man and a worthy member of society. The work, penned in that chaste style which is characteristic of the author of *Vadège* and *Christine*, is a kind of defence of the essentially Conservative principle of standing armies, as opposed to the revolutionary advocacy of forces raised for the occasion. As such we can highly recommend it to our readers, in addition to the fact that the work is well written, full of movement and incident, with some curious details regarding the gypsy or Bohemian life of the hero, and is free from any thing that is objectionable.

*Le Docteur Egra* of M. Albert Sorel is another foundling, but its history is not so exemplary as that of Pedro. A young gentleman, Maurice de Rofosse, is accused with having fired a pistol at his father and stolen the jewels of his step-mother, the Countess de Rofosse. He expatriates himself, and is condemned for contumacy. In Switzerland he meets with a young Slavonian, Egra, a doctor, a materialist, and an atheist, who fills his mind with projects of revenge. The doctor dying in a town of Finland, Maurice assumes his name and profession, and returns to France bent upon carrying out his reprehensible resolutions. He finds the countess—his step-mother—in a state of mental alienation, and he undertakes her cure in which, after the lapse of time, he succeeds, and at the same time he is also enabled to rehabilitate the memory of Maurice, who is supposed to be dead, by proving that the jewel robbery was really effected by the countess's brother-in-law, the Baron of Montemors. He does not, however, make his identity known, but makes his departure after having made two people happy by bringing about a marriage between Emma de Rofosse with her lover André Maylian. The vengeance taken is, in fact, of a kind with which no fault can be found, and the false Doctor Egra turns out to be a better man than the real doctor. An old maid, Athenais de Rofosse, is depicted as a representative of the clerical ideas which still find home in Spain, in France, in Ireland, and in some parts of Germany; her sole idea being the establishment of an order of *jesuitistes*, to the effect that the world may be subjugated to the Pope through domineering and implacable women.

M. Ferdinand Fabre, who has made a speciality of clerical life, carries out the same views in detail in his *Abbé Tigrane, Candidat à la Papauté*. Priestly ambition, which does not recoil before even sacrilegious practices, is here ably depicted. The author, however, as sympathies for the good among the clergy, and his generous Abbé Lavernède and his Monseigneur de Roquebrun—a bishop

after the style of the benevolent François de Sales—rescue his work from condemnation even by the clerical party. They, indeed, themselves admit that it is a very remarkable production.

*L'Ensorcelée*, by M. J. Barbey d'Aurevilly, is, however, admittedly a still more remarkable work. It is Balzac over again, but with Catholic sympathies and chasteness superadded to taste and genius in the execution. Modern French literature has nothing to compare with the austere figure of the Abbé de la Croix—Jugan, a representative of Catholic feudality, who casts his lot in with the *Chouannerie* of the middle ages, with all the devotedness of a crusader, and who perishes at the altar a victim of pardonable errors. The work is founded upon legends still current in the Cotentin, where the Norman peasants and the shepherds of the Landes relate stories that make the flesh creep. The details are indeed often fantastic, and at times very horrible. The character of la Clote has been claimed as Shakespearean. She is the Sybil of an age that is gone by, and the Cassandra of an era that is breaking upon us.

M. de Saint-George's *Yeux Verts* is another work of the fantastic school. The green eyes are a peculiarity attached to a certain Chevalier de Saint-Harem, an alchemist and a recluse having no sympathies save for a frightful cat—Freyschutz by name. Saint-Harem dies, leaving his fortune to his nephew, Albert Dumesnil. But Dumesnil has reckoned without the cat. The monster is no longer the same since his master's death. His eyes, formerly black, have become green, and hating Dumesnil, he watches an opportunity to seize upon the will of the defunct magician. Dumesnil is indeed driven to distraction by the pranks of his hirsute and be-devilled enemy, and he must have gone raving mad but for the kind and soothing attentions of a charming cousin Henrietta,—natural daughter of the old alchemist, who saves him from perdition by her love.

Still one more fantastic story. This is M. Elie Berthet's *Œil de Diamant*. The diamond eye or Vishnu's eye is a talisman given by a Scotch lord to the daughter of a rajah. But the talisman is fatal. All who possess it meet with a violent end. This is the case in the first place with a mysterious personage yclept Macaulay, and in the second with a dissolute Norman, Verville by name. There are pleasing details and dramatic situations in the *Œil de Diamant*, but the author is not such an adept in this peculiar line as is M. de Saint-Georges.

Passing from the fantastic to the psychological novel, M. Henri Rivière appears to excel in the analytical line, though his *Mademoiselle d'Arremont* reminds us of Molière's *Dépit Amoureux*, the plot indeed being the same. Lucienne loves Gaston Dally, but

does everything she can to make him believe she does not do so. The result is that she is very nearly driven to marry a certain Tournieres, whom she detests. Luckily all comes right in the end, and Commandant Dally weds Lucienne d'Avremont, just as in the *Légende des Siècles*.

"*Aimery de Narbonne épouse la belle Aude.*"

M. Victor Cherbuliez is clever, but immoral. His *Meta Holdensis* is a repulsive character, a governess, who all the time she is pretending to educate M. de Mauserre's son, is plotting how she shall entrap the father. Then, again, M. de Mauserre, ambassador of the French at Dresden, lives publicly with the wife of a brother diplomatist. M. Cherbuliez, as in his *Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, considers this as quite proper. It is simply a question of love!

It is quite certain that a novel should not be a sermon, but there is a *medio tutissimus* in all things. The novelist, so long as he depicts the different phases of life and character, is not expected to teach morality; but, again, he is bound by all the principles of his art, as well as by what he owes to society, not to advocate that which is impure. The immoralities that almost of necessity teem alike in novel and romance, where there must be toads as well as pearls, suffice in themselves, without attempts to palliate them. Mr. Charles Joliet, for example, in his *Foire aux Chagrins*, argues that truth in art lies in an equilibrium between two extreme points, the real and the ideal. He does not believe in morality in art. Every work, he argues, is moral, if it is well done. M. Charles Baudelaire advocates the same theory. It is not the less fallacious. There are certain principles which art should never violate, or it fails to keep the very equilibrium advocated between the real and the ideal.

M. Yriarte's idea of a Puritan is peculiar. His *Le Puritain* (such is the name of his novel) is an orphan, whose only friend is a cold, heartless, conceited fop, formerly secretary to Talleyrand. The poor boy imbibes nothing but bad principles. He becomes misanthropic, which is supposed to be the same as Puritanism, whereas they only come from the same source, pride—pride of personal identity in the one case, pride in religious ascetism in the other. Luckily for Maxime, for such is the name of the so-called Puritan, he is reclaimed, after a deplorable youth, by his wife, Marie de Groussay. Maxime learns to work, and is cured of his black humours and sullen intractability which is designated as Puritanism. Perhaps the French attach a different sense to the word than we do, just as in English to be Puritanical is not always to be a Puritan. The latter word was first applied in derision to the Dissenters on account of their professing to follow the *pure* word of God in opposition to all traditions and human constitutions.

France is not free from an evil which has been denounced by one of our ablest writers of fiction, as, if very rare, still capable of being in existence in this country. It is that of seclusion, under false pretences, of persons supposed to labour under mental alienation, or, as we suppose it ought to be called under the new system, diseased or defective cerebration. M. Alberic Second depicts in his *Vicomtesse Alice* the tricks of an unfortunate artist of great talent, called René Derville, whom it is sought to incarcerate as a madman. Luckily, he is saved by a young widow—the Vicomtesse Alice—but at the expense of her becoming Madame Derville. The sacrifice is too great.

*Apropos* of diseased cerebration, we see a Frenchman of the name of Paul Ribot (and all Frenchmen are not writers of novels, but on the contrary, as is well known, many are remarkable for their powers of analysis, whether in science or philosophy) has published a work entitled *Spiritualisme et Materialisme, étude sur la Limite de nos Connaissances*, which is well worthy of perusal, and may be obtained at Baillière's. The author, after discussing the question, which is as old as the world itself, whether matter constitutes the basis and element, or whether it only constitutes the grosser part of nature, argues that in reality the external or material world is less known to us than the intellectual world. The modern doctrine of forces and movements engendered by matter are only secondary causes, the very existence of matter itself being only determined by our sensations and perceptions; whilst the phenomena of conscience are more evident than the properties of matter, and our acquaintance with the existence of a mind is much more certain than that of the existence of our bodies. These necessary ideas exist within ourselves, but do not come from us, despite the theories of materialistic cerebration. There is a first cause that has placed them in us, and which communicates through them with our personal identity, our consciences, and our minds, and constitutes, metaphysically speaking, our souls.

M. Xavier Aubryet, the author of one of the best works of 1872, *Les Représailles du Sens Commun*, has not been so felicitous this year. His new work, entitled *La Vengeance de Madame Maubreil*, is thoroughly Parisian in its language, its incidents, and its libertinism. Madame Maubreil is depicted as an intellectual, proud, chaste, high-principled person, and yet she falls. Well, where is her revenge? Simply that, having become a widow, she marries her seducer! There may be wrong in this; if so, the writer does not make it apparent. On the contrary, it is the husband who causes grief and pain to his wife. In fact, he is such a libertine that Madame Maubreil leaves him and retires to a

convent. The title of the work seems to be a misnomer, the writer, in his dread of becoming common-place, seems to have run into the opposite extreme, and fallen into licentiousness. The same may be said of M. Charles Asselineau's *La Ligne Brisée*, the style of which is not bad; but there is a certain Sabine in the story whose easy sentimentality reminds us of the epicurean enchantments of that *Prudence de Saman-Lesbatz*, which have given birth to no small amount of scandal among those who are not always over particular.

Witness the *Ventre de Paris* of M. Emile Zola? Novels, before spoken of as reprehensible, are idylls compared to such a work. A miserable convict, a certain Marjolin, who follows his instincts like a brute; a materialist, who calls Murillo a black-guard; a street-walker, Cadine; a poulterer who intrigues; a charcutier who trades in Communism; fish-wives who swear; and children who use foul language,—such, with their well-known accompaniments of rotten poultry, poisonous charcuterie, stinking fish, rancid oil, and every other abomination to be found in the bye-places of a great city, constitute the *Ventre de Paris*, a work unworthy of notice save to show what we have to expect from a purely democratic literature.

It is a pleasure to turn from such debasing themes to *Les Deux Frères* of Erckman-Chatrain. Jean and Jacques Rantzau are brothers at enmity with one another—the Capulets and Montagues of the Vosges. But by the side of these two implacables, Providence has placed a Romeo, the son of Jean, and a Juliet, the daughter of Jacques. The two young people love one another as heartily as their parents detest each other. They have to surmount almost invincible difficulties to get married, and strange to say, that union accomplished, the two brothers only dislike one another the more. They are, however, at length reconciled through the kind offices of the priest Jeannequin and the schoolmaster Florence, excellent types of rural simplicity and good-nature, who help to make this history of family hatreds and family loves all the more touching and dramatic. Although thus upholding the virtues of the rural clergy, Messrs. Erckman-Chatrain by no means belong to the Ultramontane party.

Not so with La Comtesse de Busseret-Steenbecque, who, in her *Jean de Parthenay*, is not satisfied with making her hero a zealous Romanist, but he must fain fall in love with Edith Vane, an equally fervent Protestant. Jean wishes to marry Edith; but the descendant of the Crusaders cannot wed a woman who is not of his faith. Edith returns to England, and Jean joins the Pontifical Zouaves. But Edith softens and repents. She returns to France, and takes up her abode with certain old Romanist aunts, well pre-



pared for conversion. News arrives that Jean is fatally wounded, and the desirable result is at once brought about. Only as a Catholic can Edith pray for the victim of Mentana. Needless to add that Jean de Parthenay gets better of his wounds, and all ends in a happy union, "blessed by heaven and by earth."

*Un Homme d'Honneur* is the work of an anonymous lady, who writes under the pseudonym of "Evodie." Georges Hilbrand, the honourable man, is not an uncommon character. He has promised the Marquise de Créfeuille, on her death-bed, to protect her daughter, Irène. But Irène grows up to be a good and handsome woman, and Georges loves her. The young lady herself has naturally no idea of so great, and yet not so uncommon an absurdity (if we are to judge by novels) as loving her adopted father. She declares her intention of wedding a certain Baudoin de Gombescourt. Georges Hilbrand is in despair. He detests Baudoin; but Reischoffen, Wissenbourg, and Sedan make them better acquainted with one another. Georges, fatally wounded, legacies his adopted daughter, Irène, to Baudoin, and carries his secret with him to a soldier's grave.

Madame Mathilde Bourdon is another gifted female author, and she is better known in the literary world. Her last work, *Marc de Lheiningen*, is also one of her best. Ludovise de Sennys has, without being aware of the fact, wedded a murderer, Marc de Lheiningen. In an excess of passion he has slain his cousin Conrad. Nor was this the only crime that he has committed. In complicity with his old nurse, Veronique, he has borne witness against an innocent person, Sébastien Herck, son of a poor widow, who is condemned to the hulks. Marc de Lheiningen's character is proportionately affected. He is capricious, timid, unsocial, morose, and at times passionate. All these are the results of a conscience not at ease. The old nurse, Veronique, unveils, on her death-bed, the secret of her husband's unhappiness to Ludovise. Instead of reproaching him, the brave lady accepts her situation, and resolves upon a cure. This is ultimately brought about with the aid of religion, and the Hercks are so well compensated that out of a grievous evil comes a real and permanent good to all parties concerned.

Among other novels of this class, which, whether artistic or dramatic or otherwise, may be put down as more or less irreproachable in a moral point of view, may be mentioned *La plus Heureuse de la Famille*, by Madame Emmeline Raymond; *Porto par la Foi*, by Madame Guerrier de Haupt; *La Marquise de Satin-Vert*, by La Baronne Martineau des Chesnez; *Le Cerele de la Famille*, by Madame de Witt, née Guizot; *L'Enfant Perdu*, by M. Camille de Cérans; *Le Prisonnier de Kustrin*, by Conrad de Bclanden;

*Les Fils de la Montagne*, by M. A. Thelme; and, lastly, *La Vente de Parga*, by M. Jules Roussy. The object aimed at in the first of these works is to stigmatise family preferences; the second attests that faith alone enables us to support adversity; the third is a pleasant story of the adventures of two mice, adapted to the capacity of children. Madame de Witt, a Protestant, relates some capital stories in her *Cercle de Famille*. *L'Enfant Perdu* is also a good boy's story of a child lost by shipwreck, and the *Prisonnier de Kustrin* refers to the wars of Frederick the Great and Frederick William I., and contains some curious historical reminiscences. The Sons of the Mountain are the Maronites, favoured by Romanists in their quarrels with the Turks and Druses, and the *Vente de Parga* luxuriates in denouncing the perfidy of England, when it ought to have traced whatever was criminal to a certain Ali de Tebelen, who was by no means of English nationality.



Air, water, earth, and fire own love's control,  
And man obeys love's sovereign behest,  
As soft desire or anger swells his breast,  
And hopes, fears, pains, make up his being's whole  
Of all creator, and of all the king,  
And life and light of everything is love,  
In man he chiefly plays his regal part;  
And as celestial ring outstretches ring,  
So shineth love below e'en as above,  
His light in thy bright eyes, his temple my fond

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A CLASSIC MESALLIANCE

"Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori," &c.—HORACE, II. 4.

You needn't be ashamed, my friend,  
You needn't cry "peccavi,"  
Because you've gone and fallen in love  
With Phyllis, your fair slavey.  
You've classic models. Ajax chose  
Tecmessa out to be his:  
Achilles and Atrides fought  
Like cats about Briseis.

For me, I feel no sort of doubt  
Some ancestry quite olden,  
Perhaps a regal pedigree  
Claims Phyllis fair and golden.  
So sweet a damsel could not be  
Grown from a common mother

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TREVANION HALL,

OR

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

BY EMMA ELIZA HAMILTON.

“Those creatures live more alone whose food, and therefore prey, is upon other sensitive creatures.”

TEMPLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

AMIDST the calculating self-interested ties which men term “Friendship,” it is refreshing to meet occasional instances of pure, unselfish regard springing up in childhood’s heart, and ripening into that strong, steadfast feeling, which weathers the gales of manhood’s varying life! Such rare instances are usually met with in tempers directly opposite. The shy, sensitive lad is cheered by a lively companion, while an excitable spirit finds rest in the society of a tranquil friend.

These distinctions were strongly marked in the dispositions of two youths, whose history we shall endeavour to trace, from early boyhood, along the paths which led on to their future destiny. Truthfully we record their faults and merits; nothing extenuate, nothing hide, but invite the reader to bear us company, and take an interest in CHARLES MANSFIELD and SIBALD TREVANION, two orphans, whose bereavement formed the only similitude between them.

Charles Mansfield lost his parents when he was nine years old. Mrs. Mansfield died giving birth to a daughter, whose fragile infancy gave little hope that the child would long survive the mother. The husband never rallied from the sudden blow. Three months after losing the wife he so fondly loved, he also was carried to the grave.

In his dying moments Mr. Mansfield bequeathed the two chil-

dren to the guardianship of his brother, Colonel Mansfield, whom he appointed trustee to his large property.

Charles was a frank, joyous-hearted boy. In the opening path of life he saw no shadow or darkness: the future was viewed through the sunny atmosphere of his own mind. At Eton, if he imbibed but little Greek, he was very popular. If ever it could be said of any human being "he had no enemy," it might be applied to Charles Mansfield. At eighteen he commenced college life at Trinity, Cambridge.

During the last nine years his puny little sister had been placed in the care of an experienced nurse (her aunt had no children, and avoided nursery cases). The little Eveline, though still a delicate child, was not unhealthy. She grew fast, was tall for her age—a pretty, loving creature, worth hundreds of regular beauties. Her aunt, Mrs. Mansfield, sent her for education to a lady at Eastbourne, where sea breezes and affectionate care, simple pleasures and quiet employment, brought vigour to the frame and happiness to the mind. Such was Eveline's early girlhood.

Her brother we have just landed at the first gate that opens on a young man's career; and now let us turn to his friend, Sibald Trevanion, the chosen of his boyhood, and see where Providence will place him.

Sibald was the son of that brave Captain Trevanion who fell while leading a party of British troops to force the stronghold of a rebellious Rajah, previous to the *Afghanistan* war. Captain Trevanion had lately married the daughter of a missionary clergyman, and by this alliance offended his haughty father, a baronet of ancient pedigree—Sir Watkin Trevanion, of Trevanion Hall, Shropshire.

The young widow and her child—a boy two years old—were left penniless, save her pension. As soon as she could arrange the scanty affairs it was needful to settle, Mrs. Trevanion returned to England, intending to implore for her child the protection of his grandfather, though claiming nothing for herself. Her touching letter to Sir Watkin was answered with scorn. The baronet refused to acknowledge his son's marriage, denouncing the mother and her child as aliens to his blood, and forbidding any future attempts at communication with him.

The poor discarded woman had no friends or relatives in this country either to protect or advise her; she was utterly crushed by the cruel disappointment. Her gentle spirit had clung to the husband she loved—the prop withdrawn, she sunk helpless into sorrow. Broken health soon added to her cares,—the dread of leaving her boy destitute (Sir Watkin having declared the intention of cutting off the entail, and bequeathing his vast property to a distant relative).

Though talented, beautiful, and good, Mrs. Trevanion was convicted of the unpardonable crime of humble birth. Sir Watkin had planned a marriage for his son and heir with a county lady with a "scutcheon of pretence." The Baronet had never been contradicted in his life—it was not likely he should begin to bear it at fifty. No! Sir Watkin's spouse, the Lady Arabella Haughton, soon found the way to gain her own will by never trying to rule his. She did not love him enough to make any effort to improve or modify his nature.

Having borne him a son and heir, Lady Arabella considered that she had done her duty. Sir Watkin paid her bills without rumbling. Her jewels and equipages were superb; yet they could not carry their possessor over the bridge exempt from the toll we all must pay. Her ladyship died. The parish church was hung with black, and Sir Watkin invited no company to the hall for a fortnight. These tokens of respect being paid, he lived henceforth a jolly widower, and was in that enviable condition when Captain Trevanion married the parson's daughter.

Repulsed and disowned, Mrs. Trevanion hid her poverty in a small cottage near London. Sorrow and anxiety gradually worked their way over a frame almost delicate. She languished, feeble and weaker each day, yet striving to give her child the instruction for which she could not afford to pay.

The little fellow's devotion to his suffering parent was beautiful. He never sought the amusements and recreations of children, or felt the dullness in which his young life passed. Sitting for hours beside his mother's couch—hushed to silence if she slept—softly repeating his lessons when she was able to hear them, preparing the food she could take, and administering it with the care of a watchful nurse. Early in the morning he might be seen cultivating, with frugal industry, the small plot of ground in front of the cottage, delighted if it produced a few flowers to cheer the sick chamber.

Thus was Sibald employed when accident founded that friendship ordained to ripen in maturer years.

Colonel Mansfield had taught Charles to ride, and often sent him out on his Shetland pony, attended by the groom. One day, the boy—now ten years old—was cantering along the Harrow road, delighted to have distanced the negligent groom, when the horse shied and reared, trying to throw the young rider. Charles had lost all power over the animal. He was on the point of being dashed backward on the ground, when Sibald, not taller, and only two years older than Charles, rushed from the garden, seized the curb rein, and with wonderful strength for his age, pulled down the creature's head with the force of his right arm, while, with his

left, he caught Charles, and laid him safe on the green sward by the side of the road.

Charles, with his usual eagerness, began loudly to praise and thank his preserver.

"You are quite welcome," answered Sibald; "do not speak loud. My mother was very ill. She must not be disturbed. Good-bye!"

## CHAPTER II.

FAR different from this cold parting on the side of the rescuer, was the ardent gratitude of the rescued. While relating the adventure, on returning to Curzon Street, where he passed his holidays, earnest was Charles's petition that he might have Sibald (yes, that was the young gentleman's name—Charles heard the lady call him in) that Sibald might come and spend a whole day with him.

Mrs. Mansfield's consent was reluctantly given, with a warning to her nephew not to make chance acquaintances, especially not in roadside cottages. The people were dirty.

"Oh, aunt," Charles exclaimed; "everything looked so neat and pretty."

"I will ride down with you, to-morrow," said Colonel Mansfield, "and ask him to spend a day with us next week. I shall find if they are in distress, and, if so, relieve them."

"He would not take your money," said Charles; "he looks so proud."

"I should give it in a manner not to hurt his feelings, my dear boy. We must make some return for the gallant service."

On arriving at the cottage the following day, they were seen by Sibald, who came to the gate and apologised for not asking them to alight, as his mother was so ill.

Colonel Mansfield was struck by the boy's manner. So unlike a child,—so self-possessed, courteous, and formed.

To Charles's great disappointment his uncle's cordial invitation was declined. Sibald replied that his mother was too unwell to be left in the care of the servant girl, and he knew none of the neighbours. Therefore he never left the house except to work in the garden, or go in quest of things required.

So long as the holidays lasted, Charles found his way to the cottage, helped Sibald to put the garden in order, or sat with him on the rustic bench; but August arrived, and Charles must return to school, where he was to be prepared for Eton.

A few more months Mrs. Trevanion languished. All the

symptoms of consumption were confirmed—her last days, her last hours were at hand. Strange as it might appear, although for years she had felt the dread of leaving Sibald unprotected, still at the last a placid resignation healed all earthly cares. "God will befriend thee, my darling! He will bless thee." She kissed the sobbing child, turned her face to the wall, and died.

After the funeral Colonel Mansfield brought the poor desolate orphan away to his house, intending to place him in a benevolent institution. He had never rightly understood Mrs. Trevanion's sad history, and considered it impossible that Sir Watkin could have acted as he did if a legal marriage with his son had taken place. Sibald, he believed, was illegitimate. As such he was discarded by the haughty baronet. Heaven mocks at earthly pride and human resolutions.

The unoffending object of Sir Watkin's aversion was scarcely cold in her grave, when he himself was called to his account, to answer at that Bar where wealth can get no counsel. His son's marriage having been fully and legally proved (the chaplain of the regiment, and the colonel who was present at the ceremony, attesting the fact), young Sibald became inheritor of his grandfather's title and estates.

Although Sir Watkin threatened to cut off the entail, he had not done so; he left no will, therefore Sibald was heir to all.

The young baronet learned this sudden change in his position without any exuberance. His chief thought was regret that his poor mother had not lived to see it; but when Charles heard the news, he broke forth into violent grief.

"Oh! Sibald, Sibald!" he cried; "you will get proud and never think of me. Such a great man, a fine title, hundreds of acres, and a grand old house like a palace! Whole villages called by your name; hundreds of people under you! Oh, Sibald, you will forget me! I have nothing but money."

Charles was only pacified by assurances of unchangeable regard, and with frequent visits at Trevanion Hall.

Sibald being made a ward of Chancery at fourteen, requested to be allowed to accompany his friend to Eton, where four years matured the affection of earlier feelings, amid school-boy plans and pleasures, mutual confidences, hopes and fears, coming shadows of the real, as they herald in the sterner business of men's lives.

Though nearly two years older than his friend, Charles gained Colonel Mansfield's permission to leave Eton, and enter Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same time as Sir Sibald.

Our universities stamp the man for good or ill, obscurity or fame. There is the young spendthrift, squandering six hundred a year, and deep in debt, telling his father (called on to pay the



bills, or see the young man disgraced), that he "must live like a gentleman;" and there is the poor clergyman's son, reading for a college "Exhibition." His allowance is £80 per annum; out of it he saves five to purchase books. Perhaps these are extreme cases—to neither did the friends belong. Their conduct and habits were correct. With ample means, they lived within their incomes. They were not idle, but lacking the spur of necessity or ambition, their mental powers and industry were not called forth.

Sibald's natural talents were of a high order. Great things were expected from him. He might have been a distinguished scholar; he was content to be an accomplished gentleman. Visionary and romantic, he created an ideal world, dwelling with delight on the fictitious beauties created by his own imagination. Probably the seclusion of his childhood's life, his mother's melancholy state, and the want of any recreation suitable to youth, had induced the morbid sensitiveness which brought distaste for any course of hard study or practical views of life. His feelings were continually grazed by something which most persons neither held by or noticed. Charles, the depository of his friend's ideal woes, listened to the detail with unwearied patience; for were they not a component part of his dear friend? Yet he did sometimes hazard a wish that Sibald would make himself happy. Vain hope! How can any man be happy who is constantly searching out the faults or follies of his fellow-creatures?

"Charles," he would exclaim, "when, when shall I find men or systems consistent, virtue encouraged—baseness spurned! Ah, when shall I be valued for myself alone, not for the trappings of wealth and title!"

"Well, for my part," young Mansfield would reply, "I find everybody pleasant in some way or other: I have good health, a good fortune, a kind guardian, and a dear friend. When I leave college and am old enough, Uncle Mansfield says I must get into Parliament; if I do, depend on it, Sibald, I will never worry my head with politics. I shall have a capital house in Mayfair, a villa at Cowes. Time enough for all this when I am of age. Then, dear Sibald, we will travel for a year or two; visit Italy, Switzerland, Russia, and Norway; perhaps you may find something pleasant abroad."

Three years passed on, leaving scarce any trace of change in characters or tempers of the young friends. Charles had won some half dozen cups at boat races, was a general favourite, and known as "That capital fellow, Charlie!"

Sibald had formed no new connections, and had gained few friends. The Baronet, being very fastidious, very rich, and very handsome, was considered vastly clever, but proud and eccentric.

Wandering over the classic meads, or through cloisters, a volume of Byron, Rousseau, or Schiller in his hand, he meditated on their impossibilities, creating greater of his own.

Sir Sibald took a creditable degree, nothing higher; disappointing the learned tutor, who hoped to have turned out a "double first."

Nothing was expected of Charles; but when it came to the ordeal, he took a higher degree than his friend. He had read for one purposely, if not deeply, practically (or to use his own definition of study, "to get the thing done and over").

On leaving the university, Sibald, rejecting the continental tour, as he disliked strangers, and the bustling haste of travelling, resolved to visit his patrimonial estates, and, if possible, find in the humbler walks of life, among the rural people around his own domains, those unsophisticated feelings, and that true sense of honour, which he had failed to meet with in conventional society.

As the Baronet had not visited Trevanion Hall on his coming of age, that event had been passed over without demonstration, and this later appearance was hailed as the grand arrival of the youthful heir.

After a brief visit to Curzon Street, where Charles met his sister Eveline—a delicate run-up child, twelve years old—staying with her aunt for the holiday, the young men started on an exploring excursion among the ancient woods and manors of Trevanion Hall.

Those who have ever seen "The Border Marches," will remember the soft, rich scenery of these lovely woods and valleys. Villages nestled beneath the luxuriant foliage which clothes the gentle hills; castles reduced by Time, or the frequent battles under their stately walls, some having mouldered into utter ruin, forbidding the antiquarians to trace their history, others still bearing tokens of former grandeur.

Trevanion Hall is a renovated pile, dating from the early part of Henry IV.'s reign, when the baronetcy was conferred. The building forms a superb feature of these romantic scenes. The towers, rising grey and lofty on the sloping hill, and first seen through the ruined arches of the ancient castle; uniting the past with the present—crowding the memory with historic lore, the feudal chivalry of long-past ages; feelings that once governed the actions and the passions of men, and wrought out the fate of nations.

It was through one of these ruined archways, hung with evergreens and trophies, that the young baronet and his friend drove on towards the grand entrance of the hall. Suddenly stopped, the dashing bays were unlinked from the carriage, and a party of young

men drew it swiftly to the hall door, followed by the tenantry—some on horseback, others on foot, carrying banners with appropriate inscriptions. "Welcome to Sir Sibald!" "Prosperity to the house of Trevanion!" "Health and happiness to our young master!" nothing very original.

The Salopians have long ceased to be a poetic people. Their harps unstrung, their misty legends forgotten, they are as wide-awake to the value of money as a Cheapside cockney.

The flight of steps and portico of the grand entrance was crowded by the various domestics and retainers, who considered themselves privileged to give a household reception. There was the old steward, grown grey in the service. The housekeeper, a comely dame, though bulky, in her silk gown and lace head-gear: her ample frontage displaying a long gold watch chain. To these officials orders had been sent to prepare "a proper establishment" against Sir Sibald's arrival with his friend,—men-servants and maidens—all the essentials of a rich home—(sufficient in number to prevent the remotest chance that the master or guests should ever be without a hireling at hand). There stood a troop of women-servants, smiling and bobbing curtseys, as Sir Sibald passed up. Charles kept an unobtrusive distance for some minutes, unwilling in any degree to share the ovation; but Sir Sibald's *own man*—compelled to follow on foot when the tenants ordered him off the dickey as they unyoked the horses from the carriage—hastened up the steps with an air of vast importance, placing himself close to his master.

When Sir Sibald had ascended the grand flight of steps, and standing on the broad level fronting the portico, he turned round, surveying at once the lovely prospect over his rich domain, and the loving, animated scene immediately before him.

As he faced the people, and bowed from side to side, another burst of cheers spoke the sincerity of welcome.

Sibald was penetrated. "Here," thought he, "yes, here I shall find happiness. Honest hearts, unspoiled by the world; prepared to love me, if I merit their affection."

Among the group of people nearest him, there was one person, who, although particularly insignificant in stature, attracted the Baronet's attention above all the rest. Having made fruitless efforts for a front place, this little man had taken his stand on a raised slab, intended for an urn or marble vase. Here, safe from the jostling and pressure of the athlete, he ceased not to bow, and smile, and wave his hand.

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired Sir Sibald of the old steward.

"Under permission, your honour, he is Mr. Quillet, the solicitor

of Salopia. He has had the management of the property under trust."

"Then ask him to dine here, that I may thank him," replied Sibald.

Ushered by the major-domo, the Baronet, Charles Mansfield, and the lawyer entered a large oak-panelled apartment—the only sitting room Sir Watkin had inhabited during the five last years of his life. It was adorned with trophies of the chase—portraits of winning horses—their pedigrees framed under each. On the sideboard was ranged a collection of valuable plate, ancient and modern; while over the oak door appeared the emblazoned arms of Trevanion, quartered with the Douglas's—to which noble stock Sir Watkin's wife, the Lady Arabella Haughton, belonged.

Nothing could suggest a stranger, or more absurd contrast with the general effect of the apartment, than presented itself in the person of the little lawyer. Thin and wiry, Quillett's age might be off or on fifty-five and sixty. His face, ruddy and shrivelled, was surmounted by a cropped flaxen wig, which, not a *Truefit*, but too large for the shrunk temples, was usually awry, giving an odd expression to his small grey eyes.

A grand dinner had been prepared, as it was expected that the gentlemen of Salopia, who joined in the procession, would be invited to enjoy it; but Sir Sibald, though super-refined in manners, was deficient in tact, and had neglected to give an *impromptu* invitation to the neighbouring squires, who came, many of them, several miles to meet the cavalcade. Thus the new reign opened with an unpopular omission, and Sir Sibald sat down to table with Charles and Mr. Quillett.

The lawyer soon made you forget his outward appearance. If he was not a wit, he had a fund of amusing anecdotes concerning county elections, and magisterial forms. He was also a man of gentlemanly manners, and a total absence of professional talk redeemed the Salopian lawyer from the chance of being classed with professional bores. Probably the absence of other guests induced him to think that Sir Sibald intended to enter on business matters. Having filled his glass, he said—

"This is a red-letter day; I never think of business on holidays. If Sir Sibald will appoint any morning" (a stress on the *A M*); "I shall have much satisfaction in going through the affairs, and ask permission to bring George Morton, the head bailiff, who thoroughly knows the terms of leases and the characters of tenants."

After this brief speech, Mr. Quillett resumed the general conversation.

Soon after dinner Sir Sibald, viewing the beautiful landscape

displayed by the radiant evening's light in front of a large oriel window, exclaimed—

“Oh! why remain in doors when we might enjoy this lovely evening? See that placid lake reflecting the glorious sunset. Charles, shall we stroll down to yonder beech wood? Mr. Quillet, will you come?”

With calm response the lawyer made excuse.

“I am old,” he said. “My digestion not very good: when I walk immediately after dinner, I suffer. With your permission, I will sit awhile in the portico and enjoy the evening breeze: then I must go down and see how they get on with the scaffold and frames for the fireworks. I assure you, Sir Sibald, the display to-night will be the finest we have ever had since the celebration of your honoured father's birth—fifty years ago, if I reckon rightly. You will allow the park to be open for spectators?”

“Of course, Mr. Quillett, arrange everything properly. You understand the thing. Oblige me by taking the superintendence. Let there be refreshments for the people.”

“I have sent a barrel of home-brewed down to the tent. Pray, do not hurry home this fine evening. I have plenty of work till ten o'clock: therefore, gentlemen, do not think of me. Enjoy yourselves as long as you please; do not hurry.”

Parting from this active agent, the young friends bent their way along a broad walk leading down to the lake. The purple twilight veil began to spread over the valleys and undulating ground, far and near, giving a rich tint to all the points where sunset rays yet lingered. The last gleam faded away. The shadows of night came on. Still and cloudless already a few stars gemmed the heavens, but no moonlight. It was a night specially favourable to the display of fireworks.

Sibald returned unwillingly to the house. The scene he left fed the reveries he loved to indulge in; yet he met no glare to disturb them. Except the lights which gleamed from the oak parlour, and a few guiding to the next story, the mansion remained in darkness to enhance the brilliancy of the fireworks.

Two lamps in the entrance-hall discovered a billiard table. Charles began to knock the balls—Sibald took a cue, and played carelessly.

A door opened. The housekeeper appeared. She stood before him. Mrs. Morton's face was at all times demure; on the present occasion more so than usually. Stiffly arranged, her mouth puckered up so closely, that but for the sounds it gave forth, you would not have known there was such a feature. Curtseying to the ground, in a voice tutored to solemnity, she said:—

"What is your pleasure, Sir Sibald, respecting Mr. Quillett?" and she looked the Baronet full in the face.

"Tell him we are returned, and send in coffee."

"I would venture, Sir Sibald, to ask your pleasure. What are we to do with him?"

"You are a funny woman," said Charles; "is this Salopian phraseology?"

Mrs. Morton proceeded, without paying attention either to the remark or question.

"Madge, poor old thing, is very careful, but we are afraid she will hardly be able to take care of the good gentleman to-night."

"Who the devil is Madge?" again put in Charles.

"Mr. Quillett's mare, sir. She has carried him safe and sound these twenty years, when the good gentleman could not guide her; but the road has been done up, lately, Sir Sibald, and is very rough; so we are rather dubious about his riding home, particularly as he could not sit upright."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Sibald, "do you mean to say the man is drunk?"

"With permission, Sir Sibald, I should say (by what the butler represents) that Mr. Quillett is rather overcome."

"Disgusting!" ejaculated the Baronet.

"Glorious!" shouted Charles. "I have not seen a fellow dead drunk since Jack Travers fell under the table, making his maiden speech at Dashwood's wine party."

"Mr. Quillett told us he was going to see the preparation for the fireworks," said Sibald, in a dry, contemptuous tone.

"And no doubt," replied the housekeeper, "the good gentleman intended so to do; but when Mr. Quillett gets to green seal, fourth bin, vintage thirty-two, he can never let a drop leave the room, and Sir Watkin being gone, and not there to assist him, of course Mr. Quillett was obliged to drink it all himself."

"Do you mean that my grandfather got drunk with him?" said the Baronet, more and more irate.

"Sir Watkin always had half-a-dozen green seal when Mr. Quillett dined with him.

"Mr. Quillett will not find such disgraceful doings now, I can assure him."

"No, Sir Sibald," ejaculated Mrs. Morton, with a pathetic sigh. "We must expect changes—in course we must. Mr. Quillett always had a bed at the hall, when he had dined with Sir Watkin."

"Then take the wretched man to his room. Do as you please, only let him be removed far from my sight."

"Lay his head high," said Charles, as with several curtsies the housekeeper left their presence.

The fireworks were a great success. We shall not attempt to describe their irrigations—typical, emblematical, allegorical, and concluding with a *tableau* representing Trevanion Hall, from the portal of which ancient structure a female figure (representing Plenty) threw high in the air ears of corn, which descended in golden showers amid a blaze of rockets. The park was thronged with admiring spectators until past midnight, when Sir Sibald and his household retired to rest.

When the Baronet met Charles the next morning, he mentioned having given an order that Mr. Quillett's breakfast should be taken to his room.

"He will not dare to meet me."

As Sibald expressed this opinion he was standing in front of the looking-glass, giving an improved touch to his necktie, when he beheld three heads reflected in the mirror, though only Charles and himself were supposed to be present. Turning quickly round, the object of his virtuous contempt and pity stood before him, fresh as the morning, neat and lively. One decided improvement; the bob-wig, just arranged, was straight, whereas on the preceding day it had been pushed from its central point, by the jostling of the crowd, to a triangle over the left eye.

"Good morning, Sir Sibald! good morning, Mr. Mansfield! I hope you are not the worse for the fatigues of yesterday."

"I reciprocate the hope," said Charles.

The Baronet bowed in silence—he felt confused, aware that Quillett must have heard his unpleasant remark.

In the lawyer's manner there was nothing to warrant that idea; like a sensible man he only heard that which he chose to hear."

"Your people tell me the fireworks were splendid," said he, breaking an awkward silence; "unluckily I did not see them. The fact is, I slept so sound and comfortably, that it was six o'clock before I awoke, or I intended to witness the display."

"I hope, rising so early, you will enjoy your breakfast," said Charles (Sir Sibald maintaining an obdurate silence).

"I shall, indeed!" replied Quillett, seating himself at the breakfast-table, and commencing operations. "The Trevanion air is appetising, especially after an hour's walk on Welsbrake Common—it sets you up for the day." While he spoke Quillett made an onslaught on the broiled chicken. "I had no intention of sleeping here, Sir Sibald, or trespassing on your hospitality, but you were so kind and pressing, it was impossible to refuse" (here he rose and went to the sideboard, returning with two large slices of ham on his fork)—"and it strikes me, Sir Sibald, that as we are together here, we might go through the accounts to-day. Finish

of the business at once, if you will allow me to send for one of my clerks with the box of papers."

"Pray do not trouble yourself, Mr. Quillett," said the young man: "I wish to ride over the home manors, this morning, and see a little of the tenants. I have no doubt you have done all for the best. I shall never ask for the accounts."

The lawyer put down his busied knife and fork: his wig gave a start, impelled by a sudden jerk of the eyebrows.

"My dear Sir Sibald!" he earnestly exclaimed, "do not, pray do not, excuse me—but do not throw away this fine property by idleness or neglect. You will stand at the mercy of every rogue about you, and tempt even honest men to robbery; wrestle against his dislike of business. You will soon find pleasure in the order and precision of your affairs."

"At any rate, not to-day."

"And why not to-day? business should never be deferred. Perhaps Mr. Mansfield will assist?"

"Most willingly," answered Charles; "and first I will drive over to Salopford, and bring the clerk and box of papers. Sibald, let me go."

Consent given, Charles drove off with Quillett's instructions for the clerk. During his absence the lawyer conducted Sibald through the mansion, pointing out the valuable and many invaluable heirlooms, the statues, pictures, ancient carvings and tapestries. He informed the Baronet that the chests of gold and silver plate, together with Lady Arabella's jewels, were sent, at her husband's request, to the London bankers.

"Great God!" exclaimed Sibald, as Quillett numbered up the treasures; "and with this mine of wealth my poor mother was left to starve!"

"Well, well, do not look at it in that way," replied Quillett: "your mother, doubtless, is happy in heaven. You make yourself happy here."

"Her life might have been prolonged many years, could she have been brought here, free from care and anxieties."

"Ah! well, she was never intended to come here, and she never did come. Sir Sibald, things are carved out as they must be—it is no use our setting ourselves against him who for twenty years attended on the spoil; whose wife drove her carriage and pair, and who proposed to stand for the borough. The servants ran about like rats in a barn. I turned them all out except the housekeeper, who is hypocritical, but honest in money matters. She hired two women and a man-servant, who is your butler (the show lot who received you yesterday were only hired last week; do not spoil them). I gave good wages, higher than they could get elsewhere, on an under-



standing that the first attempt at speculation, or keeping back produce, would be instant dismissal."

"Really, Mr. Quillett, I cannot but feel what infinite trouble you have taken to serve my interest," said the Baronet.

"No trouble at all," replied his agent; "only method and tracking people—they could not make a fool of me. Never imagine, Sir Sibald, that servants like you the better for being able to cheat you; they only despise you."

"But the time it must have cost, all this minute inspection."

"Pleasure! Sir Sibald, pleasure! I love the old place; I love to see it prosper. Trevanion Hall is wife and child, brother and sister to me."

Charles had been inspecting the methodical arrangement of the books with much interest.

"Mr. Quillett," he said, "you must have a very clear head."

"Yes, and I always keep it so, Mr. Mansfield. Early hours, plenty of exercise and temperance. Nature rewards these habits by a sound mind in a sound body. Temperance, Mr. Mansfield! temperance crowns grey hairs with a bright light!"

"Are you a teetotaler?" said Charles, with the most demure countenance, while Sir Sibald put on an offended virtue.

"Certainly, no, sir," replied Quillett. "I hold the pledge to be an insult to rational beings; a man might as well make a vow not to eat roast beef at Christmas lest he should take too much and make himself sick. No, no, Mr. Mansfield! every man knows when he has drunk enough, and when to stop."

Spite of certain emphatic glances from his friend, Charles was too much amused to drop the conversation.

"But, Mr. Quillett, there may be moments of temptation, impossible to resist? Consider—wines so exquisite that a man finds it impossible to refrain?"

"Sir, I never drink wine—the bad I detest, good I cannot afford. No wine for me; a pint of 6d. ale at dinner, half-a-pint at supper—that is my allowance; and if after a hard day's work I have been induced to wish for more, I have remembered, sir, there was only the fourpence halfpenny, and, as you say, refrained."

Sir Sibald was horrified, after the escapade of the previous day, that Quillett should have the effrontery to boast of temperance and 6d. ale, but he wronged the man. Quillett was no hypocrite; he had totally forgotten green seal, nor was he conscious of having been carried drunk to bed; he felt well and happy; intent on transacting the important business in hand—grateful for the night's hospitality, as he supposed pressed upon him.

"Mr. Quillett" (Sir Sibald had quelled his anger sufficiently to speak), "you must allow me to offer some token of acknowledge-

ent for your faithful care. Oblige me by considering a moment. anything you please?"

"Not a sixpence, Sir Sibald: only do your duty by the home of our ancestors, that is all I ask." Quillett placed a pen in the aronet's hand, and opening the last page of "The Trust Accounts," pointed out the line where Sir Sibald was to sign the release from the agency, and full closing of the accounts. That business completed, Quillet turned from the table, and stood for some minutes in an abstracted mood, like a man about to venture on some desperate act.

"Sir Sibald," he began, "you just now desired me to name something by which you might oblige me."

"And I hope you have decided?"

"Yes, there is one thing for which I shall feel very grateful; it will be a comfort to my mind, and a relief from anxiety."

"Pray name the wish. Granted, whatever it may be."

"Thanks, you are very kind; and I make free to ask it. My mare, Madge, gets old; I have had her two-and-twenty years. I bought her an unshod colt, in Salopford market. She goes as free as ever, but I begin to think it time she should not. She is blind of one eye, the other failing. I do not like to think, that if I die before her, she will be sent to the knacker's yard. Now, Sir Sibald, if you would let Madge have a bit of grass in the off paddock, and a handful of oats at night——"

"She shall have two feeds a day, and the best grass that grows."

"And another thing," said the lawyer, encouraged by this ready assent: "if you will just tell your people not to let her stand out in very hot weather. The flies will torment the poor beast; her tail is not long."

"She shall have a field shed in summer, and a stable in winter, I promise you, Mr. Quillett."

"And one thing Madge is very fond of—perhaps as a treat, now and then, you will let her have a carrot. It must be scraped quite clean."

"She shall have a bunch of scraped carrots when she pleases."

"And you will let me walk up and just look at her? At first she will miss me, poor Madge!"

"Pray, come whenever you like; but it is a long walk from Salopford, is it not?"

"I shall get used to it."

Sir Sibald was surprised to find such tenderness of feeling, such scrupulous integrity and energy in transacting business in a man who had been drunk on the floor the previous night. Ah, Sibald, thou art ignorant as yet of the inconsistencies and diversities of

human nature ; and the certain fact (though lacking the exception to prove it), that every man has his fault.

Quillett was a quaint character, belonging more to bygone generations than to our smoothed-down, varnished times.

Strict in rendering up property entrusted to his care, penurious in spending his own, for thirty years the old brick house at Salopford had not been repaired—it knew not the touch of paint-brush or fresh paper.

The lawyer had been once tempted to buy a new floor-cloth for the hall, but not before he had severely hurt himself, his foot being caught in a large hole worn through the old one.

In early life he had proposed marriage to a young lady, whom he considered gifted with frugality ; but she, having rashly expressed her opinion that Christmas pudding could not be made too rich, Quillett took fright and broke off the match. Ever since he had remained in single blessedness. His household consisted of a man and wife (the chief duty of the former being the care of Madge). The lawyer himself lived sparingly enough. A mutton chop and a glass of 4d. beer for his dinner, a basin of bread and milk for breakfast, a slice of Dutch cheese, ditto, bread at supper. Quillett never entered a tavern, never had wine or spirits in his house, never received company, but frequently visited among his clients, the country squires, with whom he was in favour, by the shrewdness of his intellect and attention to their affairs. On such occasions he freely drank wines that pleased him, yet very rarely to excess. Probably, of late years, his head, although as clear, might not be quite so hard.

An invitation to dine (given rather reluctantly by the grateful Baronet, who dreaded another appearance of “green seal”) was declined on plea of business. The box of deeds and papers was deposited in the iron chamber. Quillett was prepared to take leave. Sir Sibald accompanied him down the steps of the portico. Charles Mansfield was examining the points of Madge, who was brought round to the front. The old mare showed evidence of having been, in her youth, very handsome and spirited. She set off at a fast trot ; and Quillett’s clerk—a man as old, as thin, and healthy as his master—was ordered to follow on foot without delay.

The two friends passed the rest of the day inspecting the environs and belongings of the mansion.

### CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Sir Sibald promised to himself to fulfil a plan he had formed for the enjoyment of a day uninterrupted by intrusive

business or vulgar pleasure,—after breakfast, a quiet ride amid the picturesque environs of Trevanion.

In the afternoon Charles would enjoy the fishing on the further lake, while Sibald strolled in the ash grove, or, reclining on the flowery turf, perused a favourite volume—it was a scene of felicity, unimpaired, perfect, soon to be realised.

Half-past ten, time to start, ring the bell, order the horses round. Charles has lost his whip. One minute—what will one minute do? What can it not do? Change love to hate, indifference to love—sparkle in woman's lovely eyes, or drown those eyes in tears—bring in the verdict, life or death—transform the coward into a brave man at the trumpet's blast, and kindle the devouring flames that are to level with the ground the castle of hereditary ages. One minute—Charles has found his whip, the groom holds the horses—Sibald's foot is in the stirrup, when, impatient, two strangers ride at a fast trot up to the portico steps—they alight. "Ah! ah! I have caught you," and the Baronet's hand is seized as in a grasp of iron.

The elder visitor, a man of fifty, seemed thoroughly acquainted with the house. He mounted the steps, and not waiting for invitation, turned directly into a morning-room, nearest the hall door. Sir Sibald followed him, the younger visitor and Charles bringing up the rear. He surveyed the bold stranger with no agreeable feelings; beholding in form a figure the very type of all that had ever been his aversion. The bullet head, broad red face and thick animal lips; and large bony wrists, exposed to the public by the brief termination of shirt sleeve. His build was middle height, square, but verging to the corpulent, with legs bowed out as by constant riding. Thus the whole man stood before Sibald, an object to him of infinite disgust.

"Why, you know me by sight," said the visitor, laughing loudly; "My phiz is in the window of every sporting print shop in London. Sir Mark Donnington, of Granby Court. Ah! now you remember."

"I am happy to see you, Sir Mark," said Sibald, his face screwed down to the line of misery; "pray be seated."

"I never sit, when off the saddle, till dinner time," replied Sir Mark, taking short turns up and down the room (while the young man stretched himself on a couch and brushed his hat round with his coat sleeve). "As time is short, and the business important, I am come, worthy friend, to settle matters, *viva-voce*, as the French say, and get at your intentions."

"On what subject, may I ask, Sir Mark?"

"Nay, nay; you must be aware. There is one subject only that interests our minds at present—the Salopian races. 25th,

Three Years Old—26th, Salopford Cup, open to all ages—37th Sweepstakes. Now, my young friend, for which do you enter! and what shall I put down as your subscription?" Hereupon Sir Mark took a book from his breast-pocket, holding a pencil in abeyance to note the figure.

Sir Sibald was silent, being perplexed, and not sufficiently man of the world to throw off a sudden attack.

"Come, old boy, don't be sneaky!" and Sir Mark poked Sibald's side with his hard knuckles.

"Sir Mark," said the sufferer, roused to a crisis, "it is best I should be explicit, and candidly tell you I have no taste for horse racing; nay, more—(increasing energy)—that I disapprove of the thing altogether."

"You stand on the floor of Trevanion Hall, and say this. You, the grandson of Sir Watkin! you, youngster, speak contemptuously of the turf? The noblest sport of English gentlemen, and England's manhood!"

"We cannot all think alike," responded Sir Watkin's grandson.

"You have no right to differ on such points," replied Sir Mark walking about the room, too narrow for his wrath; his face quite purple. "The racecourse guards our young men from paltry, dirty amusements: look at my son, Zoreb, there's a moral youth! (This was the first introduction of the individual with the hat). Yes, that is my son, Zoreb! you think his name peculiar! very likely; his poor mother objected to it. She thought it heathenish, but it commemorates, in our family, the most celebrated racehorse in this, or neighbouring counties. That horse was mine! and when a son was born to me, I resolved that the heir of my title and estates should perpetuate its fame."

"Under any name I am happy to see your son." Sibald pronounced these courteous words in a frigid tone that belied the sentiment, while the gawky youth put forward one of his fingers to receive Sir Sibald's hand, and then resumed his lounge. Sir Mark continued pacing the room—

"I was prepared to make a great sacrifice for you," he said, reproachfully; yes, a very great sacrifice, young man, in honour of your grandfather's memory, and in the hope of your being his worthy representative. I was prepared to give you Joe Bagster, the best jockey in England—to transfer his services that he might ride the horse you entered, and this is your gratitude."

"Sir Mark," quoth Charles Mansfield, wishing to pacify the irate baronet.

"I am willing to accept your generous offer, and enter on my account, any horse you recommend."

"Sir," replied the Baronet, turning sharply round on the speaker, and changing the position of his hands to his coat pockets; you may be a very respectable person—I am not prepared to question it; but, sir, I never transact business of such importance with *strangers*. Zoreb, my son, let us go from a house so fallen in with feeling. Sir Sibald, I wish you good morning, and a better state of mind."

"What an original!" exclaimed Charles, laughing, as father and son mounted their steeds and rode off.

"Dreadful!" sighed Sir Sibald. "The air of the room is oppressed by his presence; let us go forth and breathe more freely."

As Sir Sibald opened the parlour door a form appeared, ascending the entrance steps, and at last landed in safety. This gentleman was—(we will not keep our readers in suspense) the Rector of Salopford, a portly form, sleek, and fattening for a dean. Sir Sibald bowed politely when this clerical visitor presented his card, bearing the title, "Rev. Dr. Rubrick, Rectory, Salopford." When invited in, the Doctor declined.

"Thanks, Sir Sibald! no. I perceive you are going forth this lovely morning to enjoy its smiles. I would not, for the world, detain you—only a few minutes to cross your beautiful meadow (the Doctor pointed with his cane in the direction). We intend, Sir Sibald, to erect a little iron church, fostered, perhaps, by your county, until we are able to build a permanent church. Allow me to show you the spot we have selected—it is only just across the first field, not three minutes' walk; do not dismiss your horses, we shall be back immediately."

Sir Sibald turned in compliance with Dr. Rubrick's intimation, but as he followed that worthy clerical across the field, it was with a sore, foreboding dread.

They crossed the fields; then the Doctor explained that if Sir Sibald wished to endow the church, the *presentation* would be his own—a pleasant family property for a younger son.

"Of course, Sir Sibald, we may look forward to your giving us a family." This was jocosely impressed as the party reached the spot suggested for the iron church. The ground was granted, and Sir Sibald, expressing a hope of seeing Dr. Rubrick at the Hall, prepared to turn homeward; but the Rector opposed his intention. "My dear Sir Sibald Trevanion," said the pastor, "you are a new parishioner in some measure under my control; you must really give me half-an-hour to visit my schools. Across the fields, oh, it is a short, delightful walk to Salopford; there you shall see the result of my ceaseless endeavour to elevate the rising generation. When I first came here, five years ago, I found the young and



noontday sun, and, as it were, resting against the east

"A fine ancient structure!" said Sir Sibald; "the interior? I have a great admiration for that structure."

"Certainly, you can inspect it," replied Dr. Rut. "I think you will acknowledge that, although beyond obliterate the tokens of Papacy from its outward front, succeeded in banishing from the interior everything Romish ritual."

So saying, the Doctor drew from his pocket a church key, and, crossing the street, went up the steps, opened the door, and admitted his new parishioner into the edifice.

The old grey arches, the massive Norman pillars, strangely with the wooden benches and low pews, all seemed frowning with contempt on the desecrated modern times.

The chancel, once so rich in monumental and sculptured traceries, and effigies of departed gentry, plastered over with white mortar, while, over a dark white marble one being removed—hung the common black frames, written on black grounds, which, if damp, had turned to the likeness of a schoolboy's dirt.

"You perceive how minutely we have attended to simplicity. I say *we*, because my worthy churchwarden and Bacon, have stood by me in the good work. I measure is not so sound. Like King Solomon, I

ned the box, and her gladsome cheerful voice was excited with sure as she presented the gift. "I have made these nine plices for the nine singing-boys; every stitch all my own work. nma sent the linen: they are nicely got up, all ready for day. I have cut them different lengths, according to the ght of the boys."

"Put them away! hide them from my sight!" said the worthy ne. "Really, Mrs. Middleway, I cannot express the disgust grief this circumstance creates in my mind. Take the box, ng woman" (to the maid), "take it immediately from the rch—such desecration I could not have conceived. Your hus- d should not have permitted it."

"My husband knew nothing about it," said Mrs. Middleway, lved, like a good wife, to screen him. "I have worked night day to finish them this week, that the singing-boys should look ; their trousers and jackets are so dirty."

'Are their hearts clean, madam? that is the question. Sur- s! What next? You will be putting bouquets of flowers on omunion-table, or embroidering a chair."

'I have given up everything to make them, even neglected baby—I really have!"

'I cannot answer for your folly, madam; the linen need not asted. Your husband, I believe, wears calico; therefore I se you to transform the Popish garments into those female liments which can only be named with delicacy in a foreign age. Good morning, ma'am!"

The little lady, greatly mortified, the maid, and the box de- ed.

'I know, Sir Sibald, that after this outrage I ought to dismiss urate; but I forbear—he is useful in the parish, never weary of : among the poor, and saves me trouble." As he conducted Sir ld down the aisle, the latter observed two windows boarded up, inquired the reason.

'Ah!" responded the Doctor, with a sigh. "Those windows, Sibald, are thorns in our sides. My worthy churchwardens sup- d my wish for the removal of painted glass, placed there by Sir c Donnington as memorial windows, in honour of his deceased and son; but I am too faithful a shepherd of my flock to it such types of human vanity. We removed them. Sir c insists on their being replaced; we refuse, and he, in profane r, has entered a suit at law against Bacon and Spicer—they id it. Law is expensive, but they must be carried through."

'I have heard, Dr. Rubrick, that a ladye chapel was discovered a short time since."

'Too true! too true! Crowds came to see the Monkish relic



and a fool in this neighbourhood wrote a handbook about it, with engravings of the place, and heretical adornments; but we had it immediately bricked up."

The Rector and his companion had now entered the town, and approaching a very ugly building, the buzz, loud and discordant, of boys' voices, gave token of the national school.

Sir Sibald bowed, preparing to take leave.

"Nay, nay, Sir Sibald!" said Doctor Rubrick, holding his prisoner tight by the coat sleeve. "I must constrain you—indeed, I must. This school, I may assert without boasting, can challenge every parish in England to compete in the victorious march of intellect, the elevation from dense ignorance to the consciousness of mental power. I have to battle against prejudice and ancient opinions; but I go on, Sir Sibald, I go on, undeterred by both. The maps, the books of history, abridged and full; these I have purchased at my own expense, and am rewarded, you shall judge how greatly."

As Sir Sibald entered the schoolroom, a stuffy atmosphere, trying to his sensitive nerves, bore in every breath the conviction that a partiality for raw onions prevailed among the pupils. Sudden silence marked the entrance of the Doctor.

"Is Joseph Mumford here to-day?" inquired his reverence of the gaunt schoolmaster. A lad of thirteen, stout built, and with bushy hair, stepped forward.

"Mumford, I am going to ask you some information from the History of England. Shoulders back, look at me—answer freely—Who won the battle of Hastings?"

"The Duke of Wellington."

"Well, although that is not the answer, still (addressing the Baronet) it is a good reflective answer—the same sagacious spirit shown by Wellington formerly actuated the Norman conqueror—the one was a type of the other; that, I think, is what you mean, Mumford?"

"Yes, schoolmaster."

"Mumford, I am not—still, as you truly say, I am *Master of the School*, and in that sense you are right."

Thomas Gubbins, a thin, sharp-looking boy of ten, with a squinting eye, stepped from the ranks.

"Gubbins, you see that vast tract of country—look!" said the Rector, pointing to a map, which he had purchased for his school. "What is that portion of the earth called? mind your answer."

"Meriky," shouts Gubbins.

"Quite right, good boy! Now, Gubbins, tell us, is America an island or a continent?"

"Continent!"

"Excellent!" responds the Doctor. "Now, Gubbins, what is a continent?"

"All that I contains inside me."

"Wonderful the combination of ideas in so young a child. Sir Sibald, mark that answer. All they contain! the wonderful resources of that western land, and the infinite power of the human mind."

"I cannot follow your logical clauses," replied Sir Sibald; "but can they say the ten commandments?"

"Roger Tadpole!" comes forward.

Another urchin—the fifth commandment. Tadpole counted four on his fingers, and came to the last—repeating the fifth commandment in the tone of an educated parrot.

"What do you understand by honouring your father and mother? What is your duty towards them?"

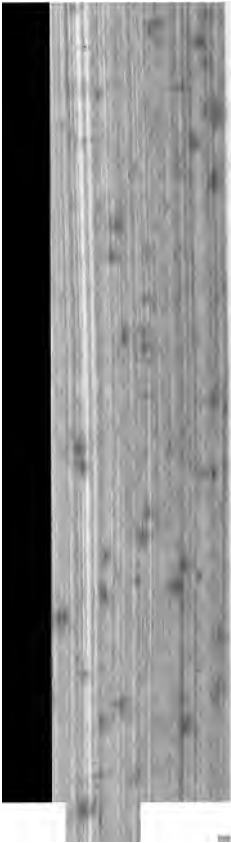
"To get a good lot of apples out of Farmer Gander's orchard or mother to make us a pudding."

"That is stealing."

"Pardon me one moment," said Dr. Rubrick. "It has been argued by an eminent writer that apples were expressly intended for boys, consequently, in taking them, wherever they are found, a boy does not *steal*,—he merely takes that which naturally is his own. I admit a doubt on the point, but (the Doctor smiled complacently), you must give us the benefit of the doubt."

"I am no casuist," replied Sibald. "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you soon at the Hall; meanwhile, Dr. Rubrick, I trust that your love of extreme simplicity will not forbid my ordering a new lining for the Trevanion pew in your church; for the present one is ragged and faded."

A reciprocal bow. Then the Baronet hastened home, feeling considerably unnerved by two hours passed in the land of Boredom, and anxious to impart his miseries; but Charles was gone fishing. A groom was still leading the horses up and down in front of the mansion; Sir Sibald dismissed him. He felt too weary for further exertion, and having saturated a cambric handkerchief with Eau de Cologne, he threw himself on a sofa for the rest of the afternoon.



And the tall grass caught it and laid it to rest  
With a cool sweet kiss, in a green-covered nest  
The summer dreams sat by the orchard wall.

Side by side we sat with the dreams,  
And the singing boughs in a trance  
Sang the song of enchanted streams,  
And the leaves danced a fairy dance.  
The sun-eyed dreams were pure to meet,  
Their foreheads were fair as milk ;  
Their hair reached down to their feet,  
Like buttercups spun to silk :  
And the dreams had glorious eyes,  
And kisses that charmed to a swoon :  
They had stories of Paradise  
That were as a heavenly boon ;  
For they told not their tales in words,  
But spoke to the soul in strains  
Of music made by the birds  
In unfrequented lanes.

When ripeness let the red apple fall,  
And the cool grass caught it and laid it to rest  
With a gentle caress, in a shaded nest,  
We sat with the dreams by the orchard wall.

Guy

## ALEXANDER POPE.

WHEN Pope was not quite twelve years old, he was taken, at his particular request, to see Dryden. The friends of Pope carried the boy to Wills' coffee-house. The room was probably full of those circular knots of loungers, described by Addison, exchanging snuff-boxes, and discussing the various topics of the hour. Dryden sat in an armchair near the fire-place, smoking his pipe. The little boy at the door had no need to stare about him for the object of his visit. That only could have been the great poet with the beautiful grave face, on which old age seemed rather to have passed the mellowing touch of perfection than that of decay, who was coldly contemplating the noisy groups from his secure and comfortable corner. Did the old man notice the eager gaze of the hunch-backed boy, whose eyes were lustrous with the fire of intellect, whose cheeks, rendered pallid by the sense of the great presence in which he stood, served to increase the nameless fascination of his handsome face? To this boy the presence of Dryden was indeed impressive. He contemplated the most famous poet since the death of Shakespeare: a poet better known than Milton: a poet greater than Cowley, and greater than Waller. The recollections inspired by the old man in the arm-chair crowded the boy's memory. It was that man against whom the famous "Rehearsal" had been levelled. It was that man against whom Jeremy Collier had more particularly tilted with his rude, but vigorous lance. There was the author of the "Indian Queen," of "Secret Love," of "Sir Martin Mar-all," of "The Spanish Fryar," plays which were preferred to "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and to depreciate which Elkannah Settle had scribbled in vain, though urged to his work by the silken flattery of the ladies of Whitehall. There was the author of the "Annus Mirabilis," and of the "Absalom and Architophel" poems which had intoxicated Pope like deep libations of wine. He was a papist, too, and Pope's religious sympathies imparted to the old wit an illumination that could borrow no addition of brilliancy or beauty from his genius. He was seventy years old: and in that long career, which was within a few months of its period, what triumphal arches had he not passed under! with what acclamations had he not been greeted! with what fresh garlands had he not been crowned! The greatest poet of the era that was coming in gazed with awe and veneration on the greatest poet of the era that was going out. The new century and the old seemed, indeed, fitly symbolised by that child of twelve, and that man of seventy.

The poetical career of Pope may be said to date from this visit to Wills'; for although his father had previously to this, encouraged his versifying love with the quaint commendation of "these be good lines," the "Ode to Solitude," his first production of any merit, might not have been yet produced. When a child of seven he had taught himself to read and write by copying the printed letters in books: he was then put to a priest, who seems to have supplied him with a tolerable stock of learning. From the priest he was despatched to two schools, at which he forgot what the priest had taught him. From these schools he was removed to the care of another priest, who confirmed him, by a blundering method of tuition, in his ignorance. What followed may be guessed. Finding others incapable of teaching him, Pope resolved to teach himself. How successfully he addressed himself to his books is shown by the maturity achieved by his mind at an age when most boys are being whipped for their ignorance of the Latin grammar.

Pope's deformity had doubtless much to do with that petulant temper which he exhibited, rather in his satires than in his conduct. But his deformity was only an indirect cause of that temper. It is quite possible, indeed, that he commenced life with a very generous heart. Throughout his life he assuredly exhibited many noble and beautiful qualities, which could not have flourished but in a soil radically rich and healthy. It was as he grew older—it was when, having come in collision with men, he marked their sneers at his curved back, read their ridicule of his poetry, heard their senseless jokes at his faith—that his spirits began to stir within him, and grow rebellious with really irritable impulses. His life, read by the light of his poetry, does, indeed, resemble the prolonged fit of exasperation which some of his biographers have represented it. But while the apologists of Pope may deny the exaggerated and incessant acerbity with which the poet is charged, they may easily soften his real culpability by showing how much the little man suffered, and was made to suffer at the hands of nature, of his enemies, and of his friends. His life, he confesses to Arbuthnot, whom he thanks as the cause of its prolongation, was "a long disease." A man, never free from pain and sickness, crippled in every faculty but that of his mind, and compelled to look for support to discharge the most ordinary affairs of life, may be surely allowed the privilege of being occasionally bad-tempered. Pope, from being made pettish by pain, was rendered waspish by ridicule. Yet there is no instance of his ever having exhibited either pettishness or waspishness towards those whom he really thought loved him. And who were his friends? Swift, who hated everybody, liked Pope. Gay loved him. Arbuthnot would have gone to the end of the world to serve him. Peterborough sincerely

esteemed him. Garth would have done for him as a live man more than he did for Dryden as a dead man; and for Dryden, Garth did much. Bolingbroke's tears over Pope were the tribute of an honest friend. To these men, and to those whom he felt loved him, he never gave pain. It was these noblemen whom he knew courted him only for his flattery, that he treated with contempt. It was those Grub Street writers who hated him for his success, that he attacked with the acrimony that has procured for him his reputation of malignancy. And whatever might have been the occasion of his malignancy, that malignancy began and ended with his poetry. He might have borne resentment; but he did not, like Addison, practice surreptitious arts to injure his enemy. He drew his thin and sparkling rapier, and fought his duel like a gentleman and a man of honour; though, for the most part, those whom he fought attacked him with jaw-bones, rushed on him with cudgels, with pokers, with bludgeons, with any weapon but the weapon they confronted.

Pope's temper would hardly have been improved by the Revolution: for the Revolution deprived the Papists of their hopes, and even of their privileges. As a Papist, Pope must have contemplated, with serious asperity, an order of things, of which the first effect was to force his father to conceal the money he had amassed by trade, and to live upon the principal. Though as haughty as any of the group of wits, of which he was the most eminent, Pope appears to have had as great a knack at making friends (though not of keeping them) as at making verses. His first friend was Sir William Trumbull, a man of sixty, who had been an ambassador, of superior parts, and of great experience of life. Sir William found in this deformed boy of sixteen so much to admire, to learn, to profit from, that he became the fastest and the most familiar of his friends. Pope had now published his *Pastorals* which, having been read by Wycherley, so delighted this battered beau and aged dramatist, that he commenced to address verses to him. They became acquainted. Pope liked Wycherley's tribute, and was proud to know a man whose name stood high among the eminent wits of an era that was passing. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. Wycherley's powers were limited to the composition of witty dialogue; like Congreve, he was wholly incapable of poetry. Nevertheless, he thought more highly of his powers as a poet than of his powers as a dramatist; and desiring the approbation, while he feigned to solicit the revisal of Pope, the veteran submitted a manuscript of poetry to the youth. Pope literally interpreted Wycherley's request, and returned the old man his poems with pretty well every other word erased. Wycherley, who had fondly looked for Pope's admiration, resented

his honest criticism. Some warm words were exchanged. Wycherley told Pope that he was no judge : and Pope told the old man that he was no poet. They parted, only to meet again at Wycherley's death-bed. This is the first instance in Pope's life, not only of his independence, which was no inconspicuous quality in his character, but of that demure love of annoying, or of giving pain, which may be classed, along with a heap of other methods of his of doing the same thing, under the generic term of troublesomeness. He proved his love of independence in every way in which independence could be exhibited. When he was translating Homer, Craggs, who was then Secretary of State, offered to procure him a pension. Pope refused ; but unwilling to repel a friendly offer with too great an air of haughtiness, declared, that should he ever want money, he would apply to Craggs for it. Craggs remained long enough in office to give Pope an opportunity of becoming his debtor, but Pope never applied to him for a shilling. Halifax, a patron, courted in language the most obsequious and fulsome by every poet (but Swift and Pope) from Addison to Budgell, desired to become Pope's patron. Pope knowing Halifax only offered his support, his smiles, and sometimes his guineas, that his liberality as a patron, might be diffused, and his greatness as a poet celebrated, disdainfully turned from the titled and opulent rhymester, thanking him, with contemptuous civility, for the honour his lordship proposed to do him. " I distrust," he says, " neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good ; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is, indeed, a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours." The quiet irony told. Halifax became his enemy ; and Pope, that the patron might not be wholly disappointed of his hope of celebration, made him the hero of the following immortal lines :—

" Proud as Apollo on his fork'd hill,  
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song ;  
 His library (whose busts of poets dead  
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment asked and then a place.  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flatter'd everyday, and some days eat :  
 Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port and some with praise :

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh ;  
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye :  
But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve."

Pope's determination to support the dignity of his character—and the great reputation he attained would have justified a far more exalted opinion of himself than he exhibited—would cause him to resent even the shadow of an affront from those of whose friendship he was not sure, and whom he felt courted him rather for his dedications or his flattery than for his company. When staying in the house of Lord Oxford, he would sometimes steal away from the table, for reasons by no means obvious, and, says Johnson, "had to be courted back by more letters than the footmen were willing to carry." His love of mischief or of giving trouble may, indeed, have had something to do with such caprices; but recollecting who this capricious poet was, the most admirable satirist, and the most polished verseman that had ever appeared, I do not find it hard to sympathise with the suspicions of a man who, though holding himself fully entitled to the social privileges into which he was admitted, might doubt the sentiments of the company, and resolve that, think as they might, he shall let them see that in his opinion he conferred far more honour upon them by his society, than their society by any possibility conferred upon him.

It must, however, be allowed that nature seems to have purposely designed him for giving trouble to his fellow-creatures. Assistance was as necessary to his physical weakness as ink was to his thoughts. His personal charms were few, but his defects many. He had clear, sparkling eyes, a long, handsome nose, a smile, at once sweet and melancholy, and a voice exquisitely sweet and musical. But he was born with a form so weak as to demand, throughout his life, the support of stays. He was so small that at table his chair had to be greatly raised in order to bring his mouth to a level with his plate. His legs were thin as straws: and in order to give them the resemblance of bulk, he wore three pairs of stockings. His head was bald; and, whenever he could, he wore a white cap in preference to a tye-wig. Because he once fell asleep at his own table when the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry, he was charged with being deficient in good manners, or with a snobbish desire to show how little he valued the society of royalty; but the truth was he was like a baby. He was so weak, that he obeyed the dictates of nature as implicitly as an infant obeys her. When she made him weary, he fell asleep. When he had any de-



mands to be satisfied, he querulously cried for them, as a spoiled or peevish baby would do. Wherever he went his helplessness was complained of by his host, and resented by the servants. True to his boyish nature, he neglected to provide himself with an attendant when he paid his visits; although it would have been reasonable to suppose that an attendant, who was accustomed to his habits, and who could anticipate his wants, would have suggested itself as a necessity to him. The consequence of his helplessness was, that at every house he stayed at, a large retinue of domestic servants was found unequal to the duties of waiting on him. One had to pull on his three pairs of stockings, whilst another sewed him up in his buckram suit; one had to lace his stays whilst another shaved him. And when once they were about him they dared not abandon him; for he was so frail that they dreaded, should he be left alone, that he would tumble to the ground and lay without the power of rising. Nor did they so much fear his falling down as his tongue; for this was an instrument he could wield among them to as good a purpose as he could wield his pen among the crowd of hungry poets. But the labours of the servants were light in the daytime compared to what they were at night. If he was troubled with headache, he would rouse them out of bed to make him coffee, by inhaling the steam of which he declared was the only means by which he could obtain relief. In the bitterest January nights he would ring the footmen out of their warm blankets, to despatch them on the absurdest and most aggravating errands: to fetch him a pin, or to look for an envelope he had dropped, perhaps in the garden. When in the rhyming mood, which came upon him with troublesome frequency, he would keep a servant throughout the night running in and out of his room twenty times to bring or to remove his desk, to find better pens, to procure better ink. The servants got at last to know him so well that they avoided him. Some of them flatly refused to obey his orders. Many of them who heard of his intended visit, would demand their dismissal. But if he was a troublesome, he was, at least, a liberal invalid. Some of the servants declared that they would not ask for wages during the time they had to wait upon Mr. Pope.

But Mr. Pope could prove himself a very troublesome man by other means than those of his personal wants. Yet it must be confessed that he did not think of attacking until he had been attacked. On the publication of his *Essay on Criticism*, the first of his remarkable works—for his *Pastorals* are really not better than Phillips's, and certainly, not so good as Gay's—written when he was twenty, John Dennis got hold of the book. The pretence of the critic's abuse of Pope was that Pope had attacked him. He

had, indeed, drawn the character of a critic,<sup>1</sup> which Dennis might easily, and, no doubt, did appropriate; but the name of Dennis occurs only once in the whole poem:—

“Once on a time La Mancha’s Knight they say,  
A certain bard encountering on the way,  
Discours’d in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
As e’er could Dennis of the Grecian stage.”

The truth was, Dennis was enraged at the exhibition of such extraordinary wit in so young a man. Dennis himself, had written poetry which nobody read, in an age when people read Blackmore and Broome. And the years which bring the philosophic mind had brought him no fresh accession of wit, whilst they had soured his temper by disappointment. Pope was justly indignant at Dennis’s mad attack.<sup>2</sup> He knew, as well as every man who could understand him, that the “*Essay on Criticism*” was the finest composition of the kind that had ever been produced. He anticipated, at least, a flattering reception of the poem; and, perhaps, a compliment on the youth of the poet. It was assuredly not pleasant to be told by a man, who was feared as the bully of criticism, and courted, indeed, by the minor bards, as the dictator of letters, that his poem cannot succeed because the author is young and raw; because he has no ability, and has attempted a task above his powers; because he is a plagiarist; because he has no judgment; because he is always in the wrong—in a word, because he is a fool. Nor did Dennis’ criticism stop short at this. Having discussed the poem, he proceeded to discuss the poet:—“I

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1 “The bookful blockhead ignorantly read  
With loads of learned lumber in his head;  
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
And always listening to himself appears.  
All books he reads, and all he leads assails,  
From Dryden’s *Fables* down to D’Urfey’s *Tales*.  
With him most authors steal their works or buy;  
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.  
Name a new play, and he’s the poet’s friend,  
Nay, show’d his faults—but when would poets mend?”

2 Steele, being attacked by Dennis, sent him the following character: “Thou never didst let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him. . . . Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly, vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obey’d out of fear, from your ill-nature pictur’d there, not from any other motive. Your height is about five feet five inches: you see I can give you exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimensions with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you. . . . Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself: and while they bark at men of sense, call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species: and hast the sight of a fool, but in thy glass.”

remember," he says, "a little young gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a double foil to his person and capacity. Inquire between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love, and tell me whether he is a proper author to make personal reflections? He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father, consequently, had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half-a-day. Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of a downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part does from human understanding." Here was surely provocation enough. Little Pope folding his arms, eyed the whole of Grub Street, of which Dennis was the mouthpiece and the despot—the one-eyed monarch of the blind—and resolved to awaken more howlings among them than the report of a gun at night awakens among the prowling hyenas of the Hooghly. He bided his time. He might not, indeed, have been sure of his powers. It was not until Bishop Atterbury, having read the character of "Atticus," had recommended Pope to cultivate the extraordinary power of satire which those wonderful lines disclosed to the astonished prelate, that taking a whip with its fifty throngs from the hand of his muse, and trebly knotting each particular lash, he abruptly fell upon the Grub Street tribes, with Dennis among them.

Of all the monuments that genius ever raised to commemorate the follies or to distinguish the ashes of the fools that itself had slain, the *Dunciad* is the most wonderful. It is a pyramid crowded with grinning, foolish, or spiteful faces chiselled in the enduring granite. The Grub Street mob of gentleman that wrote, fought, struggled for bread, in the days when Samuel Johnson was writing elegies on dead ducks, and Edmund Burke was occasioning his good mother some anxiety as to his sex and appearance—that unhappy mob who slept three in a bed, or among cinders, who dined off tripe, and who used their stocking for nightcaps, live for ever on that massive block; while sitting cross-legged, like the literary tailor that he was, on the apex, is Colley Cibber, looking with an impudent smile of triumph on the unhappy Theobald, who has been thrown from the eminence to make room, not for the greatest, but, assuredly, the most impudent of the Dunces.

In sober language, the effect of the *Dunciad* upon the authors whom Pope satirised, can hardly be realised in our own time. The age immediately following Pope's might have got

some knowledge of the truth when Churchill, falling foul of the poet-laureate, William Whitehead, so injured his reputation as not only to cause the laureate's dramas to be declined by play-house managers, but to force the unhappy bard into a long and meritorious silence.<sup>1</sup> But Pope slew thrice twenty William Whiteheads. Such was the effect of the satire, that the publishers refused to give employment to many of those who were mentioned in it. On the day of publication a crowd of authors besieged the shop, and by every effort of entreaty or menace essayed to obstruct its issue. Finding this impossible, they set to work to abuse the author. They burnt him in effigy. They crammed the papers with lies about him. They threatened to cudgel him. When they found no one amongst them willing to carry out their last threat, they declared in the papers that it had been done. Pope was aroused by the lie. "Whereas," he advertised, "there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets under the title of a 'Popp upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipp'd in Ham Walks on Thursday last, this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham all that day; and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report." Curll, the bookseller, was his most pertinacious adversary. For months his shop vomited forth libels on Pope, with names ending in -ad: the Popeiad: the Curlliad: the Female Dunciad: and these were followed by the Martiniad, the Scribbleiad, and a variety of other -ads. Caricatures of him as a monkey called "Poet Pug," were stuck in the bookseller's windows. Even Hogarth attacked him, and in a drawing called the "Man of Taste," represents him bedaubing the front of a house in so clumsy a fashion, as to drown the passers-by in an avalanche of whitewash. Epigrams on him fell thicker than Hogarth's whitewash. He was called a crippled corpse. His legs were termed spindle-pegs. Another wit gave a receipt against "Popeish Poetry:"—

"Select a wreath of wither'd bays  
And place it on the brow of Pope;  
Then as reward for stolen lays  
His neck encircle with a rope.  
When this is done his look will show it,  
Which he's most like—a thief or poet."

It may be credited that Pope was deeply hurt by these brutal onslaughts. "I have heard Mr. Richardson relate," says John-

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<sup>1</sup> Such, at the time, was the popularity of Churchill, that his abuse of Whitehead tended to lower his poetical merit so much with the town, that Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which in a little time after he offered to the stage. The public, therefore, for several years saw nothing more that came from his pen but those half-yearly odes which his office required him to write.—"*Dr. Anderson's Life of W. Whitehead.*"

son, "that he attended his father, the painter, on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, 'these things are my diversion.' They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when he returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope." The story is, probably, true. But what was the nature of the attacks upon Pope? Had they been limited to his poetry—and had there been a gentleman among the crew, he could have dealt with nothing else—I doubt whether the cleverest, the most pungent attacks of his critics, or his enemies, would have given him a moment's uneasiness. But they were levelled at his person. His cowardly foes found his genius simply unimpeachable. In what language could they retort upon the author of the *Dunciad*? What were the talents requisite to obtain a triumph over the poet of *The Rape of the Lock*? Such as assuredly not their whole combined powers could have commanded. And so, as they could find nothing to attack in his faultless poetry, they laughed at the poor little man's misshapen spine, at his round shoulders, at his sallow complexion, at his thin legs. No wonder Pope was a cynic. He had received from the world many insults, and some scorn. He owed it nothing but abuse. The world owed him much. The most consummate artist of any age, he had brought the art of versification to the highest degree of refinement and polish it could admit. His sentiments were pure; his morality as sound as Addison's; his language exquisitely cultivated and elegant. His purity was exhibited in an age when no sentiment would pass for wit that was not mischievous; his morality, at a period when the plays of Wycherley and Congreve were still crowding the playhouses; his language, when our idiom was still unformed, corrupted by barbarisms, and obscured by innovations. The world requited his munificent genius with ridicule of his shape; no wonder he recriminated with scorn and detestation.

The career of Pope, from the period of showing his father the first crude blossoms of his genius, to his death, sanctified by the presence of seraphic visions, is something to be admired with great and hearty earnestness. His mischievousness, his love of giving trouble, are qualities which might easily be made detestable in the hands of a morose biographer, but which, when their exhibition in him is calmly considered, are matters really for laughter. If he seems to have given more trouble than most peevish invalids do, it was because there never was such an invalid as Pope. Imagine his having to be sewn up in a buckram suit every morning! would not such a process, gone through three hundred and sixty-five times each year, have provoked a man with a temper less disposed

to irritability than a poet? And let us consider to whom he gave pain. Assuredly, for the most part, to those who deserved pain. Exceptions, indeed, there are: the noble old Bentley was an exception, whom Pope attacked, rather to please Swift, who hated Bentley, than from any dislike of Bentley. Theobald was an exception, who, though a laborious pedant and a dull writer, had done no other wrong than that of printing a good edition of Shakespeare's works—thereby doing a service to the people, seven-eighths of whom had never heard of Shakespeare. But the Cibbers, the Welsteds, the Blackmores, the Brevals, the Budgells, the Curlls, the Henleys, assuredly deserved all that Pope could say of them. They were bad poets, bad dramatists, infamous libellers; they were drunkards, they were apostates, they were forgerers. In the interest of morality, for the sake of letters, for the sake of the public, it was the business of any honest man, of abilities enough to do it, to stamp them out. It needed all the patience and all the genius of Pope to exterminate them. But with their extermination he left the public more heavily in debt than his biographers have chosen to acknowledge



## UNDER THE MADRONA.

THE sunset faded slow, and stars  
Broke through the deepening sky ;  
While lovely sat a woman where  
The cool breeze floated by.  
The fierce and dark madrona-trees  
Each gave a tender sigh ;  
And whispered to the other one :  
" I fear me she will die."

Like dewdrops touched by sunlight, fled  
The present from her eyes ;  
Her mind stirred with its buried hopes,  
And sweet, sad memories ;  
Again, a dark-haired girl she stood  
Beneath fair southern skies ;  
Again the soft, sweet love-light dawned  
In modest, girlish eyes.

The river's rush she heard again,  
The jasmine's bloom hung o'er ;  
The orange-trees upon the bank  
Grew as they grew of yore—  
In the spring-time of her girlhood,  
When, future spread before—  
She hoped and looked expectantly  
As through a half-open door.

Rose up another vision yet  
On that calm evenwhile,  
The picture of magnolia-trees,  
The well-known trysting-stile ;  
The shadow of a loving glance,  
A tender, loving smile ;  
The fragrance of two red, red lips,  
Away so many a mile.

So many a mile—but not as they  
Are told by careful men ;  
But measured by the long, long years  
That have passed twixt now and then ;  
Ah ! what has passed 'twixt now and then—  
The griefs that go between

Are sadder than remembering  
The things that might have been.

The sunset died, and new-born stars  
Gleamed on the deepening sky,  
The shadows deepened ; still she sat  
Beneath the moon's cold eye,  
And listened to the tale her heart  
Told of the days gone by ;  
From when she was a fretful babe  
With a funny helpless cry.

For the pleasant things she must not have ;  
And it seemed to her as though  
She had not loved a thing on earth,  
But some decree said : No !  
And thrust her back with iron hands  
From where she fain would go ;  
And she raised her faded hands aloft,  
And wailed ; " Why is it so ? "

" Why must my life be hard and cold  
And blasted, shrunk and sere ?  
And why did all my freshness die  
In the spring-time of my year ?  
Leaving my summer desolate,  
By winds of winter blown,  
Dear Christ ! how many crosses more  
Ere I may gain my crown ? "

Then thought she of the castle fair,  
That she had reared in Spain ;  
Whose lofty shining minarets,  
Had gleamed adown the plain ;  
Whose towers were hid by mists of years,  
She said : " Through years of pain,  
I wild with mingled hopes and fears  
Its golden gates to gain.

" But my fair towers have long been down ;  
Dust and decay of years  
Have fallen on their crumbled walls—"  
A sudden weight of tears,  
Fell from the faded, sunken eyes,  
That hot and dry for years  
Had long forgot to weep with joy,  
Or griefs, or hopes, or fears.



" 'Tis twenty years and more since he  
Sailed from his native land :  
And now the orange buds he plucked  
And gave into my hand,  
Are but the dust of what they were,  
And brown as ocean sands ;  
And the orange-trees are long, long dead,  
He planted with his hands.

" Oh, orange-trees ! your waxy buds  
I ne'er in wreaths shall wear ;  
A widowed maid, I sit alone,  
With widowed wife's despair ;  
A frail, white corpse I soon shall be,  
With lines of weary care  
Upon my brow, where grief has bleached  
The one time jet black hair.

" Oh ! may the day come soon that I  
Can lay this burden down ;  
For twenty years is a long, long time  
To live a life alone ;  
For twenty springs to bring their flowers ;  
For twenty summers flown ;  
For twenty autumns on one's heart,  
Their dead leaves to have strewn."

Through the dim evening's dark'ning blue  
The moon shone clear and still,  
And steadfastly the woman gazed  
On shadowed wood and hill ;  
As though she heard a distant voice—  
The rippling of a rill ;  
Or as she heard a faint, far bell  
In the evening's dewy chill.]

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A weary face lies cold and still  
Beneath the moon's calm gaze ;  
The silvered hair falls straggling down,  
Clasped hands glint in its rays ;  
Above, a dark madrona-tree  
Its branches sadly sways,  
And on the dead the grieving stars,  
Shine through a tearful haze.

OLIVE HARPER.

## DULCIMER.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE IRRETRACEABLE STEP.

IN vain Prior called at the Rectory — left polite notes — presents of game—bouquets of flowers—Stansfield had ever some excuse.

"Why do you thus avoid your old schoolfellow?" Dulcimer asked one day—and Truman marvelled to see her hand pressed against her throbbing heart.

"I do not desire his friendship."

"You are jealous of him!" her lip curled. "He is handsomer than you!"

Truman laughed pleasantly.

"Then if you think so, I am glad I did not bring him here too often."

"As if *you* could prevent my seeing any one I wished!"

"I would not, if I could, Dulcimer—I am sure you know that. I did but jest. The truth is, that my father objects to Prior from some reasons of his own. If you cannot trust me, perhaps you will rely on him."

She went to the Rector in his study—scolded and fumed because she said she did not like anyone to be condemned unheard.

"It was mean. It was pitiful!"

"My child," the old man said, "God knows I have your best interests at heart. Some day you will understand all this. Leave it with me, now."

But all that day Dulcimer was dull and spiritless. In vain Truman reasoned with her. He was thoroughly perplexed.

"Dulcimer! If you had seen more of this fellow, one would think you had taken a positive fancy for him. Why did you not tell me sooner? Jane Gospreck is before you in the field!"

She laughed—laughed louder than the occasion seemed to require, and then cried, just as passionately as she had laughed.

That evening he found her walking in the grove. The moon was sailing serenely in a field of azure, rippled with wavelets of silver—the trees—the brooklets—the pond of water-lilies danced in the sheen. The soft balmy breeze went floating past, stirring the

leaves and the water, and the shadows—and they leapt and quivered afresh as to the impetus of a new song.

"Nature holds court to-night," Truman said, as they silently watched, and for the whole hour they walked together, she made him no reply.

"Take no heed of her," the Rector said—"She is not well; like a child she is cross and wayward. To-morrow she will regret, and make up for this in a hundred pretty little wooing ways—sweeter than ever."

But it was not so. There was something strange about Dulcimer. She had a gloomy, preoccupied air. She was listless, contradictory, and unreasonable. The Rector felt it and sighed. Truman avoided her. He went out fishing or shooting—walking miles and miles across country, just to get rid of the time that hung so heavy—till the cloudy fit should be passed.

One evening—it was late in September—the Rector found Dulcimer alone—her work on her knee. He brought in his hand an open letter.

"My child—" how tender and subdued his voice always grew when he addressed her!—"I have come to talk with you. Let us speak as friends. There is something on your mind that you do not tell me. Confide in me, my child."

Still she sat silent—her head drooping—her eyes downcast.

"For some time I have received anonymous letters, the purport of which, I confess, has puzzled me considerably, remembering our very slight acquaintance with this youth—this Prior. I have, however, thought it as well that you should see this letter," and he handed it to her. "For the mystery of it is, that it warns me, child, on your account, of Henry Prior!"

She raised her eyes to the old man's face, and then they fell again. She took the proffered epistle, stupified, as it were, and read it, or seemed to read it, silently. It contained little beyond the simple warning.

"My daughter! If you have aught to say, I pray you be open with me. Your father and I were fast friends in youth. You lost your mother too early to know aught of her—but you remember your father, Dulcimer? A broken-spirited man. I would be that father to you, now."

She leant forward, and slipt her hand lovingly in his.

"Ere he breathed his last, he bade me use my judgment concerning a certain family history—the history of a cruel wrong wrought him by his trusted friend, Dulcimer. I would rather it had remained for ever untold—but Providence seems to prompt me to tell it to you without further delay."

"Not now," she said, starting from her seat. "I could not—I could not listen to it, now."

"There needs no hurry, child. Let it be to-morrow, then."

"Father" (calling him so in her more tender moods) and all the while looking earnestly in his face, "I have been wilful and wayward, many a time and often (nay! but I must say so); yet with all my faults, I am not ungrateful—oh, no—don't think me ungrateful, guardian—never that. If I had had a mother to check and correct me, to bend my froward will to hers as only a mother can—or I fancy it so—I might have been different—perhaps more deserving your fatherly care."

"Child, it was His holy will."

"In you, guardian, I have had a father. Whatever fate overtakes me—where'er I go—in time to come, I mean—I shall ever love you, and cherish the recollection of your patience and forbearance with your naughty, rebellious ward."

"No, no, Dulcimer!—no, no!—you must not say so. God knows that you have ever been the very apple of my aged eyes. Why, what is wrong with you to-night? Where are all your bright pretty, merry ways? You are not well. You look pale and wan—your eyes are heavy."

Suddenly she knelt down, and laid her head upon his knee—crying hot, passionate tears. Mildly and affectionately he comforted her, and argued down to reason her self-accusing mood.

Wilful—wayward Dulcimer!

It was a wild night. The rain and the wind quarrelled—and set to to play out their differences.

Straight, pouring, matter-of-fact rain it was, that knew its own mind, and meant rain and nothing else. The wind came round a corner and blew, as if it meant blowing, and was not to be put off, driving the torrent before it like a waving sheet, then pulling up suddenly with taunting frolic—and back poured the well of drizzle in the very teeth of the wind. Then the moon toiled up a great ascent, and peeped over a dark pile of clouds, sending down a few strong beams, to see how the strife fared below.

As the day dawned, the weather cleared. Long streaks of crimson grew softly out of the sullen sky, and shot a golden smile over the fields and woods round Garstone, and played with the gilt cross on the high tower of the church, keeping guard over its dead.

Then from the grove there sounded softly, a low, silvery whistle.

Three hours later the Rectory was all astir. Breakfast waited, and Dulcimer was nowhere to be found.

She was gone. A letter lay on her dressing-table, filled with the most ardent protestations of affection for her guardian—im-

ploring forgiveness for the step she said she was compelled to take because of the severe and unjust prejudice existing in his mind against the man who, ere that letter should be read, would be her husband—Henry Prior!

The old man raised his hands over his head, and gave a pitiful cry.

"Oh, Dulcimer! Dulcimer! How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Was there not another beside the son of your father's false friend and deadly enemy? Oh, Merrion, John Merrion! You said the grave would never hold you if one of that race crossed her path—yet you have soundly slept—and I—how have I kept my stewardship? Ah, Dulcimer! why would you not hear me? I would have told you, but you would not—you would not hear me."

He rose to seek his son. He found him sitting quietly, her dainty white workbasket near on the table—her flowers—her music—traces of yesterday, never to be renewed as then. There was a shadow as of great suffering on his face, fiercely wrestled with, and nobly beaten down.

"My son," the Rector said, laying his trembling hands on Truman's head. "Oh, my son!"

For a while they sat silent, as if the blow was too heavy. Then in the truth of his noble nature, Stansfield spoke—

"If she loves him, why not, father? Who is this Prior, whose very name stirs you so strongly? Surely it is a good name!"

"Truman—his forsaken mother took this name when her husband's became the public talk. It was this puzzled me, but the likeness was unmistakeable, and I knew it. Boy! we were college friends together—Merrion, Cunnynggham, and I—sworn friends, remember; how could I be mistaken in his son? Let it rest! Let it rest! God grant that he may be less fiend than his father!—and Dulcimer to have married the son of her father's deadly enemy!"

"Yet, let us, at least, be just—surely he is not to blame for his father's crime. If he has taken her for love—if from to-day he shields and fosters her, why not he, as well as another?"

"Taken her for love," the old man said, mockingly; "never one of that stock married for love—witness Prior's broken-hearted mother. Well, well, it is done; you are right. But how shall give an account of my stewardship?"

## CHAPTER VI.

## MERRION HALL.

A LONG while, and little news respecting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Prior reached Garstone. They were living in Paris, feasting and fêting with the rich and gay.

Dulcimer's first act on her marriage, and, perhaps the only independent one she ever perpetrated at this period of her experience, was to appoint Theodore Langley steward and manager of her estates, subject to the supervision of her guardian. This act had evidently been disapproved by her husband, and Theodore, consequently, was the victim of much that was offensive and discourteous at his hands. Occasionally Dulcimer wrote to the Rector—at first in the old affectionate style, but the letters grew rarer, and at length they ceased altogether.

Three years went by, Mr. and Mrs. Prior came down to Merrion Hall, bringing with them a tiny bundle of cambric and laces, from the centre of which now and then emanated a feeble wailing cry—another little Dulcimer. A party of ladies and gentlemen also accompanied them. But the young mother was no more the happy, blythesome creature the old Rector had loved so dearly. Truman Stansfield, meeting her one day in the village, scarcely recognised her, and would have passed on, but she turned after him with something of the old ringing laugh.

There was feasting and rioting at Merrion Hall, such as had never before been known at Garstone, even gambling, it was said, was not wanting. It was whispered, moreover, that tears were but too often to be seen on Dulcimer's cheek, and that Prior, more than once, had raised his voice savagely at his wife before her guests. Those who had dined there, told that she had trembled and turned pale, sitting at the head of her table, when he looked at her. Once, having a suspicious black bruise on her arm, and being rallied thereupon before Prior, by one of his especial friends, she burst into tears, and with a wild oath he thrust her from the room. This gossip, and much more, was acutely painful to the Rector, and Truman hearing such talk, which was general enough, would hurriedly walk away.

Drooping and sad enough she looked, sitting alone in the great square pew at church—oftentimes a thick veil shading her features. She seemed to avoid the Rectory (it was said, by especial command)—yet one day, when Prior was out hunting, she entered a cottage of one of the tenants, when the Rector sat reading by the bedside.

Age was telling upon him, now. He read on, never guessing

that the new-comer, sitting behind him so attentively, was the darling of his heart, till some passage seeming to suit her case with peculiar force, struck keenly home to her, and she startled him with her sobs.

He walked with her along the lane. She said little, but that little showed him that the wilful and impetuous girl, who had tyrannised in her small way over himself and his son, was crushed out of Mrs. Henry Prior. At the gates of the avenue she turned to say "Good-bye" eagerly and abruptly, as if she feared he would wish to accompany her further.

"Dulcimer! Are you content?" seeing the misery of her worn face.

She shook her head and smiled faintly, while her lips trembled, and the tears were rolling down.

"But, Dulcimer. If there is anything wrong—"

"Guardian! If—if I should die suddenly, bruised, perhaps, or injured, you will—will look into it—and——" Looking up the avenue she saw a group of horses and grooms clustered about the hall-door, as if they were returning from the hunt, and she broke from him, and ran up the lane that led to the back entrance of the hall.

One day Truman and Prior met, for the first time, in a country lane some miles from Garstone.

On horseback, Prior had seen Stansfield from a distance—dis-mounting, he had tied his charger to a tree, and contrived the rencontre.

They stood face to face, neither giving way. Prior, no longer slender and graceful, was bloated now, his fair complexion blotched with many a heavy debauch. The white lines came out round his tawny moustache, that hid the mouth whose deceitful smile used to gleam at everything—it was twitching and writhing now. Those restless, wavering eyes were fixed enough in a fiercer stare. Thus they stood face to face.

"The courtesy of life accords the right to me," Truman said, as to a stranger, glancing, with a slight bend of his body, toward the thickset hedge at his side.

"The wrongs of life equally demand the settling of an old score," muttered the other, between his teeth. "Who are you, d—n you! to stand in my way? I have hated you for years. You thought to patronise me at Halliday, did you? with your confounded snivelling morality. I knew you even then, and all about you, and the girl with the fool's name, too! I vowed then I'd make it pretty straight, and I think I have. I carried off your heiress from under your very grasp, and a cursed bargain she'd be, if it weren't for the money. You may have her, now, and welcome;

out I'll stick to every penny of that. Make way, I say, you beggar!"

In an instant Truman had struck him across the face with a cane he carried. Prior had his horsewhip. He lashed furiously, too blinded by rage to see when or how he directed his blows. By tacit consent, they hurled aside their weapons, and closed hand to hand. Prior was lighter and more agile than Stansfield, who, in his turn, was stronger than Prior. Moreover, the boiling hate in Prior's fiendish nature weakened him in the struggle, and he fought and tore like a maniac, while Truman kept himself cool and collected. It was but a few minutes, and Prior lay panting and exhausted in the mud, a fearful gash in his right cheek. Prostrate in the slough and filth, Stansfield sneered down on him.

"If it were not for your wife, I'd lash you with your own whip, you thief! you reptile!" and, striding over his head, taking the contested right hand, he passed on.

That night there was wailing and lamentation in Merrion Hall. The servants hesitated not to say that their master wreaked upon his unhappy wife the fury he could not inflict upon his foe. Truman, hearing it so said, could not endure his life in the place, and at once left it.

For three weeks Henry Prior was pent up in his room with his severe punishment. His valet told the groom, and the groom told it abroad, that his master would carry to his grave that white scar, marring the pink and white complexion.

But no one at Garstone saw it, for the Priors at once left, and Merrion Hall was again closed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### REPENTANCE AT LEISURE.

Snow lay thick on the ground that dull December day—over the fields and hills, far as the eye could reach, nothing else was to be seen. Nature had become a monomaniac, and the prevailing illusion was snow. The old church seemed to hunch its shoulders under the swan's-down cape that covered it—the round tower looked like a huge muff standing on end. The dazzling whiteness wearied of itself, and the sky grew sullen with watching it. From farmhouse windows, out in bleak wolds, shone the glare of ruddy fires, and the gleam of gaslights in dark streets. The mail cart, going up the village, came and went in a ghostly mysterious way; and the clock, striking in the church tower, sounded muffled and benumbed, as if there was a prevailing cause for mourning abroad, and the vital wheel was turning slowly at the fountain of life.



Along the lonely road, that dull December day—hand in hand—toiled a young woman and a little child. She stood at the Rectory gate, remembering how, through that same wicket years before, she had fled in the early morning—alas, too ready to trust the promises of the new friend, and to weary of and forsake the old and tried ones. The gay twittering of the birds sounded again in her ears—the rich roseate blush of dawn tinted the sky, and cast a warm glow as then. Again the trees rustled in the gentle breeze, and the low whistle sounded—alas, alas!

At the door she stood, weeping silently. The Rector, very much bowed and aged, now, came along the hall, thinking some poor parishioner required his aid.

“Father!” she sobbed, “I have come back to you in penitence and misery. Take me in. Take me in, if it be but to die!”

He stooped forward, looking wistfully in her face with his blue dim eyes. “My child!” And she fell on his neck and kissed him.

Winter, and spring, and summer in their due course sped away, but Truman never came to the Rectory. The colour stole back to Dulcimer’s wan cheek, and something of the old light to her eyes.

One day a newspaper reached her, bearing a foreign postmark, detailing the incidents of the shocking death of an Englishman, by name Henry Prior, in a low gambling-house at Baden-Baden—shot through the heart, on the instant of being convicted of playing with loaded dice, by an associate whom he had ruined. The name of her husband had never passed Dulcimer’s lips. She read the account without a tear—without a word—and brought it to her guardian.

That day, for the first time, a great weight seemed lifted off her heart—a great dread removed. The Rector, that very night, heard her singing to little Dulcimer.

The autumn passed—winter and spring, and then summer came again.

It was autumn evening. The shadows lingered tenderly over the grass—the flowers in the garden hung sleepily on their stems, nodding as the wind careered past. The gathering shades cast an almost unearthly loveliness over the fair, chastened young creature, gazing pensively out of the window.

“Father,” Dulcimer said, “I do not regret that I have suffered. The years that are passed are laden with lessons never to be forgotten, and it is well. But, oh! I do so long to see an old familiar face—very dear to you and me. Tell him to come back, father. Tell him to come that I may hear him say he forgives me.”

"Dulcimer!" Truman said, standing beside her in the twilight.

She turned—looking up in his face, as she used to do when they paced that same garden together—and laid her hands confidently in his.

It was a happy evening; the beginning of many such. But the past stood between them, like a desert of arid remembrances.

The three weeks appointed for his visit glided away.

"She knew that I loved her better than my life, and she looked almost as bewitchingly then into my eyes, while she trusted *his* false smile," Truman thought, bitterly. "I am sadder and wiser, now. I have learnt the hollowness of what *women* call love."

"He will go—he will leave me as he left me before, and never now that one word then would have saved me all. But why will he not speak it, now. Truman," she said, that night—he was leaving next day—"you have not said that you forgive me: say so now!"

"For what do you ask forgiveness of *me*, Dulcimer?"

"Oh, Truman, *you* know, and *I* know."

"You were your own mistress, and had a perfect right to please yourself," he said, sadly, and, she thought, proudly. "It is all passed and over now."

"It was you who were to blame—not I," and she turned round on him with the old spirit. "You went away and left me for two long dreary years. You know—yes, sir, you know that I would have gone to the ends of the world then to serve you. But you left me, here, a lonely, desolate girl, without a friend, beside my dear old guardian, and not one kind word to comfort me. Like a foolish child, I got to mischief. I longed to show you others could appreciate me if you did not. *He* laid a trap for me, and little by little—all the while angry and vexed with you—the mesh caught me, and I could not disentangle myself. Oh, Truman, he poured into my ears wicked tales—he said you boasted, even at school, that when you were tired of amusing yourself in the world, you would come back and marry me, because I was rich and willing to fall into your arms. I vowed to myself then, if I lived a life-long purgatory, you never should marry me. I—I did not know—I—I—did not understand. He used to wait for me daily in the grove, till on your return home, once, we narrowly escaped you. I was wrong, but I have suffered my punishment. I know, now—ah, too well—that all he said was false. But it matters not. It is all over. Go now, sir, to your civil engineering."

"Dulcimer!"

"There are corners in the earth where you and I can dwell, the further apart the better." She turned suddenly, and walked away

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## A SEA-PIECE.

A **QUAINT** old fishing town nooked underneath  
Steep sterile hills ; a breadth of bay before,  
Backed by a broad blue stretch of barren heath,  
That fades away in misty distance near.  
Small coasting craft, each with its one white wing  
Wooing the warm airs of the autumn day,  
Cleave the near waters ; while far out a string  
Of fishing smacks tack inward to the bay.  
Boats oddly grouped, and boats in ordered rows,  
All idly rocking by the water's edge,  
Stood the long line of piers. The lighthouse shows  
A tall white pillar on the outer ledge  
Of the grey rocks beyond ; while overhead  
Float fleecy clouds, warm-rimmed with blue and red

JAMES DA

## A GHOSTLY REMINISCENCE.

DEAR Reader!—Are you a believer in the Spiritual world?

I know what your reply to the above would be:—

I have never seen a ghost, and so hardly know what to say; but sometimes I am almost in doubt, more especially so if, by chance, whilst staying in some remote and quiet old country house, I have retired for the night to my arras-hung, and spectre-haunted looking chamber, having extinguished my candle, the room being only illuminated by the fitful glimmer of the expiring fire: I (although I am ashamed to own it) have involuntarily drawn the bed-clothes more closely around my wakeful head, shuddering, and almost fearing, a visit from the far-off land of the dead.

But if one who has really been face to face with a flitting, and restless spirit, were to tell you of his meeting?

“Well,” you would answer, “then, perhaps, I might be induced give the ghost theory just a little credence.”

Kind reader—and I think I had better say, gentle reader, for I am almost inclined to believe that I shall obtain more support from the fairer portion of my friends—I have seen a ghost!! and although mine does not belong to the class of “terribly awful,” yet my adventure with an inhabitant of another world may prove amusing to those who read these lines.

It is now many years ago—how many I am afraid to say. I was then a gay young cornet, just joined H.M.’s Life-guards, and now my hair is grizzled with tell-tale grey. The recollection, however, of my adventure remains as fresh in my memory as if had only happened yesterday.

I was sitting one winter’s morning in the bow-window of a certain exclusive club in St. James’s Street, reading the latest news of the winter proceedings of the “*cracks*,” from the pen of “our special sporting correspondent,”—(for I used to be fond of a bit of racing in those days),—when who should enter the room but my friend Charlie Bateman of the “*Blues*,” who at that time was my greatest chum.

“Why, Dick,” said he, “at the sporting news again? You will quite addle your brains with ‘the special’s’ latest. You had much better come out of town for a few days’ leave; it will do you all the good in the world. I am going down to my respected old uncle’s to-morrow; there is to be a party in the house, and as I have *carte blanche* as to asking my friends down, you may as well come too, and I can promise you a mount with the Duke. I am

going by the twelve o'clock express to-morrow morning, and shall expect to meet you at Paddington at that time."

I readily accepted this invitation, as I had been one of the unfortunates whose hunting had been curtailed by being compelled to take first leave, and so the prospect of a day's hunting, not the least inviting part of which being the certainty of a first-rate mount, Charlie's uncle, old Blake, being famed for the excellence of his cattle, accompanied by a charming party in the house, were inducements much too potent for me to withstand; and, with cheerful thoughts of the morrow, I made my way back to my quarters to dress for mess, and to give my servant orders to prepare my hunting paraphernalia for the next day's start.

Imagine, then, my chagrin when, upon going to my room for the night, I found a paper lying upon my dressing-table, informing me that there was to be a field-day next morning, which, from former sad experience, I knew would not be over until long after the mid-day express had taken its departure.

In the morning, before I started for the Scrubs, I sent a message to Charlie, informing him of my ill-luck, and that I should not be able to accompany him as arranged; but being determined not to give up my day's hunting, I had recourse to Bradshaw, and found from its intricate pages that there was a train in the afternoon that would take me down in time for dinner, so I begged him to send the dog-cart to the station to fetch me.

My morning's work being finished, I divested myself as quickly as possible of my war-like garb, and donning one of Mr. Poole's most correct heather-mixture suits, after having fortified my inner man with an excellent luncheon, drove to the station, and, pitching upon an empty carriage, ensconced myself therein, rolling myself up in my railway-rug as comfortably as I could, and lighting my cigar, prepared myself for a start.

Whether it was my hard day's work, or the soothing effects of my Manilla, I know not; but I soon fell asleep, and was not aroused from my soothing slumbers until I was rudely awakened by the stentorian shout of a leather-lunged porter, whose "refrain" informed me I had arrived at my destination.

Charlie had not played me false, for on alighting at the station I found the dog-cart waiting for me; and after the usual struggle for portmanteaus, hat-boxes, and the useless impediments that young men are commonly apt to encumber themselves with, I at last found myself seated behind one of the best trotters it was ever my good fortune to meet with, who rattled us over the six miles that intervened between "old Blake's" and the station in an incredibly short space of time.

As we turned up the long avenue, I had a good opportunity of

inspecting my new quarters. The house appeared to be partly formed of the remains of an old castle, with battlements, pointing to Norman descent, but evidently the original structure had not been sufficiently large to supply the requirements of the descendants of its one time master, for two wings of quite a modern date flanked either extremity, giving the structure a most incongruous appearance. I noticed that all the bedrooms threw out bright gleams of light from their curtained windows, proving to my mind that the remainder of the party had already retired to prepare themselves for dinner.

I was met at the door by a butler of venerable aspect, who informed me that dinner would be ready in about twenty minutes. He accompanied me to the foot of, perhaps, one of the handsomest old-oak staircases I had ever seen (and even to this day I have never met with a finer specimen), dimly lighted at intervals by oil lamps of a most antique pattern, which shed a sober and religious glow upon the polished steps and balusters, throwing out deep shadows from the heavy carving, and leaving large corners totally enveloped in sombre darkness.

Nor was it alone remarkable for the beauty of its architecture; it had another great charm in its width, which struck me all the more after the narrow staircases one is generally doomed to climb.

Handing me my candle with a bow of "seignorial" pomposity, the old butler informed me that a footman would be in waiting at the top to receive me with my luggage. Making my way up the stairs, and admiring the carving for its beauty and finish, turning out of one of the dark alcoves I have already mentioned, I suddenly came face to face with an old lady of pleasing mien. She was dressed with scrupulous neatness, in a brocaded costume of gone-by date: her hair, which was carefully drawn back over a high cushion, was of snowy whiteness; and I noticed that she wore old-fashioned mittens on the hand, in which she carried her massive silver candlestick.

Drawing on one side to allow her to pass, and putting her down as one of Charlie's country relatives, I made her one of my politest bows, which she smilingly returned, and left me to hurry on to my dressing-room to prepare for dinner. Completing my toilette as rapidly as possible, I made my way down stairs, and arrived just as the party were leaving the drawing-room, and hurriedly making my apologies for the lateness of my arrival, paired off with an old London friend.

We had a good deal of scandal and every-day conversation to get through, so it was not until dinner was nearly over that I chanced to look round the table, and, to my surprise, did not see the old lady of strange deportment that I had encountered upon the stairs.

The absence of so striking a guest raised my wonderment, and then chancing at that moment to be a lull in the general flow of conversation, my curiosity being too great to be further restrained, I addressed myself to Charlie, asking him the cause of the non-appearance at dinner of the strange personage that I had seen on my first arrival; and I was forthwith proceeding to describe her appearance minutely, when my eye happened to catch Charlie's, and I perceived that he was making frantic signs to me to hold my tongue; and at last it dawned upon my unenlightened brain that I had made some mistake in mentioning my rencontre, and that I had what is commonly called "put my foot in it."

This announcement of mine had a most astonishing effect upon the whole company; every one seemed all of a sudden to have become most uneasy and unquiet; the conversation flagged sadly, as if a dark cloud had come over the merriment of the assemblage, and it was quite a relief when at last the ladies rose to retire from the room.

As soon as the door had closed upon the interesting forms of our fair friends, I eagerly drew my chair in close proximity to Charlie, and earnestly begged for an explanation of the strange mystery which appeared to hang over the antiquated dame. Several other men were also anxious to hear some elucidation of the story, so, obeying Charlie's commands, we replenished our glasses, and drew round him to hear his explanation. He commenced—

"I must first ask you not again to allude to what you saw in my uncle's presence, as the family do not like the matter mentioned; not that they fear anything from the vision, but its appearance always renders them uncomfortable from some unaccountable fear that ill may happen; for although I suppose you will scarcely believe it, our friend Dick, here, has seen a ghost!"

At this there was a murmur of unbelief from his hearers, in which, I must candidly say, I heartily joined.

"Well," continued Charlie, "permit me to proceed with my story, and then if, after you have heard all, you do not put any faith in my veracity, you shall all judge for yourselves."

This meeting with general approval, he was allowed to relate the following:—

How that some years before in the time of Charles, the then possessor of the property had gone out to do battle for his king against the unruly bands of the followers of Cromwell, and had joined the forces of the ill-fated monarch. How he had led several onslaugths against the enemy, most gallantly, and that he had disappeared in a most mysterious manner, no trace of him having ever been discovered, his fate being quite unknown. That when he had

set out he had left his mother in charge of the house, and that she died a most sad death from grief at her son's dreadful end.

He further went on to relate—How that the story had got about that, at certain times of the year, her wraith was said to wander along the galleries of the old place; and he concluded, that it must have been this strange phantom that I had met upon the stairs.

Most of Charlie's listeners, when he had brought the above to its finish, strongly expressed their disbelief in the truth of what he had been relating, unhesitatingly giving it as their opinion that the whole thing derived its origin from some old maid's fable, and that in the nineteenth century, such antiquated and long-exploded ideas could not be received.

Still their curiosity was aroused, and the argument grew hot and strong, one thing leading to another, until it was finally arranged, that, after the elder portion of the guests had retired, all doubts should be set at rest by ocular demonstration.

A council of war was formed upon the spot, and it was unanimously settled that we should divide ourselves into two parties to test the truth or the fallacy of Charlie's story. It was finally determined that one party, of which I was to be the leader, was to ascend the staircase upon which I had met the ghostly visitant, from the bottom, and that the other cohort, of which Charlie, by general consent, had been elected captain, was to creep up the servants' stairs, and making their way by some intricate path of which Charlie was cognisant, to the summit, were there to await the agreed-upon signal, upon gaining which they were to descend so as to meet the other party, with the intention of imprisoning the spectral female in our midst, and deciding forever the truth, or the contrary, of the generally-received opinion, if the old lady were in reality a being of another world, or some miserable mummer, decked out in the tawdry finery of a gone-by date, looted from some long-forgotten receptacle, who sought to play upon the superstitious of the neighbourhood.

The rendezvous fixed upon was, as might be easily supposed, the smoking-room, where we at once proceeded to marshal our forces. Charlie collected his party, and started for his trysting-place; whilst I, with my band, made our way to the foot of the fine old staircase which impressed me so much when I first saw it upon my advent.

We waited most impatiently for the wished-for signal, and at last our ears were gladdened with the welcome whistle, whose warning note was to loose us from further restraint; and with palpitating hearts, and eager footsteps, we commenced to ascend.

Oh! how well do I remember what afterwards happened, and



how vividly all the facts come back to my remembrance. I, as chief, headed my party, and, carried away by excitement, had already advanced several steps before the rest, when as distinctly as I now see the paper upon which I pen these lines, I beheld quietly, and without the least sign of trepidation, descending the stairs, candle in hand, the same smile upon her speaking face—the very identical old lady whose reality or fallacy of existence we had come to determine.

I was certainly staggered when I beheld the “uncanny one” slowly advancing towards us, neither looking to the right or the left; but I had presence of mind enough left to remember that we had by preconcerted plan arranged that each party was to form an impenetrable chain by joining hands with the nearest men on either side, so that in the event of the phantom owing its being to worldly means escape would be rendered quite impossible.

That Charlie’s party had already done this was soon shown, for they were now visible behind our strange visitor. On they came, step by step, the old lady apparently heeding us not in the very least.

On, on, they came, and forward we advanced.

Now there are ten steps separating us—now eight—now five—and still the strange one was there!

But three now divided us! Yet as clearly as ever the old woman remained between us!

What my feelings were at that moment it is impossible for me to describe.

Another—and one step more—and we met? Gone! Vanished! Our spiritual visitor had dissolved into thin air, and we were left *vis-à-vis* upon the stairs.

Not a trace—not a vestige of her remained—and, in very truth, we had seen a ghost!

A loud shout of laughter—a scramble back to the smoking-room—and our *seance* was over.

Yet, I fancied, whilst we chatted and talked the affair over, and as the small hours waned (perhaps it was only fancy,) that one or two of our number from time to time cast furtive glances over their shoulders, and that some brewed their grog a trifle stronger than was their wont.

These, dear reader, are the facts of my experience with the ghostly world; and although my introduction to it was not accompanied by the screeching of owls, or the burning of blue flames, yet my story has the benefit of veracity. For I have no doubt that there are many of the party of which I formed a part still to the fore who can vouch for my truthfulness.

A. ST. L.

ALASTOR.

BY LIEUT.-COL. COPINGER.

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INDIA has always been, from the time that it has been occupied by the British Army, a resort for men of broken fortunes ; and one of the generals, who commanded at Cawnpore, had spent a large fortune in the Guards, and having been long a votary of fashion there, had become so much involved in debt, that he was forced to leave England in disguise, and had then been gazetted to an Infantry regiment in India. By virtue of the date of his commission having been before that of the other Lieutenant-Colonel in the said regiment, he came in for a Brigadier's command, which his friends at the Horse-Guards took care to have confirmed ; and by the time Alastor had arrived at Cawnpore he was installed in his duties as Brigadier of the Station. He was also a man of pleasure, and handsome, witty, gay, and much favoured by the fair ; he was sworn partner to the Cavalry colonel, who commanded the Dragoon regiment there, and they lived together in the same bungalow. The other General, who held the supreme command, was a regular old Indian, to whom gambling was as a second nature. He had not left the country for ten years, being all that time in different native regiments or on staff employ ; and an interesting-looking young Eurasian lady, who was his daughter, kept his house and did the honours of his establishment. Amongst the young Dragoon officers, and also amongst all the young officers in the Station, were many who might have turned out most respectable members of society—most useful agents in leading their men to habits of industry and improvement and who, in the very great length of hours, which were daily hanging heavy upon their hands, might have had ample leisure to learn something that would have improved their own minds. But the ruling authorities—the magnates in office—the leading counsellors—who, each of them, like a city set on a hill, were the observed of all observers there—were not the examples by which they could profit ; they were brave men, and even able men to a certain extent, and had the call to arms sounded the young men would have felt confidence in following them ; but they were not those whose moral conduct commanded respect. They had not the qualification which the Heathen historian attributed to Cato, “ *Esse quam videri bonus*

*malebat*;" and the consequence of their shortcomings in exhibiting a moral standard was that an almost universal spread of dissipation and licentiousness pervaded the place. There were, however, a few exceptions; and Havelock, who was there for a short time, and was then only a lieutenant, having been purchased over several times, was not the only—though he was perhaps the most striking—instance of one who was not ashamed to follow the narrow path which was so much shunned by the multitude—where nights were spent in gambling and days at billiards—where drinking and smoking occupied the precious hours of most of the days and nights—where the tepid nature of the atmosphere forbade healthful exercise, and the only hours when the air out of doors could be braved were limited to the two or three which preceded morning and followed sunset. The life in the cantonment of Cawnpore was during eight months of the year anything but a desirable life for young officers. One of the Dragoon officers, called Grierson, was, more than all the rest, distinguished for his very great skill at billiards, his extreme taste for gambling, his reckless pursuit of pleasure, his great bodily strength, and his complete contempt of religious principles. On one occasion, that was well-known, he had been a large winner at picquet with his colonel, and the stakes had become so high that the colonel had said he should feel embarrassed about the payment of them; and Grierson had retorted upon him by saying that he might dispose of his commission, but still felt that he was bound to pay him. His matchless coolness, his complete self-composure, and his well-known courage, had made him celebrated in a society where many others were possessed of like qualifications. Indeed, it would seem as if these characteristics were looked upon as forming the beau-ideal of the British officer. Added to these, his personal appearance was very much indeed in his favour, and it used to be a favourite theme of discussion amongst the ladies there as to which was the handsomest of the two—Mr. Grierson or Mr. Alastor. In fact, some such topics of discussion were almost the only ones amongst them, except the all-pervading one of dress and the canvassing the appearance of their sisterhood, and commenting upon their conduct. It was very seldom that any of the ladies who composed that society would converse on any intellectual topic, or enter upon any course of reading except the lightest of novels. Few of them even pursued the practice of the piano, and still much fewer ever thought of either visiting or attending to the schools for the instruction of the soldiers' children.

Alastor, during the whole of the summer, gave himself up to the billiard-room and play. The shooting on the other side of the river, in Oude, during the spring, certainly sometimes tempted him there; but the fearful heat, and the remembrance of the fever

which he suffered from soon after his arrival in the country, acted as warnings to him not to go out too often. He was one of the young men who joined in the frequent exclamation that was usual there, that existence in such a climate was unbearable without the excitement of play. To his impetuous and ungovernable temper the pursuit of any object became a passion. He had never the intellectual strength of mind which could induce him to resort to some pursuit which would occupy his thoughts, and render him independent of any companionship. Again, even in his love he was ardent, and it absorbed his every energy at first; but when he had attained his object, when

"The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Had lost its charm in being caught,"

he made but a sorry domestic character, and was not swayed either by sterling principle or religious feeling. I began this tale—or rather the attempt—at conjuring up the recollection of the scenes I had myself witnessed, by saying that it was impossible to know what fortune should betide a man, or the caprice which would actuate a woman; and I am sorry to say that Amelia did not prove the dutiful and affectionate wife which might have been supposed, or which the honeymoon of joy, that passed on the river voyage from Calcutta to Cawnpore, might have led Alastor to promise to himself. The love of change, which so universally marks her sex, was strong in her, and not tempered by any of the amiable domestic virtues which sometimes neutralise its power over woman.

There were many rivals amongst the gay youths of the Station who danced with her at the different parties, and rode with her early in the mornings; but latterly none of these found favour in her eyes except Grierson. He was incessantly at her carriage at the hour when the band played at sunset, and when Alastor preferred the exercise of the billiard-room, and said that it was not worth while dressing to go out and listen to any music, or talk nonsense to any woman. It was quite true that his appearance and his manner, his conversation and his ingenuousness, would have at any time ensured his being received most favourably in any female society; but it was equally true that he, the most envied man in that cantonment, and possessed of the home containing one who might fairly be called the belle of the station, disregarded anything except the pursuit of play, and also indulged to such an extent in drinking that it had become an habitual vice with him. It is now thought to be a vulgar vice; but several years ago it used to be condemned only faintly in the same sort of way that the sallies of a youthful favourite are looked upon by a

fond female relative; and then there were so many in the highest station that indulged in it that no one thought it a degradation, so much is the law of custom paramount over the law of rectitude. This was the case in moral England; but in India it was no exaggeration to say that the case was ten times worse. When he was engaged thus, Amelia used to drive alone to the course, and then end the drive by a visit to the place where the band was playing, and evening after evening the scene was changed by the performance taking place at the different parts of the cantonment, nearest to which the several regimental bands performed. She thought to herself at first how much happier she had been when her husband found her society interesting, and did not desert her for the billiard-room or for the bottle; but by degrees, after she found the attentions and the insidious flattery of Grierson did not awaken Alastor to a sense of what was due to her, she began to like them, and they came as an opiate to her mind to supplant the loneliness which she felt at her first finding herself neglected. Daily he became more marked in his attentions, so far as to let her know them; but with all his arts to conceal his conduct from others, he could not entirely succeed in escaping from the ever-busy tongue of scandal.

There—where no possible theme of another kind offers itself for the vacant-minded to descant upon—where there is, so to speak, no press; for the Calcutta paper, even such as it is, comes up more than a week after its publication—where publications from England are few and far between, and even these too high a study for the generality of the indolent men and languid ladies—scandal is, in fact, the normal "*pabulum animi*." It is prized as the most welcome treat with which you can season your discourse, dealt out in modulated tones to the fair ones, either sitting under the punkah by day, or seated in their carriages, affecting to listen to the music, in the evening. It is interspersed with the sporting language, bets, chaff, and oaths, which ring through the billiard-room between the games. One evening, in February, just after the time that the band had ceased playing, and the carriages were all being driven with their inmates homewards, and the mess bugles had sounded the call for dressing, Alastor, who had been, as usual, engaged at billiards, went into the room adjacent to the billiard-room attached to his mess, to put on his jacket preparatory to driving home. One of the young officers came into the billiard-room just as he left it, not seeing him, and met one of his intimate companions there, who asked him what news there was, and who was at the band. The young man said, "Oh, not much worth seeing; only Grierson is awfully spooney, and carrying it on with Alastor's wife." These words reached ears they were not intended for before the officer

could possibly silence the speaker ; and Alastor (who, to say the truth, had indulged much too freely during the time he was playing at billiards) was perfectly infuriated at hearing them. He drove homewards, and saw on his dismounting that his wife's carriage had just come in. He ran into his bungalow to his wife's room, and asked her where she had come from. She told him that he so seldom troubled her now with accompanying her where she went, she was surprised at his asking her the question. Then he said, "Who has been speaking to you, and been near your carriage when you were at the band?" She said that she really did not recollect any one in particular, there were so many people that came to speak to her. Alastor, who, when intoxicated, was most ungovernable, was doubly infuriated at not receiving a plain answer to his question, and so far forgot his manhood, and every good feeling he ever possessed, as to strike her. From this time all respect and love that she had for him might be said to have gone. She cared not to please him, and even began to shudder when he spoke to her.

It so happened that one of the viziers of the King of Lucknow, who had accumulated vast sums of money while in the King's service, arrived about that time at Cawnpore, and took up his residence at one of the largest bungalows in the neighbourhood of the cantonment ; and, as his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, was about to celebrate his marriage with a nawaub's daughter, he determined to have the matter conducted in the most magnificent style. It was not enough for him to have all the usual native preparations,—many acres of ground laid out in trellissed walks, each partition of the trellis-work hung with varigated lamps, and the whole of them interlaced with evergreens, hosts of dancing girls in troops, attended by musicians—small and large tents laid out with every native fruit, confectionery, sherbet, lemonade, and refreshment of every kind, and supplied with divans and cushions for the accommodation of thousands ; fireworks of the several sorts, which, so costly and so grand, the Asiatics, from time immemorial, have been so choice in devising, *kynee walles*, or story-tellers, who entertained their different audiences at different tents or parts of the ground ; and all the costly and varied delicacies in the way of cakes, which were incessantly handed about, as well as proffering every guest, on entrance, the pawn and the perfumes. But he was determined to exceed all his compeers by setting out in due order of preparation for dancing, and for supper afterwards, an immense tent, called a *surree purdu*, which was to be appropriated for the English, and where hermetically-sealed fish, soups, different meats, and rare delicacies of every assortment were for Englishmen's eating, and where, fitted for Feringhee drinking, every choice wine that could be pro-

cured should be in abundance. As the festivities were to be carried on nightly for seven nights the grand scale upon which this monster festival was planned was, even in a country of expensive banquets, quite a wonder, and formed a topic of discourse with the gentry in the cantonment for several days before it commenced.

Though Alastor had been so severe in showing his indignation to his wife for her supposed levity of conduct, he did not attempt to practise any restraint upon her movements, and she had always a carriage to go out in in the evening, he being a man sufficiently well off to afford almost any luxury. She constantly drove out on the course, and afterwards to the band. However, she took care to let Grierson know of the savage treatment which she had met with, and to warn him not to be seen with her; and in consequence he never went near her carriage at the band: so Alastor (who occasionally riding to where the music was being played, that he might see how matters were going on, never saw him near her on any occasion. But Grierson used still to ride alongside her carriage on her way home; and one evening, in the loneliest part of the road, where she saw his horse coming down a road which turned into the main one, she desired the coachman to drive slowly, and Grierson rode up to her, and asked her if she had heard the news about the grand doings that were to take place at the nawaub's bungalow. She said she had only heard a vague rumour about it. He said that the nawaub had been so anxious to please the English gentry, that he had begged the Brigadier to let them know that there would be a large tent appropriated solely for them, and that he would take it as a great favour if they all came in fancy dresses. This was his suggestion in consequence of his well-knowing that it would be a measure extremely acceptable to the gay Brigadier, who knew that the ladies would like it, and would himself also be sure to favour it. So said Grierson: "I think we ought all to get our costumes ready for the occasion." "But," said Amelia, "can we go dressed in any way we please?" "Yes," said Grierson; "and, provided you are masked, no person can object to your wearing any sort of costume; and no one can know who you are, except they previously should be informed as to how you were going to dress. You will be there, of course?" "I do not know," said Amelia. "Oh, yes—pray," said Grierson, "go in a habit and mask. I shall be dressed as a huntsman, with a black mask, and you will know me by it. I know I have only a few moments that I can safely speak to you; but say you agree to this before I leave you. Your native coachman does not understand what I am saying, so there is no danger. I hope you will say that you consent." Amelia said

' Well, you may be sure I shall be there, dressed as you say.' He then bid her farewell, and she told the coachman to drive on quickly homewards.

On her arrival Alastor spoke of the nawaub's grand feast, and left her for one of the mess rooms, where he now usually spent all his evenings. When he was there he found a large party assembled, and all of these could talk of scarcely anything but this grand fancy ball, or, as they called it, the "nawaub's tamasha." The native words become ingrafted in the common conversation of the English in India to such an extent as almost to make a sentence unintelligible to a new arrival; but it is almost impossible to avoid falling into the error of using them. But both the ladies and the gentlemen all through the continent entered with the greatest zest into the preparations for appearing at this fancy ball. The country offers every facility for making up dresses, as the ingenuity of the native tailors is such, that if you give them any pattern to work upon they will sit in the verandah and finish it for you; and from their numbers and their diligence dresses of any kind can be got ready at a very short notice; so they were in great request, as every European gentleman and lady in the Station was determined to go. All that was required to ensure an effective masquerade dress was money to pay for the materials and masks; and as to materials, the different *bisatties*, or native cloth sellers, furnished as they were with wares from all parts of the East, had ample stocks of all that was on demand; and the masks the European shopkeepers in the Station provided.

When the night fixed for the entertainment came on, at about ten o'clock, the equipages of the European officers and civilians came in great numbers to the entrance of the large tent, an approach to which had been prepared by levelling a broad road, which, on both sides, was fenced with trellis-work festooned with flowers and evergreens, and completely illuminated through its interstices with lamps. Then the carriages drove up to the tent door, and out of each by turns stepped dominoes, nuns, queens, ladies of honour, each of different courts and different times in history, historical celebrities of ancient and modern dates, kings, courtiers, Spaniards, Italians, bandits, Albanians, friars, harlequins, clowns, columbines, besides numerous comic characters, amongst whom was a postman, who brought in his post-bag acrostics, written complimentary to the ladies of his acquaintance. These were all masqued; but the most picturesque groups were the natives (who, by virtue of their rank, had had invitations) in their loose white *ungoorkas* and *pyjamas*, or *dhooties*, with crimson sashes and flowing scarfs, with their varied-coloured turbans, ornamented



daggers, and spangled shoes, turned up, like those worn by our ancestors in mediæval times.

The liberal policy of the Governor of the feast (for such he was called) was boundless; and he had provided a separate tent for the military band, who were to play the Nautch music for the Feringhees of high station, and it was stocked with all the refreshments that they could possibly require. This enabled the assembly to enjoy their own peculiar pastime of dancing; and a host of attendants were at hand, who had orders to bring the supper for the noble Feringhees at one in the morning. In the meantime the tent boarded for the occasion was devoted to quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopades. The natives sat on the sofa and looked on in wonder; but during the dance none of the sofas were occupied by English females, and the possibility of one of these being disengaged when the gentlemen were in proportion of ten to one, was scarcely to be looked for. The tent was decorated most profusely with festoons of evergreens round the lamps and flowers; and one of the officers remarked:—

“*Persicos odi puer apparatus,  
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.*”

Though the English had only one night's entertainment to the seven which the natives had for their revels, the style in which all was on that night carried on might fairly entitle it to be more than a match for the more lengthened revelry of the Asiatics.

Some days before the grand doings commenced, Grierson had been otherwise engaged than getting ready dresses for the show. From the jealous vigilance, with which Amelia was watched, he knew that he should be unable to meet her; but still he had hopes of being able to carry out a daring scheme which he had planned, and he knew “that there is no love broker in the world more effective than valour.” So he said, “If I pursue courageously the project I have formed, we shall effect an elopement. I have no doubt of success. If Alastor will only allow his wife to attend at this masqued ball, I may be sure that my purpose will be effected.” One of the rich natives, in the employ of the ex-Peishwa of Bitoor, was an acquaintance of Grierson's. He was possessed of a great number of elephants, some of which were used for travelling, and with others Grierson had often gone out in the country shooting.

To any officer who made the application the privilege of visiting the hills during the hot weather was granted by the Commander-in-Chief, and Grierson applied for permission to do so, and received leave for six months. He then laid what was called a dawk, from a station called Muckanpore, which was fifty miles from Cawnpore. The method of laying a dawk was to engage a native agent, called a surburahee, who agrees to provide bearers at each of the stations

between the starting point and the hills, half the money being paid in advance and half when the journey is completed. He wanted enough men for three palanquins, so he engaged twenty-four bearers, as they are always obliged to change every half-mile, and takes twelve men to carry the three; also every twelve miles a new relay of twenty-four other men must be laid. The kuhars (as the bearers are called) carry the palanquins on their shoulders, shifting the poles frequently from the right to the left. They move on in a continued jog-trot, and make a noise which might be called a mixture of singing and grunting.

So far as the arrangement of laying this hawk from Muckanpore to Missouri went, the affair was easily settled; and Grierson determined that the day of his reaching Muckanpore along with the lady, whom he daringly resolved should leave the place in his charge, should be two days after the nawaub's festival. He then asked his native friend to lend him two elephants with howdahs on each, and the mahouts to have them ready in his compound on the day of the *fête*. The native Mussulman gladly agreed to this, as he was very anxious to be on good terms with the English. Then Grierson began about the most difficult part of his nefarious project, his was to bribe Mrs. Alastor's ayah to pack up all her mistress's jewels, bonnets, clothes, &c., on the day of the festival, to get the other servants out of the way, and to have porters hired to be ready to start with her. He had no apprehension of Amelia's not consenting; her affections had been so thoroughly alienated from Alastor, owing to his unmanly conduct, that she had not hesitated to tell him that she would leave her husband the first opportunity that presented itself. And he, during the numerous interviews which had taken place, had pledged himself to go through fire and water in her behalf.

When the eventful day came on, and the elephants he had borrowed arrived in his court-yard, he had his own clothes and a hamper of provisions packed, and putting on the dress and mask, he drove in his gig to the nawaub's tent. After he had been there a little while he saw the lady's mask and habit which he was in search of; and she, when she was accosted by him, told him that Alastor did not know how she was dressed.

Unobserved they spoke together. It did not take long for him to persuade Amelia to come outside the tent, or even to come into his gig, which she also did unobserved. But driving on he had a good deal of conversation with her, and much entreaty ensued before she would consent; but at last she agreed to go with him to his bungalow. When they arrived there he left her in one of the rooms, and getting into the howdah, made one of the mahouts drive the elephant to Alastor's bungalow, and there finding the ayah who

had all the necessary preparations ready, made her get up with him, and taking all the boxes, return with him to his own. Then all three took their departure, Amelia and Grierson on one elephant, the ayah with the boxes on the other. The howdahs were large enough to hold all. The mahoats were good drivers, knew the road, or rather paths, as they had to avoid the high road, and were skilful in their art. As to travelling at night, it was much preferable to travelling by day; and as to the fifty miles, he proposed, if Amelia felt the fatigue, to stop half way between Cawnpore and Muckanpore, but if the sitting on the howdah did not very much weary her, he felt that it would be much better if they could finish out the journey at the rate of about six miles an hour during the night and morning.

With the start of so many hours he was in hopes of effecting the grand object, which was to escape detection; he determined in any case to keep clear of the main road. It needed all the dexterity which the mahoats were possessed of—to guide the elephants through the dry ground by the side of the ravines where the cleft earth descended forty feet deep, and a false step would have been destruction—to thread the paths where the groves of castor-oil trees, the neem, and the tamarind waved their branches—to escape the shade of the bare trees, beneath whose leaves innumerable thorns are thickly set—to find their devious paths through the vast tracks of jow, which close and green like the bracken the country in many tracks is planted thick with, so as to make it a wilderness—to keep the elephants from stopping at the much-loved kates of sugar-canes, which rear their tapering and many-leaved stems sometimes higher than fifteen feet—to traverse the cotton fields where the plants were loaded with capsules, hanging out half of their snowy produce; but the weather in February was not very fearfully hot.

After the excitement of getting into the howdah, the state of bewilderment which Amelia was in from the hurried manner in which she had been urged to take this fearful step, brought on a flood of tears, which partially relieved her. She reclined almost unconsciously on Grierson's arm. The jolting of the elephant, though quite a matter of no moment to one accustomed to it, was to her, in her nervous state, a source of fatigue, so Grierson saw there was nothing for it but to call a halt at a small village called Pavao, which is half way between Cawnpore and Muckanpore.

At the nawaub's tent, while these were on their perilous journey, the course of the festivities went on; the different dances, the promenade round the tent; the adjournments to the refreshment tent, where nothing was wanting that the most fastidious epicure could desire; but in the crowd of masques, and anxiety of couples to meet and recognise one another, nothing could be easier than that two

people should, escaping observation, leave the assembly. The ball was a perfect delight to all the ladies. To them, invariably, dress, and all regarding it, in every country, is a subject of such absorbing interest, as to be a ruling passion. Men, according to their modes of life, are judges of numbers of things, and, more or less, competent to form decisions upon them, but ladies universally are, one and all, strong on points of dress, and a fancy dress ball is to them enjoyable. But these gentlemen—unlike foreigners, who indulge in all sorts of sprightly conversation, wit, anecdote, and laughter, were all Britons—and of that normal type of stolid, unsusceptible humanity which marks the British in whatever country they are found; and towards the hour of supper, they began to feel, as such men do, somewhat bored, at least such of them as had no partners, which was, of course, a large majority. They could not, like some young gentlemen recorded in *Lothair*, look forward to a night of unbroken tobacco, though, indeed, the hookah (which has its winding tube drawn through a vase filled with rose water, so as to make its flavour a sort of earthy mixture of scented tobacco) is allowed at the supper table, and even dinner-tables of India. But it requires a long apprenticeship to reconcile cigar smokers to its mawkish taste. So when the supper was announced, and the numerous table attendants had brought in the dishes, and the wine bottles covered with wetted cloths were put on the table, and all the favoured ones who had ladies to attend to were seated at the table, there was a large bevy of bachelors at the bottom of the board. These took off their masks, and began to partake of the good things before them, especially wine. As the drinking proceeded, the conversation was composed of horsey topics, bets, and chaffing one another.

"Night," said one captain, "is the only liveable time in this climate. I sleep all day, and tell my servant to wake me at sunset."

"I think, positively," said another, "there would be no existing in the country unless one had iced champagne. Champagne uniced is undrinkable. I know a man who was obliged to leave the Life Guards because he had his champagne uniced at dinner."

"I wonder," said a third, "if my jockey will be up in time to ride the horse I have in training for the races; I have no one to rear but Grierson, who, I believe, is going to Missouree. I have not seen him to-night. I suppose he must have some partner at the other end of the table. It would be strange if he were away from such a gay scene. Where is Grierson?" he then said to one of the officers across the table; an officer who was a great friend of his.

"I do not know, and thought I should have seen him here; but I have not seen him the whole night," said the officer.

Alastor was seated next this officer at the supper table. He had during the day been playing very high at billiards, and drank very much. In fact, since the eventful evening that he had shown his ungovernable temper in striking his wife, he had, although he every now and then at uncertain intervals returned to his bungalow to look after her, passed most of his time in alternate fits of drunkenness and gambling for high stakes. But when he heard this said of Grierson, he determined to take the first opportunity of looking out for him, and, as he fancied she was gone home, of returning first thither. That day he had not spoken to her, and he, having left the house early for the billiard-room, had not returned to dress for the ball till after she had gone there ; and as she went in a carriage, which was always at her own disposal, he never thought of inquiring about her, but dressed hastily in a domino, and it was late when he reached the tent.

But before he could possibly leave, one of the interpreters of the station, at the instance of the General, addressed the governor of the feast and the young bridegroom, who were seated at the top of the table, in Hindoostan, and expatiated upon the kindness which he, the governor, had shown all the English present in giving them such a hospitable invitation, and on their part and his own he begged to propose the health of the bridegroom and of his house (he was obliged, by native etiquette, to omit mentioning the bride). Then the toast was received with great applause by all the English present. Then the governor of the feast rose, and responding in his own language, expressed the sense which the bridegroom felt of the honour done him, and the wish that a cordial feeling of friendship should always exist between the British and himself, and, for his part, he felt honoured by their presence. After this the guests rose, and a host of servants came and removed the tables and the remains of the feast, and some of the couples resumed their dancing, but most of the party moved homewards ; and those who stayed of the male party were only the old Indians who were inveterate hookah smokers, or some who had to wait till their wives had done dancing.

Alastor drove home as quickly as he could, and when he found that his wife was not there, he was frantic. He could get no information from any of the servants, for the ayah had been highly bribed and distributed her coin judiciously. He was more exasperated at the affront, which he thought was put upon him, than grieved at the prospect of the sad lot which was to befall himself and her. But he said that he must avenge the insult, and, if possible, arrest the progress of the couple who had gone ; for he had no doubt of Grierson's having eloped with her, and of their being both on their way to Missouree. He then recollected that he knew two of the

officers, great friends of his, who had sent in their applications for leave, and who were about going to the hills. He confided his story to them, and asked them to join him in going immediately some part of the route. He said that he would have satisfaction from Grierson, and make him give him a meeting on the very first ground where he should find him—that he should try his fortune with him with any weapon that he chose to fix—either pistols or with swords—that he knew they would stand by him, and see justice done to both of them. He brought the matter home to them so vividly, that they both consented; and, certainly, although some days before he had appeared to be almost reduced to the condition of an imbecile from drinking, the shock of the event which had happened completely sobered and restored him to his former spirits and energy.

As the leave for a few days was easily procured, the only difficulty was sending on the horses; but the officers made their grooms mount three spare ones, and go on before them, having a start of about two hours. Then they put on their swords, and rode away at a gallop by the north road from Cawnpore, and one of them put also a case of pistols in his holsters. They directed the grooms to ride on to Chobeepore, which is only fourteen miles from Cawnpore, and there stay with the horses, and at about six in the morning they all reached it; and though they could not get any information relative to the fugitives, as Grierson took care that they should avoid the high road, yet Alastor thought it would be much better to continue another stage; so leaving their horses with the grooms, they mounted the horses which had gone on before, and had been fed and galloped on to Pavao.

Not many huts were to be seen in this village, but about half-a-mile from the right side of it, in a thick tope of mangoes, one of the officers saw two elephants tethered; and as he had been riding out to look in the neighbourhood of the village for any trace of the gentleman and lady who had left Cawnpore, he thought he might ask the Mahoats, who were sitting on the ground under the shade of a mango tree, as to who the owners of the elephants were, and accordingly questioned them in their own language, which he (who was acting interpreter to the corps), was conversant in. The mahoats gave no further information than that the elephants belonged to Rhamagan Allec Khan; then the officer rode to the other end of the mango tope, and saw a small cottage. He thought that before anything further should be done, he would first tell Alastor this, and so galloped back to tell him and the other officer, and then both immediately returned with him to the mango tope.

The whole process of reconnoitring did not occupy more than

five minutes. Alastor then alighted at the cottage door and knocked, and then, indeed, Grierson appeared. Alastor said that were he not an officer he would strike him where he stood, but he had come for the purpose of punishing him for his dastardly conduct, and gave him the choice of fighting him, either with pistols or swords.

Grierson—who had no hint of being followed, had only arrived half-an-hour before that time, with Mrs. Alastor, and flattering himself that all was secure in the cottage, and that he might stay there till the afternoon, it being then nine o'clock—answered that of course he was ready to give him any satisfaction he required, and his language was so violent that he preferred that they should fight with swords.

The two officers who stood by them, took Alastor apart, and urged him to say nothing more, and one of them led him away to another part of the mango grove, while the other remained at the cottage-door, and told Grierson that he would see justice done him if he trusted his honour into his hands. Then Grierson coming out, went with him to where his deadly foe awaited him, and a very short parley ensued, when the two officers gave each of the men swords, and they commenced their combat. In skill, Grierson was the better swordsman; but Alastor, who was furious, and, at the same time strong, though he cut at random, gave Grierson such a wound on the sword arm that he disabled him. Then both the officers insisted that there should be no more, and as any further continuance on Alastor's part would have been downright murder, the combat had to be discontinued. One of the officers then humanely rode over to a doctor's house, which was ten miles away, and left his companion and Alastor in one of the huts at Pevao; while Grierson, whose arm was bleeding, returned to the cottage where the unhappy Amelia and her ayah awaited the result of the duel. Alastor swore he would neither see her or receive any letter from her; that he would leave her to her fate; and as for the ruffian who had done him the injury, he was only sorry that he had got off so well, and if he had taken his life it would not have been more than he deserved. But they waited for their companion, and some of the natives brought them chupatties, and they boiled for them some potatoes, and after about two hours and a half they saw him return on horseback with the doctor, who had got his instruments with him.

The officer went with the doctor into the cottage, and stayed until Grierson's wound was dressed. The medical man said that the wound was not of much consequence, and that he might even pursue his journey, so that he kept quiet and did not use the arm. He left him liniment and dressing to change each day and

night, and said that when he got to his journey's end, he must have the doctor at Missouree again to see it. He then went to his home.

When the two officers who were with Alastor found that the frightful business had been so far settled, they urged him to return to Cawnpore, whither they would also accompany him, and where they were obliged to go in order to prepare for their journey up the hills. But as to Grierson, when the afternoon was cool enough for travelling, he got with Amelia again into the howdah, and the ayah got into hers.

The matter would in any other country have caused a commotion, but in India the native servants are men who take matters so coolly, that the whole process of the discovery, the scene which ensued on the antagonists meeting one another, and the sending for the doctor, passed without causing any assemblage of inquisitive people, any stir amongst the villagers, or any attempt upon the part of the neighbouring inhabitants to interfere; and, strange to say, when the Mahoats had risen from under the tree to come in the direction of the two officers, just before they began the duel, the officer who acted as interpreter, merely told them to return, and they went away as quiet and composed as if they had only received an every-day order.

Amelia did not dare to come out of the cottage, or to show herself to any one, and from this time henceforth, her portion in this life was the sorrowful seclusion that waits on disgrace. Though beautiful, it was destined to be no otherwise. To use the emphatic language of the East, "She had taken the veil of shame, and it would remain to her her only covering." But they journeyed onwards and reached the station, where their palanquins awaited them, and proceeded in them from Muchunpore to Missouree, and, for a time, she stayed there; and afterwards her path of life was unknown to the world, and would be difficult to trace, "*Oh, la gioia si bella perduta! Oh, mimbranza si cara fatal!*"

Very soon after the doctor had left his patient, Alastor and the two officers rode back to Cawnpore; but though Alastor firmly resolved never again to see his wife, yet he felt the sad infliction which the issue of the catastrophe had imposed upon him so much, that he resolved to effect an exchange to some regiment at home, where the story would only be partially known, or, at least, not be a popular rumour. His short leave was a sort of respite for him, and he had, at least, time to think over the stirring events which he had so lately passed through, though he did not even—oh, how strangely ungrateful!—thank the Providence that had preserved his life.

In those days there was no Divorce Court, and his pride would have made him shun a prosecution for damages. But now that the



hot season, that dreadful time of the year at Cawnpore, was coming on, every officer who could get leave was hastening to the hills; and all drills had to be abandoned. He sent in an application for leave to go home to England, with a view of exchanging; and it being granted, he made the journey in a much quicker time to Calcutta than he had taken to come up by the river, as he laid a dawk of bearers to proceed by the roads to the different stations, in the way that is generally done by all travellers who wish to finish their journey as quickly as possible. Wealth he had in plenty, and shortly after his arrival at Cawnpore, an opportunity occurred of purchasing a lieutenancy, which, as he was first to purchase, he availed himself of. Had his ambition led him to desire military rank, he did not see anything that would stand in his way to further promotion in going into another regiment. So finding a ship about to embark, he took his passage for England, and after a short passage of four months, arrived at Portsmouth.

With a sufficiency of funds to pay for an exchange it was easy to get an army-exchange agent to manage it, and he did not delay in doing so, and shortly after his return found himself gazetted to a lieutenancy in an infantry regiment stationed at Manchester. Here, again, his personal appearance, his lively manners, his energy and the animation with which he entered upon any sport or pursuit, his good humour and social disposition, soon made him popular with all the officers, and a favourite in every society that he mixed in. So much, indeed, was known by the ladies, as that he could not be an *eligible*, inasmuch as some fatality had occurred to separate him from his wife; but with them, even, he still was liked. But never in his most joyous moments or in times when he was most dejected, would he forget the misfortune that had happened to him, in having in an angry moment lifted up his hand to strike a woman. But he was possessed of the greatest recommendation for living near Manchester—wealth. Manchester, of all the places that I know of in England, is the one where the Dagon of Wealth is, most of all things, bowed down to, and where, like a upas-tree, the worship of lucre casts its deadly blight over the whole atmosphere. Even the river, which was once a pure stream, is now a slimy, huge ditch, whose waters are so deeply impregnated with the elements of noxious exhalations, that their natural purity has been wholly lost, and it presents a seething tide of black poisonous slush, which is loathsome to the senses. The smoke from innumerable factory chimneys circulates through every current of air which passes through the streets, and scatters its impure molecules, while it suffuses its fetid odour. The giant factories, which house the wretched puny abortions of pale, sickly women and children, that flit through them like victims destined

to offer up their wasting energies to the mammon that reared them, are so extensive and ubiquitous, that more than three-fourths of the huge city is occupied by them. I know of no green spot within its circumference, unless it be the waste ground at the back of its hospital. Then the wealthy owners of these grand receptacles of machinery, whose monster pulse beats with hideous noise, and whose breath is steam and rancid oil, are millionaires who inhabit some part of the country adjacent, for the most part, and who, though owning mansions wealthily decked, are wanting in the refinement that belongs to the "noble houses of England." And it is such men and their followers who cry out for the abolition of the House of Lords; who wish to Americanise glorious England, to overthrow the proud house of legislature, pre-eminent in talent, in judgment, eloquence, and benevolence, which has been the *Ægis* that has defended the State—the presiding guardian that has superintended her laws, and the chosen council that has organised for her sovereign the finest constitution that any nation was ever blessed with—the council under whose guidance every attribute of freedom and happiness has been for a decade of centuries ensured to all, even the humblest of her inhabitants.

But with regard to the magnates of this mushroom metropolis, the "*fortunati mercatores*" who inhabit the country houses in its vicinity, the gaiety, the life, the luxury, and all the accompaniments of high civilisation, are as rife with them as in the halls of the stately homes of England, though wanting in the refinements of aristocratic society. The ladies of Manchester society dearly loved the show and the gay dress of the military, and preferred the officers' conversation to that of their more sombre and business-like brethren and acquaintances, who were men of more staid habits. Alastor and his brother officers were invited to many houses in the neighbourhood. There, amongst the pursuits of pleasure and of sport, he almost learned to forget the being whom he had once been pledged to love, honour, and stay by in sickness and in health, and the greater the obligation seemed to him the deeper did he plunge into the vortex of dissipation. The officers in his regiment were men of expensive habits, and they figured in the hunting field and at the race meetings, which are frequent there and in other adjacent towns. If a man had been ever so much inclined to devote his hours to study, or to some useful occupation, were he to migrate to India the influence of that clime would be likely to make him forget the better choice of *Minerva*, and fall into idle habits; and Alastor, who was not a paragon of prudence, had not improved during his residence there. The record of each day's life in the barrack at Manchester, when the very few hours which drill and duty took up were deducted, was not filled up with any useful or profitable em-

ployment. It has often struck me that the vast number of officers that leave the army do it from the actual weariness that they have of having nothing to employ their minds—" *Si non intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis invidia bel amore vigil torquere* ;" and the delusive phantom of pleasure led Alastor on to seek every new inducement to drown love and the memories of the past fleeting cause of happiness.

The life of military men during the times that they are on active service has been sketched by many; the various adventures, trying circumstances, the hardships, and also the glories of the campaigns, have been dilated on by English writers with great number. There is not a campaign or a war, whether a great one or a small, whether in a healthy or an unhealthy country, that has not had its narrator. But the sort of life that officers lead when not on active service is not at all brought before the public, and we must be aware that the autumn manoeuvres or volunteer review which we see so much in the public papers are records of the exceptional life led by the military, and but very few days of the real life. The fact is the army, which is now to undergo a radical change, was for the most part a profession where, in any country but in England it was impossible for a poor man to maintain a respectable footing. The grand ideas which a young officer set before his mind as objects for which he was to live were either pleasure or sport. It was immensely important as it was that officers should be high-minded gentlemen, it was yet much to be deplored that a spirit intolerant of any measure of talent or gallantry, unless accompanied by wealth, prevailed to such an extent that it gave wholly a false tone to all the cavalry regiments, and was to a very great extent influential in the infantry ones. Can it be wondered at that when no prize of any kind awaited exertion or energy, competition and emulation were ignored? that when progressive station became a matter of sale, the merit which ought to ensure it was wholly disregarded? that the knowledge of a profession whose highest grades were attainable by an outlay of cash, not a career of industry, any measure of ability, was thought lightly of? The times when "the blast of war blows in our ears" are happily in England very rare; but when they do come round there never has been any lack of brave men to arm; and now that professional science is to assume its proper place as a means of selecting the candidates for situations of command and authority, I imagine that scarcely a doubt can exist of our army being officered by men of capacity, and that knowledge will be added to the bravery and fortitude which they have always shown themselves possessed of. But I am now referring to scenes of thirty years ago, and the change of manners and mode of life which has taken place since then is doubtless very

great. Then, the debauch and the gambling, the dissipation and the idleness, that pervaded the part of the barracks where the officer resided were the normal characteristics of his every-day life. When Alastor joined at Manchester both the society of the place and the men who belonged to his regiment were such as to make dissipation almost universal. The domestic habits of the officers would wholly defy investigation. The inner life was such that a recollection of it quite forbids my entering into its detail.

Between Bury and Manchester there resided a dairyman who pursued rather a profitable business, and supplied many of the Manchester houses with milk and butter, and some time before Alastor joined the regiment had been in the habit of bringing into the barracks the produce of his dairy, and the messman, who was a young sergeant of the regiment, dealt with him. This dairyman was a widower, but had a daughter about eighteen, who at the time the regiment arrived at Manchester was unmarried, and was one of the most beautiful specimens of an English country maiden that it was almost possible to conceive. I have often observed, regarding English beauty, that it is of a sort that wins you by its peculiar unobtrusiveness. The French ladies, and other foreign ladies or women, also, have their arts, their gestures, their animation, their action, and very often indeed their eloquence; but I have rarely seen Englishwomen possessed of any of these. They are not demonstrative; they do not captivate you by their address, their style of walking, their powers of song accompanied by the guitar, like the Spanish women; nor have they the soul which lights up in the eyes of the intelligent and charming, though frequently half educated, Italian women; but strong in the power of sovereign beauty alone, they need not the aid of airs or borrowed attractions. They seem when contrasted with their foreign sisterhood somewhat passive and stolid; but there is a queenlike grace in their calmness that rarely fails to charm. Their well-developed forms are also generally much finer specimens of womanhood than those which you see abroad. This Lancashire beauty was fair, with blue eyes and light flaxen hair, and the healthful, glowing colour of the fresh kind which is nurtured alone in country air gave her the very personification of youthful loveliness. She was tall, her features were symmetrical, and she had just so much education as a farmer's daughter usually, at that time, was given, and if she was much engaged in the dairy in the morning, was also able to amuse herself and her father by reading in the evening. But the young sergeant had many dealings with her father, and after a very few visits he had become enamoured of this daughter, and with a celerity which is sometimes observable in persons in that class of life, their marriage, which his circumstances rendered quite desirable when he found her willing, was proposed

and sentiment by her father. I say that it was a very sudden and thoroughly unlooked-for change. But first of all, she was, from her situation in her father's house, altogether mistress of her own inclinations. However she imagined he had not the slightest wish in regarding her when the sergeant, who was a man of impetuous and violent disposition, pressed his suit upon her she quickly gave her consent and her father's consent as a matter of course. But she had really seen very little of him in her short experience, and her ideas of the standard of perfection in manhood had only been formed by the specimens of beauty which she had seen at her father's house, and whether from he had employed. She had never been in London and Manchester, and that large manufacturing emporium she had never seen. Her schooling had been at a small village, and she had none of the ways of the city-educated belles, whom she admired when she saw them. The career of courtship was very short, and very soon she was transferred from the first sort of honour in her father's exchange to the more confined sphere of a small town intrusted to the messman's accommodation in *Saville Terrace*.

But the limited nature of the accommodation was, in point of fact, a very great part of the change for the worse which she experienced. In a very short time her extremely attractive appearance, and her very distinguished antecedents in the way of education, rendered her subject to the number of temptations which surround a young person situated as she was. Her room was in the vicinity of the mess-room and the barracks. She heard in the evening songs and meetings songs. It was new music to her ears. Every word that was uttered by the servants, with whom as a matter of course she must be partially associated, was tending to shock her sensibility. She could not but be sensible of the continual complimentary remarks which were either addressed to her or said so as she would hear them by the officers whenever they passed. Her husband's affection for her was of that extreme kind that could not bear any sort of passing speech being made her without his feeling jealous. He was vital, though in his manner mild and of appearance very prepossessing, of a very violent temper. The lover, who was "April when he wooed," sometimes began to look like December when he was wed. The home which afar off seemed a sort of earthly paradise, became, with its surroundings, to her rural taste and simple habits a sorry chamber in the midst of noise and preparations for catering to the luxury of heartless and extravagant youths.

When she saw the grand four-in-hand drive up, and the officers dressed in plain clothes, leave their breakfast-table for the race-course, she could not but be struck with the fashionable and ele-

gantly dressed appearance of the handsome young men who got up into it and were driven away; nor could she help contrasting their attire with that of the homely one which her husband—only in the station of an upper servant—was allowed to wear. If it be true that “maidens, like moths, are caught with glare,” it is equally true no daughter of Eve is wholly regardless to dress or personal appearance. Women, says Addison, are animals that delight in finery. I do not think that many women in her situation would have avoided making the comparison; but it is certain that the indulgence which she had early met with, and the circumstance of her caprices not having been ever opposed by her fond parent, made her more liable to give way to such thoughts.

When the handsome Mr. Alastor, in passing her, alluded to the delight he would have felt if she could have gone with them to the racecourse, and the certainty that no one who they saw there would at all equal her in beauty, she, who only met him on the stairs casually, and when no one else was passing, had not confidence enough to reprove him for speaking to her, and, in fact, was afraid to mention it to her husband on his return from market, in Manchester, to the Salford Barracks. But when he went away to his business she began to think of her lot, alone, as it were, in the centre of a large community, of the comfortless room, which had even no flowers to deck it, and the furniture of which was of the most mean and meagre description, of the soldiers’ and sergeants’ wives, who were some of them very low in their habits, and whose conversation was so loose as to be quite disgusting, and to envy the lot of the gay and fashionable-looking ladies whom she occasionally saw driving about, or even to think that those were better off who used to come surreptitiously, by favour of night, to enter the rooms a little distance from her own, accompanied by officers, and many tears fell on her work as she plied her needle alone, and thoughts which she could not breathe to any came across her. She had made no companions amongst the sergeants’ wives, and, indeed, rather dreaded them. They knew so much more of the world than she did, she felt ashamed of her want of worldly experience. Of course her husband was so much occupied with his business that he had very little time to pass in her society during the whole of the day, except in the hours when they took their meals together.

Then the near neighbourhood of the gay, rich youths, who were accomplished and affable in manners, engaging in their address, and generally handsome in appearance, brought them hourly into her mind. Of all these Alastor was certainly the finest specimen, and he had evidently been much taken with her appearance. She could not but see it; he had seized numerous opportunities of making it known to her, besides the one that I have mentioned.

He used to watch from his window the time of her leaving her room, and plant himself on the stairs until he saw her return. One day her husband saw him speaking to her in this way, and on her seeing him she broke off and went into their room, whither he soon after came and spoke to her very angrily, and forbade her ever on any account to speak to any officer.

When it comes to a point of forbidding and necessitating restrictions between husband and wife, the prospect begins to look ominous of future warfare ; and though his ardent love for her was similar to that of Othello, yet it seemed as if hers for him had somewhat lessened, or indeed, that her fancy, so capricious and fickle, had been acted upon by other agency, and had undergone a change. It was the gayness and novelty of the sergeant's dress, as contrasted with the russet homeliness of the garb which the boors she saw everyday wore usually, or even their best attire, that first took her fancy ; but now the sergeant's uniform was wholly eclipsed in splendour by that of the young, officers, and as a lesser light, had to hide its diminished rays. Her father, who came occasionally to visit her, was one of the rugged sons of toil who are so frequently found in the country parts of England. He had thought he had done enough when he gave her some four hundred pounds, the sum he had saved, and which her husband, on receiving, laid up in the bank, receiving interest for it, which, with his salary as mess-sergeant and his pay, made them tolerably well-off ; and, indeed, in a pecuniary point of view, much more comfortable than any of the other sergeants of the regiment. I know that there are many who would laugh at the idea of a man in his situation having strong sentiments, such as a loving affection of a very ardent kind ; and there are numbers who say that with the hard-working class, the tender feelings are wholly blasted by the rough, everyday business of manual labour ; and though it might be possible to fancy a lover amongst the idle and pampered minions of luxurious life, that the education of the working-classes is so low in tone that they cannot rise to the elevated sentiment which characterises the superior order of mankind. I can only say that, at the time that I write of the education of the lower orders was very low indeed, there was nothing like a movement amongst the leaders of the parliamentary measures towards educating the masses. Yet the individual sergeant of whom I am now speaking, though he had never received any elementary instruction beyond the rudiments of reading and writing, was as sincere a woman lover as any man amongst the more favoured classes ; and though his daily task obliged him to stay much of his time away from his wife, his feelings of affection were as strong as they were before he married her.

As she had none of the ways of soldiers' wives, and was wholly a different being from any of the other women attached to the regiment, she, although vain and indeed capricious, was regarded by him with an admiration akin to idolatry. But, notwithstanding her mildness of manners, her partially simple mind, and her amiability of disposition, she was the most to blame in the harmony of their married life being disturbed. For however fascinating may be the manners of the person who lays snares for the purpose of alluring woman from the path of rectitude, if her heart be her proper guardian, she will be able to resist the fascination. But where the temptation of the vain and capricious fancy was perpetually whispering praise of a forbidden object, and was unrestrained by the proper guard of principle, the enemy found means soon to enter. The occasions of Alastor's meeting her returned more and more frequently, and she first having been forbidden by her husband to see him feared to inform him of her having been thus accosted, and unable to muster strength of mind enough to refuse a hearing to what she still knew she ought not to listen to, went on from bad to worse, until she allowed herself to agree to stolen meetings and to protracted interviews with the young officer, who now occupied such a large proportion of her thoughts. I know that there was not, from the beginning, the slightest excuse to be made for Alastor's conduct. The impetuous career of his will, during his whole life, he had never attempted to bridle. It had been alone the wayward impulse of his fancy that had ruled him. From the indulgence of his passions they had become so much his master that he had, so to speak, no principle—" *sola libidine fortis*." He had broken from the only tie that could have ever bound him to the fealty of pure affection; and it seemed now as if he were a castaway, whose steps were misleading and misled. It was unfortunate that one whose appearance was so singularly attractive should be such a powerful agent for wrong.

If the sway of which love wields the sceptre for good in ruling man's heart had held its mastery over his, he might have been an ornament to society; but it was not to be so, and his young affections ran to waste. If I had not the sad truth in my memory with the same force as though the scene were passing before my eyes, I should lay down the pen which now tells the narrative, and I would hold it as an error to exercise invention in portraying what was a sad and a sinful picture; but I have opened up the record, and it shall be unrolled to view.

The room which Alastor inhabited, in the barracks at Salford was in the same passage as that of the mess, and consequently his movements could never escape the notice of any person living in an apartment adjoining the mess-kitchen; but this was looked upon



as no inconvenience to him; nor do officers, bachelor style, which belongs to their calling their time away from their sleeping rooms about the situation of those rooms. The arrangement as well as the local circumstances though they would be of paramount importance but a secondary consideration almost all profession but the army, there is much work hours of leisure, whether it be right or wrong freedom can be more complete than that of England of the present day when not an inn or a guardian's home. Thus a member of the army in its numerous branches in London, has the full benefit of that easy mode of living. The officer finds his liberty quite as little troubled regards the hours not taken up by duty, in which he is quartered, whether in camp or in barracks. The leisure and vacuum caused by a lengthened campaign the fallow state of mind brought about by the monotony of youth, and was in the times that I speak of so much evil in the army. But the more the heaven of dissipation, and vice was wanting. Though not by any means so illiterate as the Claimant, who urged his pleas for being a soldier's property, the average type of the officer at all an exalted one, and, saving his general gallantry, he was less accomplished than a member of English society.

During the interviews that took place between the sergeant's wife, very little, except the common course, which is the normal style of such interviews. He over and over again repeated his words which, indeed, were for the most part true; and which was even partially true, but it was the high-wrought flattery—to her mind of the attention of a young person in rank more exalted than herself, and so much superior carried with them the fascination that led her to hear from him—poor as she was—proficient as she was—scarcely believed; but there is still a sort of charm in flattery that works its way even where the person is aware of its falsity. Her beauty—a gift more potent than the tunic of Nessus was to Hercules—had made of this unprincipled youth, but there was no doubt that his personal attractions had been as it were a mo-

metaphorically true that one man's meat is another's poison, nothing can be more certain than the envy which a woman of lesser power of attraction feels for her rival who is bearing away the palm of admiration wherever she goes.

One of the soldier's wives, who was working in the kitchen of the mess, becoming cognisant of the secret meetings which took place between the messman's wife and Alastor, though not at all indignant at the idea of such practices going on, was exasperated beyond measure by seeing her more fortunate rival succeed in winning the young officer's favour. It was quite impossible for anything to take place in the mess passage without the servants knowing it. She had watched the proceedings of the officer at different times, though he had thought he was unobserved; and had noticed that shortly after his leaving the mess table on different occasions, he lingered in the passage near his own room. These were when the servants of the mess were engaged in taking away the dishes, and the cloth had been removed; the mess sergeant being then busily engaged superintending them, there was no chance of his being in his own apartment. At such times the sergeant's wife used to go out of her own room and up into the passage, and for a few minutes converse with Alastor; and once when she did so, the soldier's wife, under some pretext, got the sergeant to go into his own room in search of some of the mess utensils.

When he opened the door, he found that his wife was not there. He hurried upstairs, and Alastor had only time to get into his own room, as quickly as it was possible to do it, before he confronted his wife; and taxing her with the levity of her conduct, told her angrily to return to her chamber, and if she ever left it without his leave, he would be avenged on her. He said that he had before warned her to beware of speaking to any young officer, and now she had disobeyed him. It seemed impossible to trust her. To this her only reply was a flood of tears. Indeed, a sensible reply, such as could account for her transgression, there was none to give. Had he, in return, begun to pay his addresses to some other young woman, the circumstances would have piqued her, and would have been, perhaps, the best means of winning her back; but such an idea was wholly out of the range of his philosophy, and besides, his anger was so great, that it took away all thoughts of any such matters, or of anything but rage against the being who had injured him, and the weak victim who had listened to his addresses. It is not the least unhappy part of such an injury, that there is really no redress for it. But though for a time, at least, all such meetings were put a stop to, and though his indignant and moody mind could not forget the sting which it suffered from, yet he had a respite from the

pang for a time ; as fear induced her to listen to her husband's counsel, and forego all thoughts of any plan to deceive him that had been told her during her meetings by the officer, and, indeed, she did not venture to leave her room, unattended by her husband, for some weeks after this.

It was evident that every motive that prudence and good principle could suggest should have prompted Alastor to leave off such a pursuit as that which he was engaged in ; that with his means and his opportunities, and his different resources, he should have gone elsewhere on leave of absence, or been brought by reflection to see the hateful nature of such an attempt as that which he meditated, and that he should have devoted his time and attention to something else ; but the lawless passion, powerful and all-absorbing, which had the mastery of him during the whole course of his life, hindered him from leaving the scene where his temptation dwelt ; and though it was then the winter season, when great numbers of the officers got leave to go and see their friends, or travel on the Continent, yet, though he did not see the object of her love, he could not find it in his heart to leave the neighbourhood. For two or three weeks he did not, however, endeavour to gain her attention, but after being troubled very much by the anxiety which a person of his impatient temper was sure to feel very keenly, he thought of writing to tell her that the first night there should be a grand party at the mess-table, he would be in the passage at the usual time, and hoped he would see her. Of course the letter was worded in all the terms of affection which it is natural to suppose should be used, and also he took care that it should not be entrusted to any one's hands but hers. Accordingly, such was his zeal in the pursuits of his nefarious purpose, that he watched the opportunity of the sergeant having gone to the market, to put the letter into her hands, upon her opening the door of her chamber, near which he was stationed for some time, waiting to see when it should be opened, and then hurried away in order that no eye should rest upon him, or no other person could possibly mark his being in the passage. But he judged rightly in supposing that she would not allow of the secret being known by any third person, and also he felt assured that although she might not answer it by writing, she would comply with the request which he had made. He had every reason to suspect that if she were to be persuaded to come into his quarters, it would be the greatest risk he could run ; so he determined to ensure their reception at a lodging-house near the gate of the barracks, and paid the owner of the house handsomely to allow him to engage a room at any time he should fix upon : the old woman who kept the house was also the owner of this small lodging, and she was care-

less as to anything, except the sum of money which she was to receive.

But the day of the grand entertainment came round, and the dinner hour was fixed for half-past six, and numbers of guests were invited, and a most sumptuous dinner prepared. Luxuriant living at mess is not by any means so expensive as it would be at an hotel, or private house, or elsewhere; but what must be evident to every one that sees it, is, that it is out of character with the simple and hardy habits which ought to mark an officer's life on service. But it is in vain to urge this, or for the authorities to use their influence to enforce it, for the power of fashion and custom is too strong; and though the majority of the officers think it waste of money to live so luxuriantly, yet they are unable to resist the argument which continually presses upon them; that to keep up the style of the regiment, it is necessary to do as other regiments do, and so, in fact, the most expensive corps is sure to be an example to all others. So this regiment, on this occasion, had a dinner served which might have answered for the inmates of a palace. But Alastor stayed away, and though the project which he had in his mind seemed, as it were, almost ripe for execution, yet he felt a curious presentiment of awe, now that the time for commencing it was drawing near. The course of his whole life came before him vividly, and his conscience seemed to accuse him of misspent hours. The being who had once been for a short time the blessing of his house—the lost one now—the sad passing vision of happiness which, for the short space of a few fleeting months, had been his—she who for a while had cheered his soul with her sweet smiles, now broken on the wheel of disgrace—came vividly before him in his lonely hour. But was he not rushing on to a deed of much more fearful import than any that he had before contemplated. It was as if the tempter of souls had, over and above, more power over him now than at any other time, and that a spirit of destruction had grasped him as a prey.

Though he had ordered a supper at the lodging, and all was prepared, and his confidential servant had orders to leave the rooms the moment he should arrive there, yet still, at the eleventh hour, he was on the point of not going, and of resigning all thoughts of his wicked purpose. But the promptings of Satan were too strong, and when the revelry and the hilarity of the table was at its highest pitch, and the noise of the jocund companions and their laughter broken only by the sound of the opening of the champagne bottles, and all servants, guests, and officers were absorbed in the pleasures of the scene, he stole out into the passage, and went to the well-known door which was soon opened. After a good deal of pleading entreaty, flattery, and vows of attachment, he persuaded the

deluded young wife to wrap herself in her cloak, and, descending the stairs, go with him to the lodging.

When there both his servant, in obedience to his order, and the old woman who owned the house, to whom he gave money plentifully to comply with his wishes, left them both together; and Alastor, who made sure that he had the place to himself, and was unobserved in the dark night as he entered it along with the object of his affections, sat down with her to the supper. There, even there, in the enchantment of the scene, in the pride of his unbridled spirit, in the triumph of his uncontrolled success, the image of the queen of his soul in past days came forcibly to his mind. She could not be more beautiful, he thought, than the young creature who now sat by his side; but yet he had violated no trust in loving her, he had broken no pledge, hallowed and endeared; he had trespassed on no affianced affection. These thoughts, even in the effervescence of his passion, and the false declarations of his attachment, were still present with him.

“ And midst the roses fierce repentance reared  
Her snakey crest.”

He was fully under the belief that he had gone away with his prize unobserved, that all the inmates of the mess-house had been so occupied with attending to the banquet, that no eye could have seen him; but notwithstanding this, the soldier's wife, who had before been the means of interrupting his interview with the young wife had been near the place of rendezvous, and had actually, at a distance, followed them to their lodging.

Some little time after their arrival there, when the mess sergeant came down into the kitchen, this woman said to him that she thought his wife had gone away with a young man in her company to the lodging-house, which she mentioned. She told it him as though it were a trifle, and, indeed, as if he would not have minded it. But the sergeant said nothing to her in reply, and went into his room, where, finding that his wife was gone, he was maddened to fury. He spoke to no one. He seized a sharp knife which was lying in the room, and hurried out unseen by any one in the direction of the lodging-house. He opened the door, which could only have been fastened by one inside, and which the old woman had left so that she might re-enter at any time she chose. He ran up to the room where Alastor was at supper with his wife. He spoke not, but in the excitement of his fury he stabbed him to the heart, then his own wife, and lastly, in the furious madness of his passion, he stabbed himself, and fell dead at the feet of the other two, the unhappy victims of his revenge.

It was some hours before this terrible wholesale tragedy was

discovered; for the soldier's wife did not think of telling any one what she told the sergeant, neither did she, until her fears of some extraordinary result prompted her to speak, inform anyone as to her having spoken to him. But after much inquiry amongst the servants, and after they had made a report of the sergeant's absence to the president of the Mess Committee, and all the guests had left the mess-table, she told one of her fellow-servants that she had mentioned to the sergeant the circumstance of his wife being away, and that she had not seen him since she told him the news, and that, probably, he was gone in search of her, but that he first must have gone to a lodging-house near the barracks. The servant reported all this to the officer who was president of the Mess Committee, and that officer, with two others, went straight to the lodging-house. The old woman had not yet returned, but they went upstairs, and saw the frightful scene which the chamber presented.

A coroner's inquest upon the bodies, of course, was assembled, and the evidence was such that the rare finding of *felo-de-se* was given, owing to every circumstance of this crime of unparalleled horror being brought home to the sergeant; and his burial, without the rites of the Church, took place at the meeting of two cross roads.

I repeat, that those cognisant of the facts will read no new records in seeing this short sketch, and those who have entered the profession long, long since, may, it is hoped, take warning by the dire disaster which befell a youth so blessed in every way by fortune, and favoured by Nature with the gifts of personal beauty and the superiority of mental qualifications, who, following the career of his impetuous disposition, was thus so suddenly taken away in his pride.

“ψυχὴ δὲκ’ ρεθεων παμενη αἶδος δε βεβήκει  
ονότμον γούωσα λιπούς’ ἀνδροτῆρα καὶ ἡβην.”

YOU shall me like a lawn, my choice,  
Who runs off scared and terrified  
To nestle at her mother's side  
When stir the wood the breezes blowy.

If but a single leaflet rustles,  
Or lizard through the bramble brushes,  
Off the silly creature rushes,  
Trembling, as away she bustles.

Yet I'm no fierce beast to bother—  
Unassuming in my carriage ;  
Chlœe, you are ripe for marriage,  
Come and flirt, and cut your mother.

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#### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

(By Regnard).

IL REVIENT à Paris : c'est pour n' en plus sortir cette fois. Et o  
ramassé mousse en roulant, avant d'écrire il assure son bien être en achet  
ou cinq charges d'un bon rapport qui lui permettront de vivre sagement  
sans renoncer à la bonne chère, à la gaieté, à la bonne compagnie, et aux  
font partie de la douce profession rêvée.—Godefroy.

EUREKA ! I have found the secret out,  
Have found a mode of life  
Sovereigns might envy ; which, beyond a doubt,  
Will keep me clear of strife.

To live within my means henceforth, I vow,  
Provided with the ready,

## FAIRY FENELLA.

### CHAPTER XIX. (*continued.*)

LUCY had heard of the statuettes from the O'Hara's, but had not yet seen them ; so, choosing a morning when Mrs. Elton was gone to St. John's to set things in order for Fenella, she went to Mary, feeling that an hour of her company would in some way be a relief to her. Mary's welcome was warm as usual.

"He is gone out for the whole morning, dear, not to be home until five-o'clock dinner ; so if you had anything to say to him, I am sorry. You would have seen him if you had come half-an-hour earlier."

"I came to see you, Mary ; though, of course, it would have been pleasant to see Mr. Oliver, too."

"Well, Lucy, take off your hat and jacket, and let us have a cosy chat."

"With pleasure ; but won't you show your lovely statuettes that Mr. Howard sent you ? Where are they ?" she asked, looking round the drawing-room."

"Oh, Lucy, he would not allow me to keep them here ; he said they were shameful heathen goddesses, and he wouldn't have his house disgraced by them. You know, dear, they have not much drapery on,—in fact, they are *quite* undressed, some of them," and Mrs. Oliver actually blushed. "I should be sorry to think I was not particular about what is proper, my dear," she proceeded ; "but you know I was a good deal abroad in my young days, and I was accustomed to see such things, and hear them greatly admired."

She got up and opened a little cabinet where the white marble gods and goddesses were ignominiously hidden away. Lucy flew into raptures over them.

"Oh, Mary, you must lend me this Venus to copy. I am going to take to figure-drawing. Oh ! how lovely ! Had I created anything so perfectly exquisite, I should feel like Pygmalion—I should more than worship the work of my own hands ! Then that stately Apollo, and that darling, little Cupid ! I wish Mrs. Howard had been so kind as to bring them to me."

"I was quite sorry to put them there, I assure you ; but he said I must not keep them out unless I chose to dress them ; and



I tried to drape them in white muslin, but they looked so awkward, that I gave it up in despair."

"I should think so! What treason to art! The sin of hiding that pure marble behind muslin! You must admit that Mr. Oliver is no artist."

But Mary was not altogether inclined to admit that.

"I am vexed about Mrs. Howard, Lucy; she is coming over here some day soon, and she will think me so strange and ungrateful if she does not see her statuettes. I wonder if he would allow me to put them on the chimney-piece just for that one day. Meanwhile, you shall have any you please to copy."

"Thank you, Mary: I shall take the Venus first. I am going to study the antique in real earnest. I have done as much as I can in water-colours without more lessons."

"You paint beautifully, Lucy—it must be a real delight to you."

"I am very fond of it, and I intend to draw figures equally well."

"I am sure you will soon do so, Lucy: James says you take up things wonderfully fast."

Lucy interrupted her by asking—

"Why did you go away so early the other day? We missed you and Mr. Oliver very much."

"He disapproves very strongly of dancing, Lucy. I thought you knew. He is not at all pleased with the girls for going to your ball—indeed, he went so far as to ask John and Jenny to refuse for them; but they said the girls' hearts were set on it, and they could see no harm in going. Mrs. Drummond and Harriet said the same."

"Dear Mary, I don't think there was any harm in our little party."

"Ah, Lucy, the child of God cannot find any pleasure in such scenes."

"Is not that rather a sweeping assertion, Mary? I don't think it is altogether your own. I do not see any difference between a dance or a pic-nic, or a croquet party, or a skating party. Suppose we were to give up our whole time to amusement of every description, I should say we were wrong; but you know that cannot happen with us in this quiet country."

"He said he was sure you did not enjoy the dance, Lucy, for that he believed your heart to be set upon higher things—indeed, I assure you he said so."

"Don't let Mr. Oliver think too well of me, Mary; I did not find much pleasure in it, to be sure; but not that I thought it wrong—simply because my taste does not lie in that direction."

don't think it did the girls any harm : on the contrary, I should say it must have done them good—they seemed so innocently happy."

"Ah, my dear, I am sorry Mr. Fitzpatrick gave the dance. It was a strange way of celebrating a clergyman's wedding."

"Well, Mary, since it has vexed Mr. Oliver and you, I also am sorry that papa gave it; and if I could be persuaded that it was wrong in any way, I should be still more sorry."

Mrs. Oliver shook her head sadly, and repeated her regret, but she would not let Lucy change the subject : she wished extremely to hear all about the ball, notwithstanding her disapproval ; and presently she asked some questions betokening a degree of worldly mindedness hardly to have been expected from Mr. Oliver's wife.

"I hear Jane looked well. Do tell me who danced with her most, and how quiet, little Carrie got on, and which of the Kate's was pronounced the prettiest."

"Kate Drummond was the best dressed, and you know she has the advantage in looks ; but Kate O'Hara was so gay and happy-looking, that every one was pleased with her : she wore your agate necklace."

"Yes ; I made her take it for the night : I believe I'll give it to her altogether, for he thinks it too gay for me. Jane had a fresh muslin : did you think it nicely made?"

"Very nicely, indeed, and Carrie's also : I liked their simple dresses much better than the Misses O'Brien's more costly ones."

"What a common-looking girl that Miss O'Brien is ! Which of the young men devoted himself to Josephine ; for, of course, she made a conquest ? I suppose she was the belle of the evening?"

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly : I think Mr. O'Brien paid her the most attention."

"The supper, Lucy ? Tell me all about it. I hear that you and Hannah made all the sweet things between you."

Lucy satisfied her curiosity on all these points, and then ensued a silence, broken by Mrs. Oliver's asking suddenly—

"What do you think of this marriage of James's ?"

Lucy started and turned away her head. Without waiting for an answer, Mary continued—

"I was very much surprised when I first heard it, for I always expected to see you Mrs. Galbraith."

Still no answer from Lucy, and Mary, turning to look in her face, was startled by what she read there.

"Dearest Lucy, forgive me ! I am always saying the wrong thing," cried she, really provoked with herself.

"No, no, Mary ! you are not to blame ; but oh, darling, I am so very, very miserable."

Lucy said this recklessly, feeling at the moment, that she must find some vent for her grief. Mrs. Oliver, whether as old maid or matron, had a true mother's heart: she obeyed her fostering instinct now, and going to Lucy, sat down close to her, and gathered her into her arms. With her weary face hidden on the kind woman's shoulder, the poor girl told her miserable tale.

"I thought he loved me: I was quite sure he loved me, dearly. He never in so many words asked me to marry him, but he was always alluding to, and implying it—speaking of the work we were to do together, and saying that he and I would live for one another. Oh, Mary, he *did* love me, but he changed to me suddenly."

"He has no sense of honour—no right feeling whatever!" cried Mrs. Oliver, her voice shaking with sympathy and indignation. "I knew he was a fickle, unstable creature, Lucy: don't waste your true love upon him—he is unworthy of a thought."

"Oh, Mary, do not blame him, I cannot bear it. He is as my own soul. I love him, I love him, and he belongs to another woman!" cried she, passionately, raising herself from Mrs. Oliver's breast."

"Well, dear, I won't blame him if it pains you; but it is hard for me to think highly of him. And that designing little minx! I have no patience with her, either."

Mary was so stirred up that she felt obliged to blame some one, but Lucy's sense of justice was too strict to let her listen to this in silence.

"No, Mary, it was not Fenella's fault. How could she help being pretty and fascinating? I have no right to blame *her*, and my heart will not suffer me to blame James."

"She is not so very pretty, after all, Lucy: she certainly has regular features and a good complexion; but its an insipid little face—people will tire of it, soon," said Mary, who, not being very logical, thought Lucy might derive some comfort from hearing her rival depreciated.

"Dear Mary, what can it signify to me whether people in general admire Fenella or not?" asked Lucy, with a mournful smile: "she is perfect in James's eyes, and I hope she will make him happy—yes, I do hope that most heartily. He calls me his sister, Mary; but a brother's love is such a pale love—quite unlike the strong, sweet love he used to give me. I shall die without it. In losing it I have lost my all."

Her kind friend was crying over her, stroking the head pillowed on her motherly breast. She gently reminded her that she had not lost her all.

"Lucy, dear child, you have still your God, and your hope of heaven."

"There's no heaven but James's love," cried Lucy, wildly. "I don't believe in any other."

"My dear, my dear, this is dreadful! you do not know what you are saying—you are not in possession of your senses!"

"I can't help horrifying you, Mary. My heart is broken. I know neither faith nor hope since I lost him. You love Mr. Oliver as I love James—tell me, truly, can you imagine heaven without his love?"

"I love him, fondly, Lucy, yet would I resign him, together with every other earthly thing, rather than give up my hope in Christ. I believe that Our Lord is dearer to me than Mr. Oliver. I know you feel the same," continued she, in a grave, pained tone: "you spoke without thinking of your words."

"No, Mary; I meant all I said. Your religion is immeasurably better than mine. Mine has been a sham. I must not love James any more. Pray for me; you will be heard. They say affliction makes people better—some kinds may do so. The loss of a friend by death softens the heart, and leads it upward: but such a loss as mine can only harden. A disappointment," and she laid a scornful emphasis upon the word—"a disappointment is an unrecognised sorrow: the Bible has pity and consolation for the loss of father, mother, husband, brother, child—but none for the loss of a lover, that is a grief quite unrecognised. How do I know that I have any right to mourn? No, no, I have none! My James is Fenella's now!" and she moaned and sobbed in complete abandonment.

Mrs. Oliver was distressed and surprised. Here was a grief that no kindly platitudes could reach; but neither could the holy hopes and steadfast truths of Christ's religion—at least they had no power to salve Lucy's wound as yet.

She was about to talk as she was in the habit of talking to her sick and mourning poor people, when she recollected that Lucy knew perfectly all she could say; and the remembrance stopped her short.

"I wish you would let him talk to you, Lucy," said she, in perplexity.

"Mr. Oliver! Do you mean Mr. Oliver?" cried Lucy, starting up, and dashing away her tears. "Mary, I have trusted you: you could not be so cruel as to betray my confidence!"

"No, no, dear," said her friend, soothingly: "I won't tell him if you do not wish, but I thought he might know what to say to you better than I."

"Promise you won't tell Mr. Oliver. First of all, he could not understand my grief at all; and secondly, he would be sure to think

me unmaidenly for caring about a man who does not love me. I was careful not to let papa guess anything. He would attack James, and there'd be dreadful distress among us. Think of the horror for me should he reproach James with treating me ill. It would be a little comfort to tell dear mamma of my trouble ; but I should only make her wretched, and she would not be able to hide it from papa ; so you see, Mary, there is no one but you for me to trust. You must not betray my secret."

"Never, dearest Lucy : you may really trust me."

"I am easier for telling you, you know."

" ' Mitgefühl verbindet Herzen,  
Jede Wunde heilt :  
Minder fehlt man alle Schmerzen,  
Wenn ein freund sie theilt.' "

You understand me, for you would have suffered exactly in this way if you had lost Mr. Oliver."

"Not quite, Lucy, for James has treated you shamefully. You must excuse me : I cannot but say what I know to be the truth. As to Edward, it was a great surprise to me when he asked me to be his wife—so many ladies admired him, and he was very much sought after. I shall never forget how unhappy I felt one evening that John came home from Clara sessions, saying he was going to marry Mrs. Rutherford's sister. You know he was often at Clara, in those days, and I heard that Miss Atkins worked him a set of bands, and he used to lend her books. But all the time I felt I had no right to be unhappy, for he had never said anything particular to me, so I hid it as well as I could ; but it was impossible to help seeing how good he was—how much better than other men ; and when I went to church and looked at him (you know how well he looks in his surplice, Lucy), and heard his beautiful sermons, I was forced to admire him more and more, and love him, too—yes, now that I am his wife I may confess that I did love him before he spoke of making me what I am, the happiest, most fortunate woman in the world."

In the enthusiasm of the moment she had almost forgotten Lucy's different case ; but it was not in her nature to be forgetful of others long, and she exclaimed, with some compunction,

"How selfish I am, dear, to be running on this way !"

"No, no, Mary, go on. You are showing me that you understand it all, and are, therefore, the best *confidante* I could have chosen. Tell me how you could have borne it, if Mr. Oliver had married Miss Atkins."

"I don't know, dear—it would have been dreadfully hard ; but I think God would have helped me to bear what was His will. Do

you remember the report that he was engaged to the eldest Miss Howard? There was always some report or other about him; and so many ladies used to make him presents, and consult him upon their affairs. Mrs. Howard was in the habit of asking his advice about the marriages of her daughters: it was said she'd have been very glad to give Caroline to him. Poor Caroline! Jenny says the day she drove over to visit Mrs. Howard, soon after he married me, poor Caroline could hardly conceal her emotion. Oh, Lucy, what chance did I seem to have among so many ladies, all vying, with one another, how to please him? Jenny declares there were nine in love with him, to her certain knowledge—all of them somewhere about my own age, and that is not young, you know. John used to laugh at them, but I was not able to join him. It is impossible to say whether I was most delighted or surprised, when I found he cared for me—and, oh! the privilege of seeing and hearing him speak every day!"

Josephine would here have blighted her innocent friend's confidence with some satirical remark; but Lucy, looking into her face with her clear, sad eyes, cordially agreed with her that she was indeed a highly-privileged woman.

Mary was again ashamed of having been led to talk so much about her own bliss.

"I wish," she said, "you could get away from home; change would be the best thing for you."

"I wish I could, Mary. They will be home in a few days, and I shall have to go to the Vicarage. Fenella will want my help in a thousand ways; and James will wonder if I stay away. He has totally forgotten me for the present; but, by-the-bye, he will recollect that there is such a person as Lucy in the world, and it will not do to let him see any marked change in my manner."

"Certainly not, dear: I perceive your difficulty: cannot you go with Mrs. Elton?"

"Mamma says she cannot spare me. You know she has been suffering lately; and I dare not say I want to go, lest she should guess my reason, and betray me to papa. Aunt is very anxious I should spend the winter with her, but when mamma says she should be miserable without me, what can I do? Ah, Mary, I must not neglect poor mamma; her love is all I have now."

"Dear Lucy, I am very, very sorry! How I wish anything could be done!"

"It is too late, now. Aunt Elton is vexed with us, and has given up the point in despair; and she talks of asking Jane or Carrie instead. She has taken a great fancy to Carrie. Do you think Mrs. O'Hara will let her go to Dublin?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It is very kind of Mrs. Elton to

wish to have her, and I shall advise Jenny to accept: but, oh, Lucy, I wish it were you."

"So do I, Mary. I never expected to hate poor Finn Hill and Ballyshandra as I hate them now. Good-bye, darling Mary: I am glad I came to you to-day."

"Good-bye, Lucy. By the way, would you mind visiting Mrs. Bovaird for me sometimes. He has given me plenty of work in the other direction, but I don't quite like to desert the Tubber side, especially as poor Mrs. Bovaird is dying of cancer, and my daily visit used to comfort her a little. If Tubber is not beyond a walk for you, would you undertake it for me? It would never do for me to neglect any work of *his*—would it, now?"

Kind Mrs. Oliver was a little overrating the amount of work she had to do, and was giving up a very pet patient of hers, all in hopes of providing Lucy with some new and engrossing interest.

"It would never do to neglect Mr. Oliver's work, dear Mary," replied Lucy, not suspecting her friend's little *ruse*, "and I am always delighted to do anything for you; besides I have plenty of time on my hands, since the health of Finn Hill is admirable at present."

## CHAPTER XX.

### TUBBER BRAE.

MR. and Mrs. Galbraith were comfortably settled in their pretty house, and the parish had been to see them, and be regaled with wedding-cake and wine. Both Castle and Lodge were enchanted with the way in which the bride received them. Mr. O'Hara, Tom, and Lionel had much to say relative to her beauty and grace and their ladies all agreed that nothing could be in better taste than her violet cashmere, and tiny black velvet apron.

There were some good-humoured jokes about her young husband's devotion to her. He gazed at her, and listened to her in a way that highly diverted Mr. O'Hara. Mr. Oliver, walking down, the garden-path beside James, while Fenella followed with Mary, could not refrain from saying—

"Well, James, I hope you will work in earnest now you are settled. I have had rather more on my hands than I was quite able for."

"Indeed, you have, sir: I know I have been neglecting my work most shamefully of late; but I shall take it up with a will, now."

"I have been doing your duty as well as my own for the last two months," said his rector, smiling. "I do not complain of it:

it was very natural under the circumstances; but now you are married, I suppose I may dismiss St. John's from my mind."

"I have great arrears to make up, sir, especially in practising with the choir; but I have good help at hand. My wife offers to lead the singing, and assist the sopranos in studying their parts: her voice alone will almost fill the church."

The pride with which James said "my wife" made Mr. Oliver smile. He smiled again at the idea of Fenella's training a country choir, and observed—

"I don't think she knows what drudgery that will be."

"You must not imagine her to be a fine lady: she is determined to help me in everything. We attended the service at St. Margaret's the Sunday before last, and have brought home some splendid Gregorian tones. I hope in time to supersede Kate and Brady, Martyrdom, and the Old Hundredth."

"Don't make sudden changes, James: above all, don't offend the prejudices of the people. Better live without Gregorian tones than do that."

"The people, sir! A narrow-minded, ignorant set! May not we defer too slavishly to their prejudices? I should like to educate them to bear an intelligent part in the worship of God—to understand the beauty of order and reverent behaviour in His house."

"So should I; but take good care lest they call your order Popery. I know them well, James, and I recommend you to go very quietly to work: and let your improvements be simple, really necessary ones."

James said nothing. He knew better than to take his rector into his entire confidence. He was convinced that the Irish clergy deferred too much to the Orange bigotry of Ulster, as he thought it, and were sadly behind the times, Mr. Oliver as well as the rest. Mr. Oliver confessed he would rest satisfied if his church were neat and clean, and the service performed reverently; but James intended to accomplish a great deal more than that. He hoped, in time, to make St. John's the most beautiful church in the country, and to have music such as his trained ear approved. The visit to St. Margaret's had revived his zeal, which had been slumbering since he began to fall in love with Fenella; and he forthwith attempted to inoculate her with his enthusiasm, and believed he had succeeded.

According to his sanguine habit, he was building largely on the aid she promised him with the choir. He already saw St. John's the perfect gem he intended to make it. Difficulties! No! What difficulties could there be with Fenella at his side to help him, and to beautify his whole existence? He wondered at her quick appreciation. There was no need, he found, to explain things to her: she understood his meaning as by intuition, and approved his plans as



warmly. His old interests were reviving, but love still was paramount! Our ardent, brilliant curate was a supremely happy man.

Mrs. Elton remained to see her daughter comfortably settled in the Vicarage, and then went back to Dublin, but alone.

She could not bear Ballyshandra: the damp, dreary country and lack of society were odious to her. She did not find her gentle sister a very amusing companion, and she rather disliked her brother-in-law. She would have done her stupid, old-fashioned niece (as she called Lucy) a good turn, but her parents had interfered with her interests. What the parents of Ballyshandra were made of she could not conceive; but she would go back to her snug house, and congenial society, even though she must go alone. She was reproaching herself more and more for having yielded to Fenella's blandishments, and permitted her to throw herself away: she reflected that her daughter was young, and might yet have made a brilliant match, if she had only been firm; but these regrets were too late now.

Many things, therefore, combined to make Mrs. Elton rather out of temper during the last days of her sojourn at Finn Hill. Angriest of all was she the evening after her fruitless embassy to the Castle in search of a companion.

"Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara absolutely decline my invitation for Carrie," said she; "can you credit it?"

"On what grounds?" asked Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Oh! they say the winter is so long and dull that they like to be together, and they do *not* like to be without one of their girls."

"Very foolish of them: but I suppose the fact is you have been hinting at your plans for Carrie's advantage, and offending their pride and delicacy."

"Oh, aunt, I wish you would ask Josephine," cried Lucy: "I think she would go."

"No, Lucy, I'll have nothing to say to her—I don't like her at all. With all her good looks, she has such a hard, ill-natured face, and she is not good style—she would not take in my circle—no, nor her rude sister Reby, either. Sophy is a nonentity, and Kate is a hoyden. I should have taken any one of the O'Haras, but you see their mother values them so highly, that she will not let them out of her sight."

"She is afraid of her doves taking flight," sneered Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"She may make her mind easy on that score," replied Mrs. Elton; "I, for one, shall not again tempt them to try their wings. The selfishness and short-sightedness of some parents is beyond my comprehension."

"Well, Mrs. Elton, I am not overburdened with either pride or

delicacy: you shall take Lucy, if you will be so kind, and establish her respectably. If she is not married within six months from this date, I'll pack her off to Dublin, and be obliged to you to find her a husband. She knows very well what I mean—I see no progress in her little affair, and it is not for lack of opportunity. If I find she has been putting a spoke in the wheel, off she goes."

"I should have done my utmost for her if my sister had let her come now," replied Mrs. Elton, in a dignified tone. "Plenty of excellent society, and if she were to dress fashionably, and exert herself to talk and look cheerfully, I have no doubt she might settle advantageously."

"She shan't be an old maid. I hate dovecotes," said her father. "She *must* marry, and she'd better be quick about it; for the Fitzpatricks go off very early."

Lucy winced at each word. Her mother said nothing, but she took her hand and pressed it tenderly, looking in her face with a wistful smile, that said plainly—

"Never mind, papa, darling: you know that *I* do not wish to get rid of you."

Her father's speeches goaded her so much that, but for that look, and the touch of that gentle, timid hand, she might even then have implored her aunt to take her away with her.

At that very time Jane was giving her friends at the Lodge an account of Mrs. Elton's invitation.

"It was certainly very kind of her: she said she admired and liked Carrie, and meant to make her stay pleasant; promising to take her into very good society, and have young men at her house; and when mamma declined for Carrie, she asked me instead.

"I am sure," said she, "Carrie may marry well, if she is properly introduced; for she is graceful and taking, and plays nicely. I suppose she meant to be very kind," concluded Jane, in a doubtful tone.

"What did your mother say?"

"She refused, civilly, thanking Mrs. Elton, but saying she liked to have us all about her. She poured out her wrath to us afterwards. She declares it was indelicate and impertinent of her to say that about helping Carrie to marry, and that no daughter of hers shall go to Dublin to look for a husband."

"She is perfectly right, Jane," said Mrs. Drummond. "If a girl is to be married she *will* be married, even though she be shut up in a convent. I must say, I think Mrs. Elton showed a want of nice feeling."

"If she had known mamma better, she wouldn't have said that about Carrie," laughed Jane.

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"Had she invited one of my girls, I should have given the same answer," proceeded Mrs. Drummond.

"Indeed, then, mamma, I'd have gone without asking your leave!" cried Josephine.

"I don't think it necessary to a woman's happiness that she should be married," said Mrs. Drummond, not heeding Josephine's interruption. "My five aunts all died unmarried, and I'm sure happier or more useful women never lived. Then, look at Harriet there!" cried she, nodding triumphantly towards her sister, who sat looking very content and important, in the midst of a vast web of flannel, which she was cutting up into garments for her school-children—"if my girls were just like her, I'd be quite satisfied."

"But I am afraid I shall never be at all like Aunt Harriet," said Josephine, in a tone of regret, a little too sorrowful to be perfectly sincere, looking her aunt over as she spoke, from her unkempt, scanty locks, down to the homely foot that was stuck out to support her heavy needlework.

"No, indeed; you'll never be a bit like her in any way—no hope of that;" retorted Reby.

"The way some parents scheme, and condescend to all kinds of meanness to secure sons-in-law disgusts me. I would not lift my finger to gain an establishment for one of my daughters," said Mrs. Drummond.

"I know you wouldn't, mamma," said Josephine. "If it is done at all, we must do it for ourselves—and I mean to marry: I won't stay here much longer."

"What do you intend to do, then?" asked Reby. "I'm sure Mrs. Elton will think twice before she invites *you* to stay with her; and there's nobody here for you to marry."

"Never you trouble yourself about that! Just mind your own business, Reby."

"She must be going to England after Mr. Steward, whispered Reby to Kate.

It was the end of December, and Mrs. Elton had been gone some weeks. The days were dark and gloomy. A misty pall hung over the valley where Finn Hill lay, and a damp, musty odour pervaded the boggy land, and dripping shrubberies near the house. The place was very quiet throughout those long, winter nights, and the owls had it all their own way, hooting on chimney or ivy pillar, with no sound but an occasional howl from Carlo, to interrupt their melancholy complaint.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick did not stir from her sofa, and Lucy remained beside her for the greater part of the day, reading aloud, or copying Mrs. Oliver's statuette. But she always found time for an expedition to Tubber Brae, where Mrs. Bovaird lived. She felt as if she

could breathe more freely when she left the low ground behind her, and began to climb the hill leading to the sick woman's abode.

Halfway up the Brae, she was wont to pause, and look down upon Finn Hill—the gables of the rambling house gleaming through the black plantations, and the fog slowly rising and shrouding all as evening approached. It was another atmosphere altogether upon the hill.

Lucy drew a full breath, took up her basket, and went on her way.

Morrison, the young man who was dying of consumption, lived at the roadside half way up the Brae. The jelly and biscuits in her basket were for him: he was disappointed if she ever passed his door, and it gave her some faint pleasure to see how his worn face brightened when she appeared, and to hear him say, "Dear miss, I thought great long to see you."

She could not remove his cough or the pain in his side; but she could listen sympathisingly to the recapitulation of his sufferings, and talk to him and sing to him about the country whither he was bound. She was always a degree happier herself when she left him and proceeded on her way. Mrs. Bovaird was suffering fearfully; in attempting to comfort and encourage her Lucy sometimes almost forgot her own grief. She paid her a daily visit, as Mary had requested, and was becoming more and more interested in her, and astonished at her calm fortitude. But for her and young Morrison she might have gone mad during that slow, terrible winter: but the endeavour to cheer them drew her a little out of herself.

Day after day she met Dr. Corrie, either in the cottages, or going to or returning from them. He was decidedly most attentive to these two incurable patients. Sometimes he met her in a pour of rain, and then he would chide her for venturing out of doors, and wonder her mother had not prevented her.

"But you go out in all weathers, Dr. Corrie," she said, on one of these occasions.

"It's my duty, my dear child, and I'm a tough, old fellow: you must not take me for your example," he replied.

Their conversation were neither long nor interesting. A few observations and directions about the sick people; a few compliments from the Doctor upon her kind care of them, and inquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick's health, usually formed the sum of their discourse; but once or twice he insisted on accompanying her home, leading his grey pony as he walked by her side, and Mr. Fitzpatrick made him remain to dinner.

These evenings were somewhat heavy, she thought: but to please her father she sung the songs Dr. Corrie asked for—sang her old songs with a sore heart. She was gentle and kind as ever, but

the Doctor could not perceive that he was making the least way with her.

One dark day in January she visited her two patients as usual, and, as generally happened, came across Dr. Corrie. She had said all she could think of to soothe Mrs. Bovaird;—had sung her favourite hymns, read and explained her favourite chapters; made her some arrowroot, and administered her chlorodyne, and was going away followed by her thanks and blessing, when the Doctor entered.

Lucy shook hands hastily, and left him with her patient. She was becoming very seriously alarmed, and wondered how she could let him perceive that she had no heart to give. He was her kind, old friend, and she could not bear to grieve him; but if he thought of her, as her father believed him to do, he must be undeceived at once.

Her perplexity was great. She left the cottage quickly, hoping to escape his escort; but ere she went home, she could not refrain from going a few yards beyond Mrs. Bovaird's, to the very head of Tubber Brae, where she could look down on St. John's Church and Vicarage. She had done the same thing every day: she knew it was foolish and weak, but she could not help it—a strong fascination drew her to the spot.

There, full in sight, lay the lake, the distant mountains; the pretty church, that James was so proud of, the cottages clustering near it, and the Vicarage standing in its garden and infant shrubbery. The spire rose clear against the wintry sky, pointing ever to those regions where are no agonies—no vain longings.

She thought how well she had just before been talking about them to Mrs. Bovaird—and how one glance towards the Vicarage had sent all her holy desires to flight: thought also of the days when she and James had arranged the house together, and she wondered what he and Fenella were doing at that moment. Sometimes she had seen them walking down their little avenue arm-in-arm, but to-day they did not appear. She knew it was foolish of her to stay there, but still she stayed, and raising her arms in an abandonment of grief, she wrung her hands wildly.

Her grief had two witnesses, though she knew it not. Dr. Corrie followed her on foot. Quite unperceived by her he had seen her passionate gestures, and caught a glimpse of her face: and at that moment the fair fabric he had been erecting of late fell crashing to the ground.

He turned away very softly, and left her still looking towards the Vicarage. He was terribly disappointed, but he was a thoroughly goodhearted, unselfish old man, as is testified by the fact that he had room in his heart for some sorrow on her account as well

as on his own, and he resolved to keep inviolate the miserable secret she had so unconsciously betrayed to him. As he rode slowly and sadly homewards, Josephine Drummond met him with her hands full of moss and fern. She had not advanced very rapidly with her botanical studies. The tea party at Dr. Corrie's came off; but Lucy and her father were there also, and the Doctor was so assiduous in explaining everything to the former, and placing his glasses to the best advantage for her, that Josephine did not profit as much by the lesson on the microscope as she intended to do. Indeed, she went home that night in very bad temper, crushing her death's-head moth to powder in her hand: the Doctor had barely looked at it: he was more intent on showing off the circulation of the blood in a frog's foot, about which experiment Lucy seemed interested.

But Josephine was gifted with the noble quality of perseverance. Once convince her that an object was worthy her pursuit, and no light discouragement would force her to relinquish hopes of it. He had somehow discovered that Dr. Corrie visited Tubber Brae almost daily, and that Lucy was frequently seen to bend her steps in the same direction; and it struck her that it might be worth her while to pay a little attention to the ferns and mosses of that neighbourhood. Attiring herself, therefore, with more than ordinary care, she escaped from Reby's ken, and set out towards Tubber. Gathering moss behind the hedge on the very summit of the Bræ, she had been witness of the striking tableaux we have already described—had seen Lucy wring her hands, and stand gazing upon the Vicarage, lost to all other things; and had also seen Dr. Corrie walk past he unnoticed by her, taking that long, sorrowful look into her face. She was much pleased with the whole scene, which furnished her with a gold thread for the web she was weaving.

She hastened from the spot, and was loitering carelessly along the road, when, about a quarter of an hour later, she perceived Dr. Corrie riding towards her.

"Good evening, Dr. Corrie! you are the very person I most wish to see," said she, holding out her hand. He would gladly have passed her with a bow, but being the very soul of courtesy, he dismounted and walked by her side.

"I am greatly flattered to hear that you wish to see me, Miss Drummond."

"It is about these ferns," said she, smiling; "you know so much concerning them, and I have a hundred questions to ask you. I am making a collection of dried flowers, as you recommended, and since the flowers are now over, I have taken to mosses and fern; but I am very stupid and ignorant, and quite at a loss how to arrange them properly."

"No lady ought to call herself stupid—least of all, Miss Drummond," said the Doctor, with his old-fashioned politeness.

"Oh! you don't know *me*, Dr. Corrie! but I really wish to become a good botanist, though Aunt Harriet says it is sad waste of time."

The Doctor knit his brows, and replied a little stiffly—

"I think Miss Harriet is mistaken: botany is a very graceful study for a lady."

"She does not despise it so far as it is useful in medicine, you know," proceeded Josephine, ingeniously.

"It might be better, if she did," muttered he, forgetting his politeness when his ancient enemy's name was mentioned.

This gave Josephine an opening to say—

"I often tell my aunt she has no business to interfere with your patients as she does, but she won't mind me: I know she has done mischief more than once."

"Quackery!" ejaculated the Doctor, but the word was smothered behind his white beard.

"I assure you I don't approve of it, Dr. Corrie: I sometimes advise her to let doctoring alone. It would be so different if we had not you."

"You are a very sensible young lady, Miss Josephine. But about these ferns of yours," said he, afraid to trust himself to pursue the subject of Aunt Harriet's enormities. "Do you not gain any help from the little book I sent you the other day?"

"Oh, yes; but I am not clever enough to learn from a book. I want you to help me to classify them—that is if you have time; but it is unreasonable of me to ask such a thing."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear Miss Drummond; my time is quite at your service. I shall call some day, and we'll see your *hortus siccus*. A nice taste! a very nice ladylike taste!"

She thanked him warmly, and then she inquired if he had seen the Fitzpatricks lately.

"Lucy makes such a hermit of herself," said she, with a significant sigh. "Ah, Dr. Corrie, I wish James Galbraith had not married as he did—poor, dear Lucy!" and then, well satisfied with her afternoon's work, she bid him a graceful adieu, and went on her way.

"Others have observed it also," thought the Doctor, reverting sorrowfully to Lucy's secret, as he rode home. He had been cherishing a very pleasant hope for some months past, and it was with a good deal of regret he said farewell to it. His comfortable cottage seemed more lonely and empty than usual that evening. He sat with his feet on the fender and the newspaper in his hand,

after his solitary dinner ; but he did not read much—he thought of Lucy's piteous face instead.

Lucy, standing on the Brae, longed to penetrate the Vicarage walls, and see what James and Fenella were doing.

Much such a scene as she imagined, was, in fact, taking place there. James was writing very busily in his study, when the door opened, and his bride, ready dressed for walking, glided in. Going up to his table, she laid her fairy hand caressingly upon his black curls, whereupon he stopped his rapid pen, and looked up at her with utmost pride and tenderness.

"You are ready, love? I must ask you to wait for ten minutes: I have not quite finished yet."

She declared she did not object to waiting, and went over to the window, where she remained looking out on the piece of lake beyond the church. The day had brightened wonderfully, as winter days sometimes do an hour before sunset ; and that portion of the Lough in view of the library window was a sheet of silver ripples.

"I wish I could help you," said Fenella, at length, turning towards her husband.

"You do help me, my sweetest princess—it helps me merely to look at you."

She rewarded him with a bright smile, and waited patiently five minutes longer. At the end of that time she inquired,

"Have you finished, darling? We are losing all the bright part of the day."

"Ah, yes, so we are, and you ought not to be out after sunset. I must perforce leave the sermon for this afternoon. I am greatly inclined to preach extemporary to-morrow, instead of finishing this. Advise me, Fenella. Lucy would say 'don't': she thinks a man cannot give too much time or thought to a sermon."

"Do you know," interrupted Fenella, "that Lucy has not been here more than twice since mamma went to Dublin?"

"Has she not, indeed? We must not suffer her to neglect us, my princess. I shall quarrel with her if she does that. Suppose we take the phaeton over for her to-morrow, and bring her to spend a week with us?"

"She would not leave Aunt Fitzpatrick at present, James. I know she would not sleep away from home ; but I do think she might come here of a morning, just to see how we are getting on."

"Yes, and I wish she would come some Sunday to hear the choir. It really is absurd of her to stick to Ballyshandra Church so scrupulously: I am sure we have claims upon her as well as Mr. Oliver."

"To be sure we have, and we shall enforce them!" cried Fenella, laughing at his slightly aggrieved tone.



"I want to read you part of this—I wonder whether you will approve of it," said he, reverting to the unfinished sermon. He had been in a happy vein that morning, and was right in thinking his composition very eloquent and good. His chosen text, "Godliness has the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come," was peculiarly adapted to his present frame of mind. He was so happy, that goodness seemed very easy to him. He longed for Fenella's appreciation and sympathy.

"You shall read it me this evening, and I'll criticise to your heart's content," smiled she, moving towards the door. She was anxious for her morning's walk, and a tiny degree jealous of his books and papers.

So James shut up his desk, and tucking her little hand under his arm, they set out on their walk at a brisk pace. Lucy did not see them; she had left her station on the Brae, and was hastening back to Finn Hill.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

"UPON my word, Lucy, you have made a conquest!"

Mrs. Elton said these words in a tone of triumphant satisfaction, looking at her niece patronisingly from head to foot. One or two guests had been spending the evening at the house in Merrion-square; and Lucy was closing the piano and putting out the candles after their departure.

More than a year had passed since we saw her on Tubber Brae. Very slowly indeed had the winter and spring crept by. No amusement, no hope of change, no glimpse of a new face was within her reach. Mrs. Bovaird and John Morrison no longer needed her: she had received their fond, last blessing, and dropped tears of a grief which, after all, was more than half mixed with envy, upon their peaceful graves. They outlived the bleak Donogal spring, and sank to rest in May when leaves were expanding, and gentle gales awoke the thrush's note.

But the change came when Lucy least expected it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick's rheumatism became so serious that her husband at last grew alarmed, and consented to follow the Doctor's often given advice, and take her to Wildbad to try the effect of the baths. So Finn Hill was shut up for three months, and Lucy, with a thankful heart, accompanied her parents to the beautiful land of song and story, with which she felt well acquainted through her varied reading.

The German and French she had studied so thoroughly now came into constant requisition, and it was owing to her conscientious

tious grounding in both tongues that she at once managed to make herself intelligible. Fluency in German came later when a charming old Graf von Herbstblätter was her daily neighbour at the Rheinstein table d'hôte.

The Germans in general admired Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very gentle and ladylike, as well as the quiet daughter who was so intelligent, and expressed herself in such polished German. "Mademoiselle speaks Schiller." her old cavalier was wont to say with his courtliest bow. Mrs. Fitzpatrick got much better, and after a few weeks Lucy was able to leave her in the gardens chatting to some Russian ladies who spoke English perfectly, while she and her father explored the Black Forest, resting from time to time on banks of lily of the valley, at the foot of some giant fir-tree, beside whose stature the oldest denizen of Finn Hill plantation must have seemed a dwarf.

Seated there, they caught glimpses through the stems of the forget-me-not-fringed river, with the red-roofed cottages, and curious church spire of Tannenheim beyond.

Delicious scents impregnated the warm air; little squirrels sprung from bough to bough; gaudy insects floated before Lucy's face, and disappeared in green depths of the forest, which might well be the residence of gnomes and woodland sprites; and the musical song of the woodmen, accompanied by the muffled sound of their stalwart blows, was wafted to her ear from the distance. This was indeed the land of fairy lore!

Still pleasanter were the gay summer evenings when the band played in the Wildbad gardens; but its beautiful strains sometimes awoke in Lucy memories of her false, dear love—not agonising memories, however, for, say what you will, it is much easier to forget in a gay crowd than in a quiet country scene, where every turn reminds you of your loss. On these occasions Graf von Herbsblätter wondered to him self what it could be that brought so tender and grave a light into the English fraulein's eyes: he could not know that she was thinking of James, and blessing him.

Mr. Fitzpatrick did not enjoy the foreign sojourn as much as did his wife and daughters. It chafed him exceedingly that he was unable to speak German or French, and consequently could not scold the waiters and drosky drivers. He had to employ Lucy to make known his commands, while his tongue remained in irksome idleness; but he now and then came across a congenial fellow countryman, and it was some relief to grumble and growl to him.

The baths did Mrs. Fitzpatrick a great deal of good; she returned home in August *via* Holyhead, leaving Lucy in Dublin to pay her long-promised visit.

Mrs. Elton had been tutoring Lucy for more than three months, trying to turn her into a fashionable young lady—very kind to her in her own way, but not a little tiresome too.

Lucy enjoyed the concerts and endured the balls; she was very little noticed in gay assemblies, but met with considerable liking from the graver among her Aunt's intimates.

Her appearance was improved since Mrs. Elton had carried her point of having her dresses carefully and fashionably made, and she was livelier than she used to be; but her establishment in life, much to Mrs. Elton's chagrin, seemed to be as far off as ever. Mr. Prior, an elderly lawyer, who often spent an evening in Merrion Square, and had long been a crony of Mrs. Elton's, was her only admirer.

He was a gentlemanlike, handsome man, with a good deal of conversation, though, perhaps not of the most interesting order. He took a great fancy to Lucy; standing by the piano when she sang, and talking to her about Continental life. (He was in the habit of spending some months at the German Spas every summer.) She made herself agreeable to him, unconscious of his particular admiration, until Mrs. Elton spoiled all by saying:—

"Upon my word, Lucy, you have made a conquest."

"Of whom, aunt?" she asked, dropping the piano-cover, and colouring excessively.

"Of whom, indeed? Oh, that's very fine!" laughed Mrs. Elton; "but never mind, my dear. The rôle of unconscious innocence suits you exactly. Of course Mr. Prior comes here night after night merely to see me."

"Dear Aunt, he is your old friend, and I have tried to be polite to him."

"So you have, Lucy, and succeeded to admiration. I am perfectly satisfied with you. I told him he might come every evening if he pleased, and he has taken me at my word. Why, he used to be contented with paying me a monthly visit."

"I hope he has no foolish fancy for me, aunt," said poor Lucy, much vexed.

"You hope, Lucy? Pray what extravagant expectations may you have formed? Recollect, Mr. Prior is the only man who has shown particular interest in you since you came to Dublin. You do not take as much as I expected you would; and your father is getting impatient. You hope Mr. Prior does not care for you," repeated she, sneeringly; "a good-looking, well-educated, old gentleman, without a single tie, possessed of a fine income, and a handsome house in the Square! Again I ask what expectations can you have formed?"

"I have formed no expectations whatever, aunt. I merely

wish to be left in peace. One thing is certain, I shall not do any unfortunate man the injustice of marrying him without love."

"You are every bit as impracticable as Fenella, and without—without"—

"Without Fenella's excuse, Aunt. Is not that what you would say? I am sorry I cannot please you and papa."

"Well, child, don't make up your mind all at once. Wait till your return from Desert. You keep to your Quixotic intention of going there to-morrow?"

"Yes, aunt, if you have no objection. I shall return in two or three days."

"Oh, I have no objection; but you won't see a creature there, I warn you."

Some nights previously, at a large party, Lucy had been introduced to Mr. Sinclair. Something in his air and voice strangely recalled both Cecil and his poor brother Henry to her memory, and she had not rested until she discovered his name, and got her hostess to introduce him to her.

Mr. John Sinclair was the cousin who succeeded Cecil at Desert. He was a wealthy man, having made a great deal of money as head of a bank in Dublin; he retired from business on his succession to the estate, and he and his wife had lived at Desert ever since, spending their income judiciously for the good of the people, and improvement of the estate.

Mrs. Sinclair was a pleasant, motherly woman, without finery or pretention. Lucy had a pleasant chat with them both. To her aunt's surprise and indignation, she declined three partners; while seated in a corner between Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, she went over the whole sad history of four years ago. It was that history Mr. Sinclair questioned her about at Lady Heath's ball, as the band played Strauss's waltzes, and smiles and flirting were the order of the night.

"I never was more sorry in my life than I was the day I read of the loss of the 'Village Belle,' although it made me owner of Desert. You may find that hard to credit, Miss Fitzpatrick, but I assure you it is the case," said Mr. Sinclair.

"No, John," said his wife, "Miss Fitzpatrick does not find it at all hard to credit," and she looked smilingly at Lucy. There is a subtle sense of affinity between all unworldly people, and Mrs. Sinclair saw at once that Lucy was of her own order.

"Had I been a poor man, I might perhaps have rejoiced instead of grieving," continued Mr. Sinclair; "but I had abundance without Desert."

The acquaintance ripened quickly; and the day before Mrs.

Elton's advocacy of Mr. Prior, Lucy had been invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair to the County of Waterford for a few days' visit.

The railway journey was extremely pleasant. Both her entertainers were readers and thinkers, and full of philanthropical schemes; and Lucy expanded greatly in their company. Her interest deepened when they began to speak of the schools they had established on the property, and the comfortable labourer's houses they were building.

"We are beginning with plans for their temporal good, but we do not intend to stop there. We are studying Irish most diligently, in hopes that we may be suffered to insinuate the best knowledge in the guise our people love. The most trivial sentence in Irish seems to gratify them."

"Have you an old servant at Desert—a northern, named Billy Macky?"

"Our old steward? Yes, indeed, and a good old man he is; not a very efficient overseer now that he is crippled with rheumatism; but he was strongly attached to the old family, and we just keep him on. He is a great ally of my wife's: she is a notable doctress, and tries no end of experiments upon him."

There was no sign of poverty or neglect now either in village or domain. The fine old place was beautifully kept. While listening to the children's merry voices and pattering feet, it was difficult to remember that Desert had ever had any tragedies connected with it.

Billy Mackenzie lived in a pretty cottage at the entrance-gate. Lucy went alone to him the day after her arrival. She found him seated in his arm-chair beside a bright fire, comfortably wrapped in a grey flannel dressing gown that reached to the ground: his spectacles were on his nose, and his left arm rested upon a large print Bible laid open by his side; but he was not reading just then—his gaze was fixed on vacancy. Was he meditating on the past or the future? Most likely the former, for he did not appear surprised when Lucy came forward. When the first greetings had been exchanged, and she was sitting opposite to him, he said, looking at her attentively—

"You're not half the woman you were, Miss Lucy, an' no wonder. Those was sad days. Poor Master Cecil! I was sore against him going to America, but I never evened sich a thing as the ship being lost. You mind the way he took trouble to himself about the poor young lady that was burnt, an' he wasna very long in this world after her. The worst hobble an' difficulty wears by, I tould him all that many's the time, but he wouldna' heed me. Poor Master Cecil!"

"I trust you may find him in a better world, Billy."

"God send I may, Miss Lucy! An' Mr. Henry, too (here the old man's face grew sadder still), "poor Mr. Henry! but I thought aye the most of Cecil."

"Are you happy and well-cared-for?"

"Ah, miss, that am I! These people's very kind an' good, an' the mistress she shows me great gratitude. Sure she made me this brave wiley coat, an' brung it to me wi' her ain hands; an' she comes an' sits there whiles, an' sings me a wheen psalms an' himes, an' discoorses like the minister out o' the blessed book. His honour, too, he's a decent, friendly man, an' the tenants is well satisfied wi' him; but for all he's gude, and very gude, he's no we'er ain auld stock. He's naething but a far out cousin o' the rale Desert Sinclairs," but him an' the mistress shows great gratitude to me," concluded he, afraid that Lucy should think he was undervaluing his friends.

"You are not much changed since I saw you last, Billy."

"Am I no? I could ha' travelled to meet you wi' the halest thon time, an' now I'm a hirpling auld body; but I dinna murmur at that. Sure I hæ wife an' weans all living an' doing well, an' house an' land, meat an' raiment, an' eyesight to read my book. I hæe worldly things in plenty, an' forbye them I ha' the means o' grace, an' the hope of glory. Sure, sure the Lord has dealt mercifully wi' me all my life long," and the good old Presbyterian glanced upward reverentially, and then turned to Lucy with a smile.

"Mrs. Sinclair is so kind to you that she leaves nothing for me to do; but I hope you will accept this tobacco, just as a little remembrance," said Lucy, producing various small, yellow packages of Hignet's mixture, procured at the village shop.

Her offering was graciously accepted, and she was preparing to take leave, when Macky stopped her by laying his horny fingers impressively upon her, and whispering—

"I seen the poor young master since he died, Miss Lucy."

She started, and looked at him inquiringly, without speaking.

"Ay, miss, as sure as I see you there fornenst me, did I see poor Mr. Cecil, that's dead an' gone, standing outside the window one bonnie clear morning, an' looking in at me wi' his brent brows, an' a mournful, wee smile on his face. He just looked at me, and his lips didna move, but he stood quiet at the window. I dinna rightly know how long he stopped there, for I was all through other, an' I couldna stir nor speak; but when I seen him going awa, I let a cry out o' me, an' got over to the door as well I could, to see where he was gone."

"Well, Billy, what did you see, then?"

"Feen a hair o' him, Miss Lucy. I made search in the garden,

an' the sycamore walk, but there wasna a sign o' him far nor near."

"Was that long ago?"

"A year past last October."

Lucy tried to hide a slight shiver that would creep over her. She recollected her own adventure in the fir wood on an October evening in the previous year; but she abstained from any mention of it.

"It was Mr. Cecil I seen, Miss Lucy, as sure as I see your ain kindly face. If it had ha' been Mr. Henry, now, I wouldna' ha' stranged awa', for his departure was sae fearsome; but the poor young captain that was cheery an' innocent like a wean—its a poor thing that the like of him is onrestful. Do you believe that them that's in happiness can come back? Mr. Foster, we'r minister says no, but for my part I dinna know rightly what to think."

"I do not know either, Billy."

"I hope Mr. Cecil's in happiness," said the old man, slowly shaking his head—"I hope I'll find him before me when I go home."

"Many enigmas and mysteries will be solved for us all when we go home," replied Lucy, and taking leave of him, she walked towards Desert, but in thought.

She did not see Mr. Prior after her return to Dublin. Two letters awaited her at her aunt's house—one from her mother and the other directed in James' round, bold hand. She opened the letter and found that Fenella had written the first half, and James had concluded the letter.

"Any news from the Vicarage?" inquired Mr. Elton, stopping in the midst of her tea-making to take note of her niece's absorbed face.

"Nothing particular, at least nothing more than a wonderful description of little Gerald. This is what Fenella says of him: 'I long to show you our darling son—the loveliest infant ever seen. He has deep violet eyes just like James's, and delicate eyebrows already quite marked; but it is the look of intelligence in his small face—absolutely surprising at his tender age! I don't think you can imagine what a perfect creature he is, Lucy, best of aunts and godmothers though you be! Tell mamma he continues as good as he was when she was here. He never cries, though I keep him with me in the drawing-room all day long. When are you coming back to see him?'"

"What a rhapsody!" laughed Mrs. Elton. "Fenella is nearly as childish as her baby. She went on in an absurd manner when I was with her, and it seems she is grown no wiser since."

"I think she and her mother must make a pretty picture," said Lucy.

"I am half-jealous of the baby, though, Lucy. Fenella writes me such scraps of notes, now, and forgets to answer my questions. I have asked her three times why the child was called Gerald, and she takes no notice."

"I can tell you why, aunt. Fenella and James wrote to me at Wildbad, asking me to be his godmother, and to choose a name for him, so I chose Gerald, in memory of dear Geraldine."

"Oh, is that the reason? How stupid of me never to have thought of it! and a very nice name—much more aristocratic than his father's. James is such a plebeian name."

Lucy did not hear her. She was reading the last page of the letter from the Vicarage.

"I see," wrote James, [that Fenella has been going into ecstasies over her son; so, my dear Lucy, I daresay you are ready to listen to a little common sense on the subject. He is a fine, healthy fellow, certainly; but I cannot bear his mother out in her statement that he never cries. In truth, I write and read very frequently to the accompaniment of infantine music. We intend to hand him over to you as soon as you arrive: you are to train him intellectually and morally, and make him as much like yourself as possible."

Lucy was refolding this epistle with a smile, when her aunt, who had received a note from Mrs. Fitzpatrick, exclaimed—

"Never was one so *exigèante* and unreasonable! Here is your mother writing that she feels poorly, and wishes you to return home immediately: to-morrow, if we can find an escort for you. Such folly, and she is not treating me fairly: I expected to have you till spring."

"Dear aunt, I fear she must be ill. How odd that Fenella and James did not mention her! but I have a letter from herself. Yes! cried she, tearing it open and reading out sentences here and there, 'feeling unusually low—pining for [a sight of your face—sleeping badly—come home at once.' Poor mamma, she is evidently very low, Aunt Elton! I must go to-morrow: you see that duty calls me."

"Such parents! Always standing in their children's light," muttered Mrs. Elton; then louder, "I declare I shall miss you, Lucy, and how terribly disappointed poor Mr. Prior will be!"

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## CHAPTER XXII.

## JOSEPHINE BUILDS A SUBSTANTIAL CASTLE.

WHEN Lucy stepped out of the little steamer at R—, she saw a phaeton with scarlet rugs, drawn by a handsome black horse, wearing silver-mounted harness, standing on the pier; and almost before she had recognised it as familiar, a tall gentleman sprang from it, and throwing the reins hastily to a sailor who was lounging past, advanced with long, springy steps to meet her.

"Welcome home, dear Lucy; we thought you were never coming," said he, clasping both her hands warmly.

"Oh, James, is mamma then so very ill?" she cried.

"No, Lucy, not more of an invalid than usual, but very impatient for your return. You have been trying to teach Ballyshandra to live without you. No go, Lucy! That's a lesson Ballyshandra can't learn. There, get into the phaeton, and let me throw the fur cloak round you."

"Fenella's?"

"Yes, she made me bring it. I shall go and get your boxes. How many?"

"Only two: the black trunk and my tin bonnet-box," replied she, with a curious sense of being at home, and an instantaneous dismissal of care and responsibility. So she lay back very indolently until James got in beside her, and gathered up the reins, rewarding the sailor for holding his horse with a lavish open-handedness that promised but ill for his ever being a rich householder.

"Thank your reverence: you are a real gentleman!" cried the man, enthusiastically, as they drove off.

"You can't be trusted with money, James," reproved Lucy. "I wonder Fenella does not keep the purse."

James laughed.

"Now you are come home you must teach me the way I ought to go."

"It was very kind of you to come to meet me."

"Nonsense, Lucy! The fact is, I did not wish you to take such a long, dark drive with an inexperienced driver like young Tom."

"Young Tom? Why, where is his father?"

"Very ill: he has had a sharp attack of pleurisy."

"Oh, James! Poor old McPherson! Is he really very ill?"

"He was terribly bad, yesterday, and the day before, but Dr. Corrie has some hope of him to-day: he was doing favourably when I left home."

"Why was not I told? None of you mentioned his name."

"We did not like to frighten you—indeed, your mother requested Fenella and me not to say a word about him. He'll be all right in a day or two, you'll see."

Lucy was silent. She was meditating with unutterable thankfulness upon the change a year's absence had made in her feelings. James no longer engrossed all her thoughts. Even in the first moments of reunion with him, she was able to feel a pang on hearing of her faithful old servant's danger.

"I have outlived that agony," thought she; and then she asked many questions about Fenella and the baby, and all her Ballyshandra friends, rich and poor.

"I have been leading the idlest life you can conceive; I shall be so glad to set to work again," said she.

At the word "work," James set off on a description of his doings at St. John's, which lasted until the lights of Finn Hill appeared, and Lucy interrupted him by begging him to drive slowly up the village street.

There was no lying back in the phaeton then. Turning her head from side to side, she gazed hungrily at the momentary glimpses she caught of well-known, homely faces, revealed by the glow of their seed fires. But here the people heard the sound of wheels, and rushed to their doors, telling one another that "Miss Lucy was come," she was driving up the fir-tree avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Hannah were in the hall waiting to welcome her.



## NOTICES OF THE MONTH.

## WORSHIP OF AEROLITES, OR METEORIC STONES.

THE worship paid in olden times to meteoric stones, founded as it was upon a very natural feeling of wonder, combined with reverence for that which was supposed to have come down from Heaven itself, is still, curious enough, only a matter of circumstantial evidence. Yet is this evidence so strong, as to leave little doubt in unbiassed minds, not only as to the reality of such a worship, but also as to its great antiquity, and its wide-spread adoption.

One of the best known, and best authenticated instances, is that of the sun being worshipped at Emesa, in Syria, under the form of a large conical *black* stone, which, as the people about the temple reported, fell upon the earth. This sacred stone was afterwards brought with great pomp to Rome by Heliogabalus, who had been high-priest of the temple at Ba'albek; and the description of it given by Herodian accords with the appearance of a meteoric stone.

The mother of the gods was worshipped at Pessinus, in Galatia, under the form of a stone, which was said to have fallen from Heaven; and that stone, in consequence of a treaty with Attalus, king of Pergamus, was solemnly brought to Rome by Publius Scipio Nasica, about 204 years B.C., and placed in the Temple of Cybele.

The regard for meteoric stones has even extended to Christian times. A stone which fell at Ensisheim, in Alsace, in 1492, was suspended by a chain in the church of that place for three centuries. During the French revolution, it was carried off to Colmar, and many pieces were broken off it. One of them is in the museum at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, and it is more or less identical in composition with other meteoric stones. What remained of the precious relic was since restored to the good people of Ensisheim, and it now stands near the great altar in their church.

There are reasons to believe, from their very sacredness, that the celebrated black stone at Daniel's tomb, at Susa, the history of which is related at length in Mr. Loftus's *Chaldaea and Susiana*, and the black stone at Muhammad's tomb, in Mekka, are of meteoric origin; but information from competent persons is wanting in both cases.

To the above instances might be added, but as of a still indefinite character, the aerolite mentioned by Malchus, in the *Chronicle of Paros*, as having fallen in Crete, in 1478, and regarded as the

symbol of Cybele; the fall of stones recorded in Joshua, as having routed the enemy at Beth Heron, in 1451, A.C. : the stones which are recorded by Pausanias as having fallen in 1200, A.C., at Orchomenos; the mass of meteoric iron, or iron and nickel, on Mount Ida, in Crete; the ancile, or sacred shield, found, according to tradition, in the palace of Numa, and supposed to have fallen from Heaven. According to the grammarians, the shield was made of bronze, but, more probable, of meteoric iron. According to Plutarch's description, it, however, resembled the stones which fell at Agram, and at the Cape of Good Hope.

The dates of the fall of many stones, but to which no sacred character has been attached, has been preserved, and while Anaxagoras opined that the stone which fell at Ægospotamus, in 466, A.C., came from the sun, Pliny and Plutarch always speak of them as falling from Heaven. "*Crebri cecidere cælo lapides*," says the latter, of the stones which fell on Mount Alba, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, 654, B.C., and "*Lapidem in agro Austumino in lacum martis de cælo cecidisse*," says Pliny. This was in 176, B.C.

The dates of the fall of others known for the superstitions attached to them, are uncertain. It was so with regard to the stone is described by Pliny at Abydos, as also of another at Cassandra. It is recorded in Hamilton's "*Antor*," that the hero's sword was fashioned from a meteorite "black as a rock, hard, brilliant, and lustrous;" and M. Blondeau suggests, in his "*Manual of Mineralogy*," that the coronation stone of the kings of England was a meteorite. If so, it came probably from Scotland. The coronation stone at Kingston-on-Thames appears to be a quartzite.

Founded as this superstition is upon a feeling so very natural to uneducated people, it is not surprising, not only that it belongs to very remote times, but that it has been lately traced to the Assyrians of old. It appears from Mr. H. Talbot (on the Religious Belief of the Assyrians, Trans. of the Soc. of Bible Archæology, Part I Vol. ii., p. 35, et seq.), that some of the Tablets in the British Museum speak with awe and veneration of a certain object which they name the Mamit. In Assyrian it is written *mamitu* or *mamit*. The Accadian has two names for it, which Mr. Talbot reads as *Mambaru* and *Sakba*.

The first and primary meaning of Mamitu, seems to be an oath: not an ordinary oath, but a solemn one, invoking the gods to witness. It has always been the custom, in order to add solemnity to an oath, to swear it in the presence of the most sacred objects, touching them, kissing them, or, at any rate, invoking them as witnesses. Thus, even in England, {the custom remains to this day of kissing the Bible when an oath is taken.

As a natural consequence, the oath itself, and the sacred object

on which it was sworn, obtained, in the course of time, the same name. Hence was Manitu an oath and the object upon which it was sworn. Now, what was the nature of this most venerated object? This is a very difficult question. It appears to be something which came down from Heaven, if we may judge from the two following lines, which are consecutive, and seem to correspond in meaning, and to imply the same object. Uluckily, the ends of both lines are fractured :—

Salvation from the midst of the heavenly abyss descended ?  
Mamitu from the midst of heaven descended ?

Mr. Talbot thinks that *salmitu* may be safely translated "salvation," and that these two lines, therefore, imply that in the *mamitu* was salvation. The word *abyss*, or *heavenly ocean*, is used continually in the same sense as Heaven itself.

"This," continues the same Assyriologist, "makes me think of the ancile which fell from Heaven in the reign of Numa, and upon the safe preservation of which the safety of the Roman empire depended."

The Palladium of Troy also fell down from Heaven, and was accounted to be the salvation of the city ; for, when it was lost, the kingdom of Priam was overthrown.

A similar wonder was preserved at Ephesus. We read in the Acts of the Apostles (xix, 35), "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper (or that the Ephesians of the city are worshippers) of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?"

Again at Pessinus, in Phrygia, was the heaven-fallen image of the great goddess Cybele. "These objects of worship," adds Mr. Talbot, "are supposed by many to have been aerolites, or meteoric stones, a hypothesis which has great probability.

That the Manitu was in consequence an object of inestimable value, we cannot be surprised at. Mr. Talbot quotes a hymn, or chant, from an Assyrian tablet, in which it was sung "supposing this temple were to take fire, what ought to be saved?" And each stanza, after mentioning different holy things, concludes with—

"Save the Mamit ! place it in safety ?"

So also in another, the Sakba, or Mamita, is described as "the jewel whose price cannot be valued."

It is more difficult to explain how the Mamit, if a meteoric stone, could have been used as a charm, and brought to the bedside of a sick man. Mr. Talbot quotes a tablet on which it is written, evil spirits are driven away by it, and it is said "they shall never return." Again, in the same written essay on the religious belief of the Assyrians, he quotes—

"Take a white cloth ; in it place the Mamit in the sick man's right hand."

All that can be said, is, that if the Mamit was a meteoric stone, it must have been a small one, or, what is not at all improbable, from the frequent allusion made to jewels, or holy objects of value in the treasury, Mamit being itself a treasure or jewel :

“ Mamit ! Mamit ! Treasure which passeth not away !  
Treasure of the gods, which departeth not !  
Treasure of heaven and earth, which shall not be removed ! ”

The Accadian version of the hymn beginning similarly

“ Sakba ! Sakba ! jewel not departing ! ”

it is not at all improbable, we say, that there may have been several objects of the kind of different sizes, and some so small as to have been capable of being placed in a sick man's hand.

#### INDIAN RAILWAYS.

WHILST the completion of the Northern Bengal Railway to Darjeeling will do much towards opening the markets of Thibet to European produce, and will also afford important help to the tea-planters of the Terai—the more important question of a route through Upper Burmah, along the line of the Irawady to western China, continues, it is said, to attract the attention of railway projectors, and is likely to be carried out. It will be the beginning of a great revolution in the line of commerce in the far east ; add to which, Upper Burmah itself is, according to Captain Stover, political agent at Mandalay, richer in metals and minerals than any other country in the world. Gold exists in profusion in the rivers and streams, and gold quartz is found in abundance. Rich deposits of silver, copper, iron, lead, tin and coal, are also said to exist. The king has taken the initiative in obtaining mining engineers from England, and he is also procuring machinery by which to work the iron ore. The surface hematite will, it is said, alone feed a large foundry for many years.

It may be observed, in connection with Indian railways, and railways to India—an equally important consideration—that the Russians have taken up M. de Lessep's wild scheme, quite *au sérieux*, and are actively engaged in surveying the country for the best lines of approach to Central Asia by an iron road. There is no telling what may not come in the future from perseverance in a cause.

In the meantime, the “ Servian State Railway ” is in a fair way of being soon entered upon. It will establish one more link in the projected union of Constantinople and Adrianople with the European system of railways.

The railway, whose establishment in Turkey has been inaugurated this summer by the opening of the line from Constantinople to Adrianople is, however, based on the project of a continuation

along the valley of the Maritza to Philippopolis, thence across the Balkhan to Sophia—the great centres of the industry, commerce, and civilisation of the country; but instead of being prolonged from Sophia by the high road to Belgrade, it is to be carried in a westerly direction by a shorter and easier route to Novi-Bazar, whence it is proposed to connect it with the Adriatic routes.

As the lines from Adrianople to Enos, and from Uskub to Salonika, with ports on the Mediterranean, are now open to public traffic, a line will probably be carried out between Philippopolis or Sophia and Uskub, and by Kostondil. The principal Turkish merchants are also, it is said, in favour of a further line from Constantinople to Gallipoli on the Dardanelles, so as not to make Enos the only outlet of commerce; but one port, at or near the mouth of the Maritza, should suffice both for Constantinople and Adrianople. The prolongation of lines from Sophia to Servia, and even to Bama-luka in Croatia, is actively sought for; and a line is also projected from Adrianople to Shumla, which would connect Constantinople with the Danube, and the Turkish railways with those of Rumania and Transylvania. Such a railway would indeed be of high commercial, industrial, and strategic importance, and would afford even tourists a pleasant means of reaching the Turkish metropolis.

END OF VOL. IV.





